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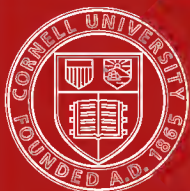
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PLATFORM, PRESS, POLITICS AND PLAY.



Yours faithfully
H. S. Esq. (Mr.)

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Platform, Press, Politics & Play.

BEING

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY
CELEBRITIES

From the Tone to the Thames,

Via AVON and ISIS.

BY

T. H. S. ESCOTT, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF

"ENGLAND: ITS PEOPLE, POLITY, AND PURSUITS;"
"LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL: A MONOGRAPH;"
ETC., ETC.



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To
MY WIFE, KATIE,
To Our Children,
EDITH KATE, CECIL ALDRED HAY,

THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,
IN AFFECTIONATE RECOGNITION OF DISCOMFORT BRAVELY BORNE
AND HELP UNGRUDGINGLY GIVEN,
DURING A PROTRACTED PERIOD OF SOME TRIAL,
BY THEIR LOVING

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

P R E F A C E .

A friendly "Punch" Reviewer, when noticing one of my earliest contributions to the periodical press after the beginnings of slow recovery from an illness brought on by twenty-five years overwork, kindly wished me "health and happiness;" humorously adding, "All will look forward now to what Mr. Escott cannot look forward to himself,—his reminiscences." This suggestion I have ventured to take seriously. Of that interpretation this volume is the result.*

I can only hope that my kindly critic of the "London Charivari" will not find reason to regret his original mention of the idea; or the public, my best and steadiest friend throughout my career, to resent my literal and practical adoption of the complimentary proposal. If these aspira-

* *Punch*, July 14th, 1894, page 22.

tions are realised, I shall be abundantly satisfied and grateful.

"A man's best things lie nearest him." Not unnaturally I have inscribed on the dedicatory page the names of those "best things" of mine, whom my travels after health often did not permit to be near me at all. Among those who are no more, who will always rank in the list of West Somerset worthies, whose loved and honoured memories I wish to associate with these pages are the names of my uncle, the late Bickham Escott, of Hartrow Manor, sometime M.P. for Winchester; of A. W. Kinglake, and of Edward F. Smyth-Pigott.

I would also hope that, in the number of those who, outside the members of my own family, especially my parents, the Rev. and Mrs. Hay S.-Escott, have shown an obliging interest in the welfare of myself and those dear to me, I may be permitted gratefully to mention H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Lord Bishop

of Hereford, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl of Rosebery, H.E. Sir Philip Currie, Sir Charles W. Dilke, the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone; G. E. Buckle, of the "Times", Sir Algernon Borthwick, Sir Edward Lawson, my fifteen years' editorial chief, W. H. Mudford, F. C. Burnand, Henry Labouchere; Sir Henry Irving; the late William Beverley, of scene-painting renown, the late Charles Waring, and Professor Bywater.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Author's apology: if a place for minor poets and historians, why not for minor autobiographers? Possible advantages to all concerned, from new lights about to be thrown upon familiar or famous persons or events, as from fresh reminiscences of occurrences and characters not so well known. The author promises to bear Horace's caution in mind, and to confine himself strictly to his own experiences, drawing entirely from his memory and nothing from his invention. Periods into which this work subdivides itself roughly sketched: (1) 1848 to 1851, chiefly local, and West of England; (2) 1856 to 1861, Scholastic Characters and Life; (3) 1861 to 1865, Oxford; (4) 1865 to 1895, Platform, Press, Politics, Play.

WHEN one has ascended a hill, the natural impulse is to pause a moment in one's walk and to survey the view from the eminence attained. To judge by the action of many whom I am privileged to know, an analogous experience and impulse are incidental to persons who after having pursued devious or circuitous tracks, at last reach the period which may be

called one of existence's tablelands. Somewhat earlier perhaps than most of my contemporaries, I find myself irresistibly led to one of these retrospective surveys, and by considerations whose exhaustive enumeration it is not needful to inflict upon the reader, for my own pleasure or profit, and, as I hope, for the interest of some few others, from that threshold of middle-age arrived at on the morrow of a severe, tedious and protracted illness, to look down upon the years, personages, and events, some of which are, alas! already growing dim in the distance.

As one makes acquaintance with the beginnings of fageydom, incidents seem to fly past with the lightning-speed of the landscape to passengers travelling by the "Flying Dutchman." Each after the other, with scarcely a word of warning, the lights first flicker and then go out; till at last the elderly juvenile asks himself whether he is not making, morally, experience of an Indian twilight, whose last gleam of sunshine will in an instant shade off into the deepest hues of nocturnal gloom. During the actual malady's course, brought on by a quarter of a century's superabundantly active and, therefore, abnormally exhausting life, as well as of an industry in my vocation that, unwisely enough, had been varied by no considerable interval of rest

since I took my degree at Oxford, some acquaintances of mine, universally regretted, notably the genial and entertaining R. O'Hara, of the Parliamentary bar, passed away. At, what now seems to me, an early stage of my convalescence, at least one eminent man, into constant contact with whom I had been brought during many years by my journalistic pursuits—Lord Iddesleigh, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote—joined the majority. Some time later, Matthew Arnold, awaiting his daughter's arrival from America on the Liverpool landing-quay, suddenly felt the mortal pangs of the malady which had carried off his father just half a century before, and within a few minutes had ceased to breathe. The next of those personally respected or beloved by me, whose names are household words to their countrymen, that went into the Silent Land was in the fulness of years, his life's work in all branches accomplished, A. W. Kinglake, author of the most classical work of travel, and the most popular military history known to English readers, as well as the most illustrious among Somerset's modern sons. Another luminary of English prose, whose light was extinguished about the same time, and whom I had long been privileged to know, was Henry Sumner Maine, one of the earliest and ablest contributors to the *Saturday Review*, under that

king among editors, John Douglas Cook, of whom more hereafter. Martin Farquhar Tupper, of *Proverbial Philosophy* immortality, during this term of seclusion which Nature, the only effectual healer I have yet met with, had inexorably prescribed for me, preceded the Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson, to the tomb by about a year. And Tupper, then in the prime of a remarkably handsome manhood, I vividly recollect visiting my father's house in Lansdown Place, Bath, as well as presenting his hostess with a leaf and blossom of the thorn planted by Joseph of Arimathea, and blooming perennially at Glastonbury, whither he had made an expedition. Robert Browning, who, together with Kinglake, had for years honoured my modest dinner-table by his presence, had already disappeared. When, in the autumn of 1894, James Anthony Froude said adieu to the children of men, the last of the great literary artists whom I knew intimately was extinguished. Already a man belonging to a very different category, exactly, as I think, in point of age, my own contemporary, the eighth Duke of Marlborough, had joined his predecessors in the title.

When, therefore, within the octave of Christmas, though in the same year that I now write in, his younger brother, Lord Randolph Churchill, from a tour round the world, revisited London only to die,

I began to feel as Walter Savage Landor may have felt when, at Bath somewhere during the earlier sixties, he spoke of life's half-hours striking audibly in his ears. That it will be in my power to make any very original contribution to the history of the epoch through which, or into which, I have lived; that I shall succeed in casting any entirely new light upon individuals who have already achieved immortality, or upon incidents which have long since taken their permanent place in history, and my very subordinate connection with which resembles nothing more dignified than the relations of one among the "Adelphi guests" to the central personages in the melodrama, I cannot suppose.

There are, however, upon a lowlier level of existence and reputation those with whom I have had to do, who deserve permanently to be remembered, who are in danger of being entirely forgotten, and of whom I, out of those in the habit of using their pen, am one among the few still surviving, qualified alike by intimate intercourse as also undying affection, to speak. There is a place for minor poets in our national literature. Nor are Waller, Philips, and Denham elbowed out of the way by Milton, Dryden and other mighty masters their co-evals. Even by the shadow of Gibbon's *Autobiography*, or Horace Walpole's *Letters*, Sir

Nathaniel Wraxall's *Memoirs* are not quite eclipsed. To descend towards contemporary instances, my friend Justin McCarthy's *A History of Our Own Times* is permitted a niche in the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. J. R. Green's final volumes, and in close proximity to Mr. Lecky's monumental work. So it is possible even in reminiscences of inferior calibre a future generation may charitably discover some function of interest and usefulness faintly reflecting, modestly approximating to those qualities, as they are discovered in the pages of my elders and betters, whose acquaintance I have long been permitted to enjoy, such as Mr. George Augustus Sala and Mr. James Payn.

Primarily addressed, as this volume is, to a West of England public, by a West of England writer, and therefore not unsuitably given to the world by a West of England publisher, I venture to hope it may interest also that wider audience which from the first day of my literary career till now has been my best, my most constant, and my only remunerative friend. For, sprung of an old-established West Anglia stock ; connected by birth, by marriage, or by immemorial ties of family acquaintance with other houses of historic name between the Tone and the Tamar, I have from my very infancy beheld a series of Western worthies

who, if their names will not rank with that of him who wrote upon the human understanding, will, during several decades yet to come, wear their posthumous memory fresh and green. One danger to which I imagine persons whose recollections date back to a very remote era, and who were literally brought (perhaps by their nurse in short frocks and pinafores) into the company of at least local celebrities, I shall try to avoid. I shall, that is, endeavour clearly and inexorably to draw the line between scenes, events, and individuals of which I have had personal cognizance, and occurrences, occasions, and persons, known to me by traditions, however authentic, and on hearsay, be it never so circumstantial. I shall, in a word, take heed that others may not reluctantly be constrained to apply to me the scathing condemnation levelled by the poet of Venusia upon those who, that they may gain the reputation of a *raconteur* and a sayer of sharp things, are by the kindest of satirists branded with a black mark, as persons for his countrymen to shun.*

The pictures of men famous in the Pulpit, in Parliament, in the Press, and on the Stage, as well as of certain notabilities among the audience before the footlights, whom my memory's colours will

* Horace's *Satires*, Book I., iv., 80-84

enable me, as I hope, to portray in the following pages, will be divided conveniently into certain separate groups. The first will consist exclusively of those whom, being the bearers of patronymics familiar probably to most, I myself first knew at a period when, to put it mildly, I did not yet take a very active interest in public affairs, but who were good enough, for others' sake, to observe me. The background against which these figures are drawn is mainly such as the landscape of our Western shires provides. The second gallery whither I shall beg my forbearing companions to go with me, will be hung with delineations of originals, many of them, I trust, still alive and vigorous, who have long since made their mark in the scholastic and collegiate life of England, whether their labour's field has been on the shore of the Isis, or on some less notable ground of exertion. Thence, it may be, my readers will courteously accompany me in a direction that will seem more familiar to some of them, and will consider the impressions I have received of men and women who from the year 1865 down to the present day have prominently contributed to make the press and literature, the pulpit, the play-house, and Parliament what we all of us know each of these at the present moment to be.

CHAPTER II.

INFANTILE EXPERIENCES (1844-56).

The only other Escotts; Reform Club hospitalities, and its Porter, my namesake. A Strand Publican; the "Castle of Comfort," on the Stowey and Williton Road. Ancestral origins and personal details, for family consumption only. Concerning Hays, Sweets, Escotts, &c. Hartrow Manor as I first recollect it. Notable guests. Sidney Smith; the big tureen and the small Archdeacon. A historic howling party. The great Duke, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst. Bickham Escott and county politics—County and domestic unpopularity caused by his fidelity to Free Trade. Thrown out for Winchester; unsuccessful elsewhere. The lady rough-rider in West Somerset. Bickham Escott's personal popularity and charms. Opinions of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, Principal Jelf, Dr. Pusey, and others about Bickham Escott. His candidature for Cheltenham; a picturesque incident, and how remembered in the Gloucester country. Lady Westbury's tribute. Admiration for Charlotte Brontë's novels, and himself like "Mr. Rochester" in "Jane Eyre." John Bright's opinion of Bickham Escott, and his death from a politically broken heart.

SOME years ago I used, in the capacity of guest, to frequent the pleasant table of my hospitable and valued friend, J. C. Parkinson, at the Reform Club, as at a subsequent period of other entertainers in that establishment, whereof I am not, never was, probably never shall be, a member; no less agreeable and kindly than

G. W. E. Russell, or George Errington. The janitor of the institution, whose first vestibule reproduces with architectural and [decorative accuracy one of the apartments of the Pitti Palace at Florence, was the only namesake of my own I have ever encountered during my many years residence in the metropolis. Whenever he saw me, this worthy doorkeeper of the establishment which, as a guest, I was entering, smiled almost affectionately. His massive square face beaming upon me a radiant welcome, as he said to the attendant page-boy—mentioning, not without the suspicion of a grin, his own patronymic and mine—"Tell Mr. Parkinson Mr. Escott is here."

I have also caught sight of my inherited nomenclature on my nightly drives to the *Standard* newspaper office, as it was thrown into relief by a gas lamp announcing the keeper of a certain public-house in the Strand, styled the "Devonshire," to be one, Escott, from Exeter. There is, too, a jockey with whom I might perhaps claim thousandth cousinship. But barring these exceptions, the metropolitan and provincial directories would, unless I am mistaken, be searched in vain for any namesakes of mine: although the appellation is not unheard of amongst the inhabitants of the furthest West; while one individual of this clan is,

or was, the landlord of a little inn, the "Castle of Comfort," on the road between Stowey and Williton.

Although during many generations my family has been numbered among the county gentry of that shire whose capital is my own birthplace, Taunton, an industrious genealogist, Mr. James Slie, whom some years ago I employed to simplify one or two complexities of pedigree, has given me an expert's opinion that my forebears, in King Stephen's time, were settled in the yet further Occident, and were possessed of considerable properties on the Cornish side of the Tamar. My paternal great-great-grandfather, George Sweet, a lawyer of high local eminence, had, I believe, a home divided between Lord Palmerston's old borough of Tiverton and Launceston, near which latter town he was possessed of a fine old country seat, "Penheale." This place will be perfectly familiar to many West Country readers in the days when it belonged to my father's first-cousin, Charles Sweet, and was rented by a memorable Cornish worthy, the late Rev. Henry Simcoe, who had established an industrial village outside the park gates; whose Herculean form in its old-world costume, and whose tasselled Hessian boots were familiar wherever, between the Exe and the Fal, clerics met in conference or squires assembled in session.

From a time, to the contrary whereof West Somerset memories do not run, the headquarters of my race have been Hartrow Manor, some eleven miles from Taunton, in that picturesque and fertile country which lies between the Brendon and the Quantock Hills. This delightful old residence, with the whole property, first passed from the family of Rich, through the Hays, into the hands of the (Sweet) Escotts. My ancestor, or, to speak more definitely, my own father's great-grandfather, married a Miss Hay, daughter of the Rev. Prebendary James Hay, rector of Clatworthy, four miles from Hartrow, across Brendon Hill. This lady (*née* Sarah Hay) when she had become Mrs. Escott, inherited from her sister Margaret the Hartrow property; the said Margaret having herself received it by bequest of Mr. Rich, of Hartrow, who intended her for his bride, but dying, left her his heiress. In the church of Stogumber, which shares with that of Brompton-Ralph the custody of our ancestral ashes, is a memorial tablet to Miss Hay, indicating her relation to the original lord of the manor of Hartrow, by the words:

"Quam vivus uxorem moriens heredem destinavit."

Not having myself enjoyed much leisure for genealogical research, and prepared rather to echo the disparaging question of the Roman

satirist, *Stemata quid faciunt*, I have not tried to ascertain the ramifications of the Hay pedigree. There seems, however, good reason to suppose that certain of these Hays were settled in Sussex during the Georgian epoch, and that one of their members, James Hay, born at Glyndebourne, sitting for one of the Cinque Ports sometimes voted for, and at others opposed, the Ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, thus prefiguring at a subsequent day the action of his descendant, my uncle, the late Bickham Escott, towards the Governments of Lord Grey and Sir Robert Peel respectively. I should, perhaps, add that I am admonished by heraldic authorities to associate the Hays of Somerset with the Hays of Erroll; since, it seems, in the armorial bearings to which we are entitled, the Erroll arms, consisting of shields, blend with the Escott escallop-shells, as with the Griffin's heads of the Sweets.

Hartrow Manor was first known to me when it was the property of, and occupied by, my uncle, Mr. Bickham Escott, who, during some time, represented Winchester in the House of Commons, and who successfully or unsuccessfully, for the most part the latter, contested more boroughs or counties than most men of his day. This gentleman had inherited, as the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Sweet-

Escott, the Hartrow property, which he also did not a little towards beautifying by art and increasing by acquisition. He it was who restored with certain architectural additions the great dining-hall, which is to-day the main feature in the pile, and which has few superiors of its kind among the country houses of West Anglia. Here he used to entertain guests of every kind, political, social, literary, and artistic, from London, where his town house was, if I remember rightly, 18 John Street, Mayfair, confronting the present site of Canon Teignmouth Shore's Episcopal Chapel. I have myself a recollection, very likely rendered more clear by the circumstance that the late Duke of Wellington related to me the whole incident, of a historic party assembled on the bowling green, in the days when I myself had not very long donned any of those garments distinctive of masculine attire. The most famous figure in the group was the conqueror of Waterloo; his figure, erect as ever, and his natural vigour shown in his elastic step as well as the kindling expression of his eyes, unabated even at eighty-three, which would have been about his age when, just escaped from the nursery, I beheld the great man about the year 1851 or 1852.

The second member of this group was one who in those days cannot possibly have been to a child in

frocks even so much as a name—Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Peel's Chancellor, as he had been also Goderich's and Canning's. This Nestor of Conservatism had more than once popularly been spoken of as a not unlikely First Minister of the Crown. He had already, as is related by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1857—8, in view of such a contingency, semi-publicly intimated his intention of offering places in his Administration to Sir Frederick Thesiger, who had already been Attorney-General in 1845, and to Bickham Escott. Of these two gentlemen, the former subsequently became Lord Chancellor twice, in 1858 and in 1866; while the latter died within a very few years of his following Sir Robert Peel in his abolition of the Corn Duties, and before his death, like other Free Traders, had ceased, even in name, to be a Conservative. The chilling dignity of the great Sir Robert, who did not perhaps conceal his opinion that very young gentlemen were better in the nursery than in the company of Cabinet Ministers, impressed me more than even his remarkably handsome face and well-groomed figure.

Near me there then stood my uncle's nephew, at the date now spoken of a Harrow schoolboy, subsequently one of the Balaclava Light Brigade, after that, Colonel of the 7th Hussars, Harrington Astley

Trevelyan. He, out of his own superior schoolboy knowledge, condescended, I well recollect, rather contemptuously to enlighten my ignorance as to the identity and achievements of the guests at this West Country manor-house during the early fifties. The incident, however, which impressed me most powerfully at the time, and has lingered longest in my unassisted memory, was the suggestion mentioned, as I fancy only to be negatived, the day being Sunday, that the bowls, a very popular pastime with Somersetshire squires at this period, might be produced. Often since then has it struck me that if in my presence these great men had actually engaged in the sport, for which the beautifully levelled sward beneath the shadow of the purple Quantocks artistically had been prepared, I might claim to have witnessed a rubber at this old English and specially West English recreation, scarcely less historically memorable than the match at which, on Plymouth Hoe, Howard of Effingham, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Drake were engaged when the news reached them that the Armada was in sight, and which they continued, this alarm notwithstanding, with the laughing remark that there was plenty of time to play the game out, and to thrash the Spaniards afterwards.

West Somerset, at this period, was rich in living

notabilities, or recently historical associations of them. Sidney Smith's death had but quite lately deprived Combe Florey of its wittiest rector, and made a vacancy in that benefice for my uncle by marriage, the Rev. Prowse Lethbridge. The famous canon of St. Paul's had been, in the time of my grandfather, dead before my birth, a frequent guest at Hartrow. I can remember being told that a chair of peculiar construction was the one in which he liked to sit, and also hearing of a certain big soup-tureen that it was the juxtaposition of a physically diminutive Archdeacon with this colossal bowl, which caused the waggish divine to turn round and say in an audible whisper to the servant, "Take care, butler, that the gentleman doesn't tumble in!"

The names in the Hartrow visitors' book during the epoch now spoken of must have been curiously mixed; extensively representative, if not uniformly celebrated. Bickham Escott, in addition to his parliamentary distinction, was not only a first-rate shot as well as a most expert fisherman, but a water-colour artist of considerable achievements, whose landscapes had hung upon the screens of the old Sussex Street Gallery. His two chief artistic friends were George Cattermole and Field Talfourd. The former of these I cannot remember to have seen. The latter, who also executed in crayons and

colours singularly spirited and breathingly lifelike portraits of my uncle, was well known to me in less immature years, when his picturesque presence appeared to be framed in the peculiarly suitable environment of the charming rooms, occupied during the sixties by the Arts Club at the Tenderden Street corner in Hanover Square.

Another personage of whom I can dimly remember to have caught a glimpse in these early days was spoken of rather vaguely in my relative's household, whether in Mayfair or the Western shire, as "that foreign gentleman." I seem to see a pale inscrutable face, decorated with, what was then very rare upon the upper lip, a gigantic moustache. The master of Hartrow must, I think, have first met him at the Blessington—D'Orsay *menage*, Gore House, Kensington. The illustrious alien in question was none other than he, on whose lip for twenty years all Europe trembled, the Prisoner of Ham, the Man of September, the Imperial inmate of the Tuileries, the Captive of Sedan, the Refugee of Chislehurst, Napoleon III. Never having visited Paris during the Second Empire, I had no opportunity of testing the Imperial affection to my relative's memory. But within a few days of the catastrophe which came in September, 1870, I chanced to be in that portion of Kentish soil where the ex-Empress Eugénie and her

consort had pitched their tent. Calling to inscribe my name in the Camden House visitor's book, Monsieur Pietri, who had followed the Imperial exiles, conveyed to me a message from His fallen Majesty, that if I were related to Mr. Bickham Escott, the illustrious refugee would be pleased to see me.

It has ever been gratifying to me to find how this uncle of mine lives in, and is endeared to, the minds of the few who knew him in the flesh, and have not yet passed away. The late Dr. Jelf, when Principal of King's College, London, spoke of my relative as a man whose abilities were expected by his contemporaries to place him in the front rank of English statesmen. A few years later, the great Dr. Pusey, when I called upon him at his house in Tom Quad., Christ Church, not very long before he died, seemed to think it incredible that one of my then comparative youthfulness should have affinity to his own undergraduate contemporary, born, as my uncle, like Dr. Pusey himself had been, in the infancy of the present century. These were the words of John Henry Newman's friend: "Amongst the undergraduates of my time, whose affections were set on the State rather than the Church, Bickham Escott had few equals, and no superiors." The only three persons outside my own family,

within my experience, who, remembering him clearly, have talked to me much about him, are my ever lamented friend and Somerset compatriot, Edward F. S. Pigott, the late Dramatic Censor, Sir Algernon Borthwick, the late Duke of Wellington, and the late Sir Robert Peel, who has repeatedly dwelt on the high esteem entertained by his father for my uncle; while each of these have confirmed from their own experience not only the traditions of his personal charm, but the truth of the West country saying, almost a local proverb even now, that "for twenty miles round there was no one who could walk, talk, shoot, sketch or fish like Bickham Escott, of Hartrow."

Popular among his country contemporaries, this gentleman probably was not. He carried too much of "the reformer's fervour," to quote the late A. W. Kinglake's words, into quarter sessions' proceedings, and was, perhaps, in manner, a trifle too autocratic as well, to endear him to his brother magistrates. He had, however, in a rare degree, the faculty of attaching persons of all kinds and of both sexes to himself. In the early days I can recall, there was a very noted equitation instructress, and rough-rider of ladies' horses, who had an extensive stable establishment in the Willesden neighbourhood, called, if I remember correctly, Miss Reynolds. This lady used to visit

professionally West Somerset for the purpose of putting into form the steeds ridden by my uncle's daughter (Anna), the Miss Escott to whom the property descended, and who died in Paris some years since, bequeathing her estates to their present possessor, her and my first cousin—William Escott. Miss Reynolds may perhaps have been an early specimen of the "new woman" born out of due time. Her manner was, I recollect, to say the least of it, masculine. Her costume was amazonian to an extent then unknown, certainly in those remote latitudes. She had too, an occasional weakness for carrying the conversational embellishments of the paddock or stable-yard into the drawing-room. The effect upon her of my uncle's presence was almost that of Mr. Rarey upon some fiery untamed steed, or of herself upon a hitherto uncontrolled member of the Hartrow stud. The slanginess dropped from her talk as it were a garment cast aside. She confined her conversation on current topics, to the novels of the day, especially those of Charlotte Brontë, in which Hartrow was especially interested just then; or to such blameless topics as parliamentary rhetoric and 'quarter sessions' procedure, in none of which themes can she have felt the slightest interest in the world.

Bickham Escott, as thoroughly pre-scientific in

all his tastes as the fourteenth Earl of Derby, fashioned his oratory upon the tersest models of Greek eloquence.

Not a few will thank me for interpolating here a specimen of my relative's scholarly and pointed rhetoric gathered from provincial newspaper files. The occasion was a Somerset county meeting to restore the Wellington Pillar, held in January, 1853. The report is taken from the *Sherborne Journal* of the 20th of that month, and runs as follows:—

“Mr. Escott stood forward amid loud cheers and said: Mr. High Sheriff, Ladies and Gentlemen—I am obliged to those gentlemen who had the arrangement of these proceedings for having allowed me to second this resolution. I am certainly very anxious to have this opportunity of saying a very few words upon the great occasion on which we are met together. I will not now mention all the reasons for that desire, but it is enough, I should think, that I have been born a Somersetshire man. I suppose that there was no Somersetshire man who followed the obsequies of the great Duke of Wellington who did not feel very happy that from his soil had been derived the noblest lineage and the most renowned of titles. And, certainly, it is very fit and proper that we should finish and perpetuate what others, now no more, have well begun amongst

us, and not allow any memorial of a great man to be to us a reproach for our negligence or our parsimony. There is no fear of such a misfortune in such an assemblage of English gentlemen. Wherever Liberty has been established and Genius honoured, the memory of their dead has been to the Good part of their holy institutes, and the tombs of great men have been raised up as the consecrated altars of their country's love. It is very beneficial for the people that such a practice should ever be maintained; the example by which a nation is exalted is the same that kindles individual energies to noble actions. It was the immortal eulogy of those that fell at Plataea that warmed the breasts of the survivors, and fostered the growing glories of the young Athenian name. It was said of them that the whole world was the sepulchre of illustrious men. The man whom we have lost was illustrious for every virtue which it becomes his country to remember, to admire, and, if we nobly dare, to imitate. He began life poor; that is commonly the lot, perhaps the advantage, of youthful power; but he vaulted at once into the place which he alone had the energy to fill, and that place, which was the foremost of his countrymen, he never quitted till he died. I will not attempt to review here his

threescore years of labour, nor to condense into a poor epitome the story of his triumphs. The annals of England are the records of his glory. A great minister, now no more, has chosen a noble attitude in which to portray him for the contemplation of the world—it is but a sentence, I will repeat his words:

“ ‘He stood with his back to the sea on the rocks of Lisbon, and saw all Europe in subjection before him, and never ceased from his mighty and heroic labour till the whole of Europe was free.’

“It was no part of his duty to scan the question how far that freedom was complete in all its parts. He fought the battles of his King and country according to their decree, and his was no mean encounter. The hero of antiquity prayed for kings for his competitors; our captain had for his competitor the conqueror of all other kings. And when his first work was done, and the sword which had never been blunted was sheathed at last, and he commenced his second work, and spoke for himself in the assembly of statesmen—he, who had conquered all, counselled peace. For thirty years more he was the sage of Europe; and in every civil and political effort of England he bore the first part—a part which the wisest had wished for, but none but he had the power to execute

—the overcoming of faction, which some call party, and the setting at naught all his formerly-expressed opinions, ay, even for a time his own reputation, so that he might consult the necessity and promote the honour of his sovereign and his country.

'Spartam nactus es hanc exorna.'

"Truly this man has fulfilled the precept and adorned the land of his destiny. And we who remain—the greatest and the least amongst us—may learn something from this example; we need not too curiously examine how far that which was human was exempt from error, but rather observe how the greatest among us became so great by the performance of manly duties; how Fame followed in the train of virtuous toil, and the love of a great people was bestowed on him who sought it least. And not only of this people, but of all nations and all languages who assembled on that dark day, and stood amongst us Englishmen around that grave, to mourn, and to testify that for him indeed the whole world was a sepulchre; that the rivalry of arms had but lighted up the veneration of heroism, and that when they heard that England's great champion was dead they knew that the world was bereaved." [This speech produced a great sensation, and the hon. gentleman resumed his seat

amidst great applause, which was again and again renewed.]

It will be inferred from these extracts by all competent judges that my uncle was a capital scholar of the old style. Although, indeed, at Oxford he had just missed a first class ; yet throughout his life he studied Greek and Latin authors of all periods as literature. Reading Thucydides chiefly for style, he took the same sort of interest in that historian's description of Athenian politics as he might have done in an analysis of English parties by a writer behind the scenes in the days of Melbourne or Grey.

In 1846, Bickham Escott had been among those Conservatives who went with Sir Robert Peel when the statesman turned his back upon Protection. After this departure, my uncle incurred the hostility not merely of the Western squirarchy, but of his own family. His first cousin, then Warden of the College, who had previously exerted his influence to secure his relative's return for Winchester, opposed him with a resolution which must have done violence to the natural affections of that admirable, upright, but almost Quixotically conscientious ecclesiastic. Having been classed immediately after his secession from the Tory fold as a Liberal Conservative, the master of Hartrow gradually became

identified with the advanced reformers' section. His chief political and social friends during this period were, I fancy, in addition to John Bright, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Leader, member for Westminster, Colonel De Lacy Evans, with whom he had himself contested the constituency of Fox in the year following the first Reform Bill. Colonel Evans I may have beheld in my earliest childhood, but cannot recall. Nor have I any recollection of Mr. Milner Gibson, unless it be a handsome elderly gentleman with clearly cut features, smoothly shaven face, soft manners, a silky voice, who gave me sugar-plums when I was in pinafores.

Mr. Disraeli, from having been a close personal friend of my uncle's in the Gore House, Blessington, and D'Orsay days, was of course now his bitter opponent, and as old numbers of Hansard should show, turned round on him rather sharply more than once in the House of Commons. Mr. C. P. Villiers is one of the few now living who remember my relative well, but having an idea that Wolverhampton's venerable representative is gratifying his friends by preparing his autobiography, I have not deemed it right to trespass upon that gentleman's kindness, or with respect to Bickham Escott, anticipate in my remarks any of the interest which

must attach to this Nestor's retrospect of his eventful and illustrious career. The late Mr. John Bright, however, regarded my uncle naturally as a paragon amongst country gentlemen. "At his best," were the veteran tribune's words to me in 1882, "your uncle could be as pointed as Dizzy; as persuasive as Mr. Cobden. He was not, I think, ever quite happy among his own people, or indeed till he came over to us, and shortly after he had done this, to our great misfortune, he lost his seat, could not get one which suited him, and died of a broken heart." The final statement may not be literally true, but as a child I can well remember the worn and hunted look upon my uncle's face at the time when he was unsuccessfully fighting constituency after constituency, and, of course, like all speculative politicians in those costly days, seriously mortgaging his paternal acres for the sinews of war.

But his good nature, his charm of manner, and his affectionate interest in those he loved never failed him. In the thick of his struggles and pre-occupations, he constantly found time to visit his mother, then living with her youngest son, my father, at Budleigh Salterton, in South Devon, and to supply his nephew with the fishing tackle and drawing materials in which he knew that small

person to be chiefly interested. Family considerations, that alone move me to dwell, in passing, upon this stage of my narrative, must serve as my apology if I mention another rather pretty illustration of the power possessed by this remarkable man of attracting all classes and all individuals to himself. When the father of my present friend, Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner, had, in 1848, declined, on the unseating of Mr. Craven Berkeley, to come forward for Cheltenham, Bickham Escott, filling his place, contested the borough against the *ci-devant* Member's brother, Mr. Grenville Berkeley. The circumstances of Mr. Craven Berkeley's disqualification, that gentleman having been unseated for bribery, caused local feeling to run very high. The late Lord Selborne had been on the parliamentary committee which cancelled Mr. Berkeley's choice. Bickham Escott's opponent incurred grave trouble with the future Chancellor's fellow-committeemen by stigmatising that rising lawyer publicly as "Sir Scoundrel Palmer." My uncle goodnaturedly joined with Lord Palmerston and Sir Roundell's colleagues to compose a feud, which was only just kept out of the Law Courts.

During my relative's candidature, at one of his meetings, a sudden darkness came on. Lights were sent for, and several ladies wearing his colours

insisted on holding the candles round him in order that he might both the better be seen and himself see the notes of his speech. "His eloquence," writes to me my friend, Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner, with whose family my uncle at the time had stayed, "was considered extraordinary, and if speaking could have availed, he would certainly have been returned at the head of the poll. But though speech may be silver, silence was golden, and the house of Berkeley's treasures kept the constituency faithful then, and for many succeeding elections."

To the long-standing friend of my family and myself, the Dowager Lady Westbury (*née* Luttrell), I am indebted for some vividly interesting reminiscences of my accomplished kinsman. "He was," writes that lady, "the most intimate friend of my father. I cannot remember any period of my childhood with which he was not closely associated. He used to walk over the hills from Hartrow every Sunday, frequently staying the night with us. We children hailed his arrival with the greatest delight, for we all adored him. He was so full of sympathy with us, and loved us as if we had been his own. I can see his beautiful face now as it used to light up with pleasure when he saw us coming to welcome him. Such a delightful companion I never saw. The great bliss of these days was to be allowed

to go out with him on his painting and fishing expeditions.

“ There was no cleverer water-colour artist then living ; though he only began to use paints nearly at the age of forty. He should be described as a disciple of De Windt, and later, of David Cox. Like the former, he used to limit himself to six colours in his box. He was one of the handsomest and most highly-bred men I ever saw, possessing an exquisitely shaped head, finely cut features, and the most beautiful tender grey eyes. He was very proud of his hands, which were quite perfect in size and shape. He had a trick of playing with his eyebrows that we used to tease him about, and tell him it was only to show his hands off ; but I think his great charm was his voice. I have never since heard anything like it ; so sympathetic and melodious ; so full of fire and expression, or exercising so magnetic an effect upon his audience. It was not only the eloquence, but the humour and elocution of his speeches which carried every one with him. He was also a first-rate shot, and when at a private tutor's near us, while quite a small boy, shot a couple of woodcocks right and left. He was also a good fisherman and a great pedestrian, thinking nothing of walking twenty or thirty miles a day.

“ As to politics, he was naturally indignant at not

being returned by the Tory party for West Somerset, and as you know went into the opposite camp with, I grieve to say, no better luck."

The traditions of Bickham Escott's polished and condensed oratory live in his own county, not less than in his friends' memory, to this day. During the later forties, when I was an infant in arms, he had, as a Free Trader, contested West Somerset, in conjunction with Mr. P. P. Bouverie, of Brymore, the father of the present owner of that demesne. His command of his temper never failed. This self-control, some years previously, had received a signal illustration on the Westminster hustings. Speaking then amidst a storm of dead cats and decayed eggs, he warded off the malodorous missiles as calmly as if playing a ball in his favourite pastime of tennis, without a single word of wrath escaping him. After his defeat in the county which he loved, and whose Parliamentary representation was his life's ambition, he removed the curb from his tongue. Speaking of the future, and drawing in picturesque words the horoscope of the happier era to be ushered in by Free Trade, he said:—"Still will our Quantocks rejoice in the purple of their heather, the gold of their gorse. Still will West Somerset be renowned for the fatness of its soil, and the folly of its country gentlemen."

“Those, however, can laugh best who laugh last.” The aforesaid country gentlemen carried their two candidates, Mr. Charles Moody and Sir Alexander Hood, the latter a descendant of a North Petherton clergyman, comparatively a local stranger, neither of them of high ability, or even of commanding county position. The exact spot from which this parting shot was discharged by my uncle at his victorious enemies was pointed out to me as a child, and is visible at this moment to my mind’s eye—the balcony outside the Clarence Hotel at Bridgwater, whence he looked down upon the yelling yokels, whom the champions of monopoly had hired to hoot and hiss him.

Another defeat at Plymouth followed the West Somerset discomfiture some three or four years later. The dark brow of my handsome, gifted, but not fortunate relative grew daily darker; his fine features became more and more pallid and haggard; without any visible malady, his strength ebbed from him. At last a slight local injury, contracted while riding, led to a high fever, and considerably less than sixty years of age, this brilliant man passed away. To-day, perhaps, out of West Somerset, my uncle’s name is best remembered in the Cheltenham country, by the fact that after his visit to Mr. Fortescue, during his Gloucestershire

campaign, he gave to one of that gentleman's nieces, the present Dowager Lady De Saumarez, a horse, mounted on which, this lady, a noted equestrienne, achieved a great reputation in the Gloucestershire country.

I have mentioned that Currer Bell, by which name the novelist was for many years best known, supplied my uncle with his favourite modern reading. His parting words to my mother at Budleigh Salterton were, "The next time I come, I hope you will have read *Jane Eyre*." The book was procured and perused, but the visit, against which this had been done, was never paid. Child as I was, I still insisted on examining for myself Charlotte Brontë's recommended novel. My critical faculties, however imperfectly developed, enabled me to detect a resemblance between my uncle, with his haunted look, strange voice, and bitter-sweet manner, to the "Mr. Rochester" whom the Brussels governess created,—a likeness that to this day I am convinced was something more than imaginary.

CHAPTER III.

SOMERSET FOLK HALF-A-CENTURY SINCE.

(1848—56.)

True Somerset bred. Bridgwater as a parliamentary borough. "Eothen" Kinglake and Charles Tynte, M.Ps. Kinglake's flowery speech on the hustings, preferring West Somerset to Syria. An electioneering infant. Reasons why the revolutionary year of 1848 was memorable to me. Bridgwater characteristics. Living up to its past. A notable family, the Anstices. From Bridgwater to Bristol. W. E. Forster on saving common sense of Quaker blood. Bristol as I first knew it. The Balls—Richard and William. A Quaker poet next door to Wordsworth at Rydal. His "Times" sonnet on Wordsworth's death. My only legacy.

UP to the age of boyhood, I had never travelled further to the east in my native county than its chief towns. The College School, Taunton, was then popular among western squires. Of this institution my father, under the titular Principalship of Dr. Crotch, was head master. Shortly after my birth his health failed; consumption, as some of the faculty opined, was imminent. Both my parents, in, as I remember, a ship called the *Tagus*, sailed on a valetudinary voyage to the south of Europe. The period happens to be impressed in my memory because it was the revolutionary year of 1848.

Daily newspapers were not often seen in the house of the relatives with whom I was quartered, and so soon as I was able to read with any ease I used to stop, on my way back from a dame's school, at the stationer's where the *Times* was taken in, and spell through the meagre records of events in Italy and Greece where I knew my father and mother to be. Any interest I have since taken in politics dates back, I am convinced firmly, from this stormy era in modern Europe's annals. Both my excellent grandparents, to whom as to every member of my family, except my uncle Bickham, the idea of political progress would have seemed to emanate from the author of all evil, held, I fancy, that the common choice of the Continental peoples in this memorable '48, to live under Governments of their own, presaged the triumph of the Beast in Revelation, and must be followed speedily by the end of the present dispensation. Just as a little later in my life I was taught (a piece of instruction for which I can never be grateful enough) that a false concord or quantity in the Latin language argued a state of moral obliquity, ominous of a discreditable life and ignominious death; so was I uniformly in my infancy encouraged to identify any approach to political Liberalism with sheer wrongheadedness.

The Members for Bridgwater at this time were Colonel Charles Kemeys Tynte, of Haswell, and A. W. Kinglake, of "Eothen." These gentlemen were variously, but never, I think, successfully, opposed by, in earlier times, Mansell, and Follett, the great advocate; as in the days that were to come, by Henry Westropp, and Padwick, the famous bookmaker and money-lender, who laid the foundations of Disraeli's fortunes by advancing him on, as Lord Beaconsfield loved to recount, the security of his own talents alone, £5,000, when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb. The old Colonel Tynte, father of the Bridgwater M.P., was immensely popular in the neighbourhood, while his son, the senator, a *roué* in appearance as in character, was, to say the least of it, sometimes embarrassed for want of ready money. But his sire's influence and his parliamentary colleague's reputation sufficed to pull him through; money was spent like water by the house of Haswell. A few days before the polling, the "Man in the Moon" descended like Jupiter of old in a shower of gold upon the free and independent electors, and until the borough was finally and most properly disfranchised, "Tynte and Kinglake" were regularly returned at the head of the poll. In those days the hustings were stationed in front of the market-place, looking upon that quarter of the town called the

Corn Hill. A. W. Kinglake had returned lately from his Eastern travels, a remarkably handsome vigorous man, scarcely arrived at early middle age, wearing the then rare facial appendages of beard and moustache. In London he was a lion of the first order. Many years afterwards recalling that epoch, he said to me : " Women used to look as if they thought I should be acting below my reputation if I did not promptly propose elopement."

In his native shire, " Eothen Kinglake " was regarded less perhaps with affection for his unfailing amiability than with admiring and perplexed awe for the variety of his accomplishments, and the distance of his travels. My excellent maternal grandfather, not himself without literary tastes, was held, I recollect, by his brother clerics to have compromised his cloth because, instead of plumping for the Tory usurer, Padwick, he so far recognised the distinction reflected by Kinglake on his county as to give " Eothen " a split vote. The electoral manner of Charles Tynte's colleague was a memorable mixture of urbanity and reserve. His hustings eloquence was rather florid, but exactly suited to his hearers. I was certainly under ten years of age when, defiant of restraints imposed by a Tory nursemaid, I called at the house of Kinglake's agent, Mr. Charles Bate, whose son, I believe, still adorns his profession in

the town, with the request that for my uncle's sake he would let me stand by him on the hustings when he made his speech. "Certainly, my little man," he said with an amused look, "if you can manage to get up the steps." The ascent, with the aid of a Liberal glover on Mr. Kinglake's committee, was accomplished, and with an effort, I could to-day write out a very fair report of "Eothen's" speech. Fresh from the glories of Syria, he assured his supporters that in his youth he had always considered the Parret a finer river than the Jordan; the Mendips or Quantocks nobler ranges than Hermon or Antilibanus; the tawny waters of the Bristol Channel lovelier than the blue Mediterranean; and that subsequent experience had not wholly disabused the speaker of this belief.

Three decades later, when the sometime Member for Bridgwater was well stricken in years, but vigorous in mind though frail in body, I recalled this incident to his mind, and he found it correct in every particular.

Corrupt though the borough was, it numbered some notable worthies among its citizens. The whole of England, I imagine, might have been travelled through before one encountered finer specimens of manhood and womanhood than were presented by the family of Anstice. At the period

now recalled, this household consisted of a father and mother who, in mature years, retained much of the good looks they had transmitted to their son and two daughters, each of whom were in their turn superb specimens of Anglo-Saxon beauty ; each tall of stature, and with the exquisite pink and white complexion that is the envy of foreigners.

Bridgwater in these days was rather oppressed by the grandeur of its earlier history, and was engaged, not very successfully, in an attempt to live up to the fame of its historic citizen, Blake, equally great as soldier and sailor during the Parliamentary wars. The competition of the seaports on the Welsh littoral, together with the absorbing attractions of the ever-growing capital on the Avon, had caused the trade of Bridgwater to dwindle to vanishing point, and already threatened to make the once busy Parret as silent and commercially unimportant as the Styx. Nature herself was not thought to be all that formerly she was. The elder inhabitants lamented that the tidal wave or bore had grievously diminished, and that the current from the Severn Sea no longer chased up the muddy estuary with the vehemence or volume of a more prosperous epoch. As a county town, Bridgwater had been eclipsed finally by Taunton. The only equipages of any pretensions which on market-day woke the

lethargy of its streets were those of the Princeites from the neighbouring Agapemone ; and even these were not all which they had been. Somewhere towards the close of the fifties, a rumour, the product of the wildest invention, diffused spasmodic animation through the town, that Thackeray had hired a house adjoining the Taunton road, and was about to transport his household gods from Brompton thither. This outworn capital on the Parret, probably on the strength of containing within one of its neighbouring villages the Capel Lofft mentioned by Byron in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, as well as Mrs. Gordon Smythies, a forerunner of the later society novelists, who died, I suppose, some thirty or forty years ago, piqued itself on possessing literary associations. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, the whole company of Lake poets, had been the guests of a certain Mr. Poole of Enmore, some three or four miles distant, whom I can just remember, in his very advanced old age, to have seen. Not far from him, there had lived at Broomfield Hall, Andrew Crosse, the electrician, who survived into the last half of this century, while his widow, a vivacious lady and accomplished authoress, has not, I fancy, very long passed away.

The consciousness of early obligations to the

impersonal influences of the neighbourhood, causes me to dwell so long as I have done upon these purely local topics. My excellent maternal grandfather, the Rev. J. C. Collins, beneath whose roof on the Parret's banks many of my early years were spent, was singularly well-read in the minor poets of the Elizabethan or Caroline periods, and among later bards, had a consuming admiration for the melody and humour of him who sung "The Song of the Shirt." He never, I think, knew personally that great and delicate genius; but during his last long illness, the Somersetshire vicar, being well acquainted with Hood's daughter, placed his house at her father's disposal, should his physicians advise him country air.

This lady's brother, the late Tom Hood, had not then finished his undergraduate course at Oxford. She was herself the wife of the Rev. Somerville Broderip, Rector of Cossington, some five miles to the east of Bridgwater, and was also, I verily believe, nearly the best and kindest woman who ever lived. Herself an industrious and versatile authoress, she devoted, in conjunction with her brother, years of labour to preparing a collected edition of her father's scattered works, accompanied by a biography. Her husband's health was always precarious. Her own was never strong. Indefatigable in the discharge of

parochial and charitable duties, she plied her pen as earnestly as if it was the staff of the whole family's existence. No trials or disappointments disturbed the calm amiability of that heroic temper. The ripe word of solace or helpfulness for those whom she thought in need of it, was ever ready from the lips of this self-effacing lady. In appearance she was nearly the exact opposite of her brother, and had nothing of his strongly marked aquiline, rather Jewish features, dark complexion, or flashing black eyes; but in common with him she had inherited from her father an indomitable fortitude, from which boasting and failure were equally distant. To her was I indebted for my introduction to the clever, courageous, and versatile journalist, who, like so many toilers of the pen, began life as a clerk in the War Office. The record left behind him by Tom Hood in the West Country, from the Mendips to the Land's End, was uniformly pleasant, and is, I suppose, even at this day not quite forgotten. Few brighter or more attractive spirits had ever flashed upon that western neighbourhood than, when at his best and happiest, the great humourist's son. A lecture delivered by him, under the fanciful title "The Poets in the Valley of the Shadow," describing the treatment of death by the singers of all countries, was something more than a popular

success, and reached a higher mark of thoughtful excellence as a prose composition than he ever afterwards cared to touch ; while in every western town to the furthest limit of Cornwall, crowded audiences applauded the young lecturer, who, having inherited a great name, was fêted by the whole country-side, and seemed to have the ball at his feet.

The chief hostess in the west of poor Tom Hood, as of innumerable celebrities in various degrees of pen or stage, was Lady Molesworth, of Pencarrow, near Bodmin, a witty and kindly representative of an almost vanished generation, who, till within the last year or two, was hospitably flourishing at her pleasant house in Eaton Place, with its superb banquets and unparalleled display of gold-plate upon the buffet. With Bristol, which in these days Bridgwater considered it had some pretensions to rival, I inherited, as with the less considerable and more western borough, some family connection.

\ If, as somebody has said, one owes to one's grandmothers any success that life may have afforded, I ought to have been a more serviceable member of my generation and a less undistinguished member of the community than, thirty years of incessant industry notwithstanding, I can as yet boast to be ; for my maternal and paternal grand-dames were each of them remarkable women,

to whom I ascribe respectively much of the taste for literary work that I possess, and all the devotion that deepens in me every day to the Church of England as by law established. Mrs. Escott, my father's parent, bequeathed to some of her posterity, especially to her daughter, Mrs. Lethbridge, and through her to the existing generation of that family whose head is my first cousin, Charles Lethbridge, formerly of Chargate Lodge, West Somerset, now of Sherfield Manor, Basingstoke, the beauty which is shared in by all of his name and race to-day. For myself, I impute it solely to her generous and discriminating influences upon my early boyhood that I grew up with a loving admiration for the noble English of our national liturgy, and with some desire to emulate the deeds of those who having served their generation in secular life, "fell on sleep." By the time I was a dozen years of age, I knew by heart most of the collects and epistles; while I have not forgotten to this day the Prayer-book version of the Psalms. The other excellent and noticeable lady, Mrs. Collins, took, I think, scarcely less interest in my earlier years. She was of a well-known Bristol family, named Ball. With the Balls are connected by close ties of cousinship the Reynoldses and the Rathbones; the extant chief of which latter clan is my respected friend Mr. Rathbone, of Liverpool,

M.P., whose personal acquaintance I did not, however, make till a far subsequent period, beneath the hospitable roof of the present Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, at York House, Twickenham.

I have no personal recollection of that William Ball, remembered to-day as a Bristol worthy and philanthropist, who hailed originally from Shropshire. But my uncle, Richard Ball, with his tall erect figure in age, and in youth his conspicuously comely and well chiselled features, is as fresh in my memory as if I had seen him yesterday. He lived at "The Fort," in the district called, I think, Cotham; took an active part in many civic affairs of his neighbourhood, as well as in all religious matters allied with the Evangelical interest. No shrewder, more pious, or morally better being ever inhaled the breezes on Durdham Downs, not far from which he had encouraged his acquaintance and co-religionist, George Müller, to build his orphan asylum, that remarkable monument to directly answered prayer. From his death-bed this gentleman sent me an affectionate message, my practical heed to which might have spared me many later troubles. His daughter, Mrs. F. A. Prideaux, an accomplished authoress as well as a beautiful and saintly woman, lately left her husband, the eminent conveyancer, Frederick Prideaux, a widower. To him, the sole

male relative in that generation so far as I am aware, of Richard Ball, do I respectfully dedicate these particular words.

Some years ago the late W. E. Forster, then a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, often invited me to his house, and as I was then writing leading articles daily for the *Standard*, imparted his views on men and things somewhat intimately to me, nor confined himself always to politics. With good humoured banter he rallied one he was pleased to call a Conservative journalist, slack as my Toryism, I fear, has often been, upon certain "sensible" qualities, to be explained only, as he said, by my possessing Quaker blood. This reference was to my grand-uncle, William Ball, who deserves mention by me as having been the only person by whose death I ever pecuniarily profited, although, I grieve to say, the testamentary benefit was never very substantial, and has long since ceased to be appreciable. This excellent member of the blameless Society of Friends, possessed among his various domiciles in several parts of England, an excellent house, next to which the poet Wordsworth had lived, at Glen Rothay, near Ambleside, in Westmoreland. Within a walk were Thomas Arnold's country home, Fox-Howe, and Harriet Martineau's cottage. My relative had known Southey, Coleridge,

De Quincey, and, I think, all the "Lakists," big or little. He was, too, himself not without poetic gifts as well as tastes, and published innumerable pretty little verses; while just as Wordsworth had celebrated Arnold's death in the *Times* by a sonnet, so my poetic kinsman sent to the leading journal a brief elegy on the then Laureate's departure, wherein Printing House Square saw merit enough to honour it with insertion.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE BRISTOL AND EXETER LINE.

(1856-60.)

Early obligations to the Ball family—especially Alfred. His hints on English writing and suggestion to send in something for the "Saturday Review." How acted on fifteen years later. The Bristol Channel to my childhood that which the Mediterranean was to the ancient monarchies. Further west on the Bristol and Exeter Line. South Devon in the fifties; Sidmouth, Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton. A quiet watering place, whose dulness is relieved by scandals and shipwrecks. "Amazon" memorials washed ashore; other like calamities. Educational progress in early years; great parental debt. My father as a teacher. How he communicated to me some taste for English poetry and Latin elegiacs. Excellence of the old system of teaching Latin verses by "nonsense copies," in like fashions. Benefits accruing to the writer from this early training and its solace during subsequent illness. General character of orthodox religious teaching and family discipline forty years ago. Good doubtless resulting from severities endured or escaped.

THE three members of the Ball family best known to me at the time now spoken of, and for some years after, were my mother's first cousins, the sons of a Mr. Ball, who married Miss Reynolds. Of these brothers only one to-day survives—Canon Charles Ball, of Peterborough; when I first recollect him, a high-spirited, athletic, and strikingly good-looking Cambridge under-

graduate. His brothers were each of them men with keen literary interests and great general intelligence. The eldest, after varied experiences in our Antipodean colonies, being a member of the Inner Temple, practised, with no very great success I fancy, at the English Bar. The second, Tertius, was an army surgeon of mark, and rendered great public services in various capacities during the Crimean War. The third was well known in commercial circles from Penpole Point to Pendennis Castle as manager of different branches of the West of England and South Wales District Bank. While he shared the family gift of humour, he surpassed his brothers in thoughtfulness as well as general culture, and, if I mistake not, before he died, had taken Holy Orders. This relative, whose Christian name was Alfred, gave me much help and encouragement in my childish ambitions and efforts after literary authorship; desiring me to write, by way of exercise, an essay on "The Life and Genius of Thomas Hood," which most severely, but no doubt most wholesomely, he criticised afterwards. The *Saturday Review* was then beginning to be first heard of. Alfred Ball bade me study the topics and style of its articles, and if I could write anything which did not seem quite nonsense, to send it to the editor. Ultimately, after an interval of some fifteen

years, when I had taken my degree at Oxford and settled to work in London, I recalled this counsel, acted upon it, and without any introduction or knowledge even of the editor's name, forwarded to the office in Southampton Street the first of a long series of social or middle articles, written by me, if not for the *Saturday Review*, for other journals which distinctly owed their genesis to that organ.

Before and since the days of *Childe Harold*, it has been remarked that the earlier acts of the world's drama were almost exclusively confined to the shores of the Mediterranean. That which the inland ocean was to the empires and monarchies of the earth's youth, the Severn Sea has been to the juvenility and adolescence of the hand which pens these lines. There is scarcely an inch of the country between Mendip and Quantock, or in the interspace separating Wordsworth's Alfoxton from Brendon, Blackdown, or Exmoor, where, between the age of eight and seventeen, my foot or that of the pony in whose saddle I loved to live has not trodden many times. In the course of these early wanderings I must have first met that son of the Devonshire solicitor who, as Sir John Karslake, was afterwards to enjoy the highest honours of the English Bar during a sadly short period, which had as its sequel blindness with a too early and profoundly pathetic eclipse.

Riding with the North Devon and Somerset staghounds is not exactly what a Leicestershire "goer" would call fine sport, but it tries the mettle of horses, the wind of men, and the sagacity of dogs. The bursts of very hard horsemanship are comparatively few and short. The flying leaps are not many; the conditions of the chase are, however, exhausting, and only steeds regularly bred for it can bear the strain. The heat is often extreme when, at the end of August or early in September, the season begins. The "meets" are fixed at some point near the Devon or Somerset frontier: to-day perhaps Holford, in the Quantocks; to-morrow Cloutsham, further westward; the day afterwards Hawkrigde Water or Exford, still further in the direction of the Occident. Much of the line of country traversed leads through mossy glens (locally Coombes), whose soft or spongy upper soil covers the fetlocks. The way is as long as it is heavy. Nor is it, or at least was it, by any means an unknown thing for a stag found in some Quantock covert to run in a straight line not much less than thirty or forty miles, till, turning to bay, it betook itself to the waters where, as at Porlock or Lynton, the Atlantic waves mingle with the tawny tide of the Bristol Channel. The best book on this subject extant is probably that by Dr. Collyns, of Dulverton, in whose composition he

found no less gifted a colleague than "Jack Karslake" himself.

Longevity has always seemed to be the special quality developed in the human beings who pursue this sport. When the famous "Jack Russell," nearly, I suppose, the last of the very great hunting clerics of North Devon, first entered upon his cure of souls in the living of Anstey or Tor Down, he had resolved not to sully his sacred cloth with associations of sport. He observed Saints' days and all ecclesiastical festivals or fasts with full services, surpliced choirs; seldom mounted a horse, eschewed anything like a hound. Gradually the congregations, attracted at first by the ritual's novelty, fell off. The reason, it seemed, was that the parishioners had always been accustomed to parsons who either kept a pack of their own or followed the packs of others. Russell, being remonstrated with by his churchwardens, took the hint, read out the week's hunting fixtures after the second lesson in church on Sundays, set up a modest stud of his own, distinguished himself not less as a rider than he had already done as preacher, and was rewarded by his concession to parochial prejudices with overflowing congregations to his dying day.

The great professional friend and venatical ally of this ecclesiastical Nimrod in the Exmoor district

lived in West Somerset, in his rectory at East Quantock's Head, where he had been the friend of I know not how many generations of my family. Parson Russell must have reached the eighties before he rode his last chase or baptised the youngest member of his flock. The Rev. Alexander Luttrell had left fourscore some way behind ere he discovered that his hunting days were over. He cannot have been far removed from his century's completion when the vital machinery refused to work any longer, for no other reason than that it had been incessantly going since George III. was King. The last time I visited this neighbourhood was the occasion of Her Most Gracious Majesty's Jubilee, 1887. Mr. Alexander Luttrell, the present squire of Dunster Castle's uncle, and the extant Lord Westbury's grandfather, seemed a little perplexed at the idea of celebrating so very juvenile a monarch's anniversary. He had himself, he said, assisted at the seventieth birthday rejoicings of King George, and still spoke of that Sovereign's descendant as "our young Queen." On the final occasion of my visiting this venerable divine beneath his own roof, he told me that he had not slept a night away from it since he had taken his eldest son, "Hal" Luttrell, formerly of the Rifle Brigade, to school at Eton, a trifle of forty or fifty years ago.

This gentleman's brother was the Colonel Luttrell whom I first knew, then living at Kilve Court, and keeping on his own premises the West Somerset foxhounds. The old Colonel scarcely boasted the handsome features which some, though not many, of his race possessed ; but he was an old Waterloo man, had lived all his life in Courts or camps, and wore his Peninsula medals over his old-fashioned coat with pre-eminently the grand manner.

About the same time that he passed away, there disappeared also the ancient Sir Peregrine Acland, of Fairfield, near Stogursey, who, whether as regards appearance or way of life, might have given another Addison a fresh original for a new Sir Roger de Coverley. This remarkable old gentleman enjoyed throughout West Somerset, a popularity, against which nothing could stand in opposition to him, or to those over whom he cast his ægis. His daughter, and heiress, married the late Sir Alexander Acland Hood, of St. Audries, and by doing so settled firmly in his family not only the Acland estates, but also a share in West Somerset's parliamentary representation.

One rather dramatic incident attesting the steady nerves of the then very aged Sir Peregrine I can recall. It was Christmas Eve. An immense party was being entertained at dinner preliminary to a tenants' ball, always given at this season by the

Somersetshire baronet. One of the guests, a gentleman of particularly distinguished appearance and rather artificially polished manners, walked up to his host's chair without having previously betrayed any sort of eccentricity, and suggested in an audible whisper that they should toss up to decide which of the two should cut the other's throat, pointing as he did so to a carving knife that had just done duty on the turkey. Two ladies who were sitting near, and of course overheard the proposal, became deadly pale and fainted. The octogenarian master of the feast, metaphorically speaking, turned not a hair, but whispered in his butler's ear: "D. Ts. ! Captain — would like to see the ball-room." The host, it seems, knew at least by repute his guest's vagaries, and had heard that a brandy-bottle, usually three-parts empty by the morning, was stationed side by side with the water-carafe on the visitor's dressing-table. The guest retired. Nor was the harmony or hilarity of the evening at all disturbed by the little incident which had sent the two fair ones into a dead swoon.

That earlier boyhood's education, which was finished on the Avon at Bath, soon had its venue changed from Minehead, on the Bristol Channel, to Budleigh Salterton, on the South Devon coast. This little hamlet lies nearly midway between the larger

resorts of Exmouth and Sidmouth. I have not beheld the place for something like forty years. I had not encountered its name since childhood till I heard that my lamented friend Captain Hawley Smart, author of *Breezy Langton* and other first-rate military-sporting novels, had gone thither if possible to recruit his strength, prostrated by chronic attacks of asthma and bronchitis, but, as alas! it turned out, only to meet his much-mourned death amid the delicious odour of the myrtles and gorse that are the common products of the soil.

The two chief sets of events in this out-of-the-world region were shipwrecks and scandals. For weeks and months after the *Amazon's* burning at sea, in 1852, charred fragments of her hull and cargo were washed ashore. Rather later, a Spanish barque, commanded, as was said, by a Don of high degree, foundered betwixt Lardrum Point and the entrance to Sidmouth Harbour. The spoils of this calamity kept the whole neighbourhood in oranges and chestnuts for the best part of a year, while the Celtiberian Grandee and his crew were hospitably entertained at the coast-guard barracks on the Esplanade, eventually, like the Armada remnant, wrecked off the Galway coast, matrimonially mingling themselves with the native population.

As for the periodical violations of the proprieties

which, with the outbursts of the elemental fury, divided the attention of the Saltertonians, they uniformly, I think, arose from the simplicity and inexperience of the resident gentry. Our lives were uniform in their monotony, not to say desperately dull. Country clergymen, retired military officers, or civilians, elderly and amiable spinsters were the chief personages in the society. All were in fairly comfortable circumstances. Many were romantically credulous. None had any experience in the world's ways. Exeter, fourteen miles distant, was practically the last point touched by the railway.

Budleigh Salterton, therefore, the eminently salubrious, picturesque, and eclectically respectable, as landlords and lodging-house keepers advertised it to be, was marked out by Fate as the happy hunting ground of adventurers or adventuresses in all degrees. One day the village found itself in a flutter of excitement over the fact that the haunted house on the East or West Cliff had been taken by a family of distinction and piety, intent on building and endowing a new parish church, to say nothing of raising the place to the same pinnacle of prestige as its supercilious neighbours, Exmouth or Sidmouth, arrogated to themselves. In something less than a year the inevitable denouement was sure to arrive. The devotional philanthropist who was to Christianise

the fisher folk, to enrich the tradesmen, and generally to inaugurate an era of Halcyon prosperity proved to be an uncertificated insolvent, a promoter of bogus companies. Upon one occasion it turned out he was a homicidal coasting-skipper who had defrauded his employers, pitched his tell-tale mate overboard, scuttled the ship, and finally taken to piety and good works as a preliminary to going on again *da capo*. Sometimes a reputedly "lone lorn widow" of blameless exterior, shocked us all profoundly by the fact suddenly transpiring that she was as much married as her Samaritan predecessor.

These little humours notwithstanding, I and mine have every reason to speak well of this particular spot on the South Devon littoral. Very slowly, though, D.V., as it proved, surely, my excellent father recovered his health. All symptoms of phthisis disappeared and the man for whom in my infancy the medical pundits predicted a speedy tomb was, in the good providence of God, after a protracted residence on these myrtle-clad slopes, enabled to start upon a busy professional life, which would have tried the strength of many others than the *ci devant* incurable invalid.

The second claim possessed by Budleigh Salterton on my gratitude is that my education not only commenced in good earnest, but first made appreciable

progress on this portion of the English Channel's shores. I can recall a book, published, I think, about this time, by the title of *Learning Without Tears*. I never saw the manual, nor had I much experience of the instruction indicated by its nomenclature. But however painful the process may have been, or whatever discomforts my own obstinacy or stupidity may have compelled it to involve, I possess only one feeling, that of unutterable thankfulness for the results. To my father, and to him alone, am I indebted for the training of those tastes which from my earliest years caused me to take an interest in English and classical literature. These aptitudes disciplined and informed by him, as in the earliest instances they were, have enabled me subsequently to support myself and those dependent on me, with, I trust, some comfort to them and without, as I hope, discredit to any one of us. An excellent and self-improving scholar as well as teacher in Latin or Greek, the author of my existence has always had a large and accurate acquaintance with the whole range of English literature, especially Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, as well as a keen eye for the proprieties and elegances of English or Latin composition, verse and prose.

That I myself never arrived at a facility and correctness much above the average of fairly

instructed proficient in the dead languages, and that I lack all pretensions to the philological science, which justly fills so large a part in modern scholarship, is due to indolence or inaptitude on the learner's, rather than defective skill or industry on the teacher's, part. It is no small thing to be grateful for, that there was successfully imparted to me by my father in my early boyhood an interest in Homer, Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, and a disposition to regard them not as pedagogic inventions for childhood's torture, but as really having something to say for the amusement or delight of their readers. Further, that this taste has clung to me as yet through life, and especially that it has served to mitigate the ennui inseparable from the tardiness of a very protracted convalescence after the illness to which I have more than once referred, calls for no common gratitude.

It must have been, I think, on my seventh birthday that I was called into the paternal study, looking out upon the garden's fragrant myrtle-bushes, for the realisation of a "treat" I had long been promised against this anniversary. The indulgence proved to be my earliest introduction, by way of "nonsense verses," to the making of "longs" and "shorts." The method reproduced by my father from Eton, where he was under the headmastership of the eminent Keate, was to select any words at random, without of course

regard to meaning, so that they made perfectly scanning hexameter and pentameter lines. This old-fashioned method of instruction has, I suppose, long ago been reformed out of existence. But it enabled me in the course of years to acquire a delightful and, as I venture to think, far from practically unprofitable accomplishment, to win an open scholarship at Oxford, to be among the first few in the competition for the Hertford, and only just to miss a first-class in Moderations. By degrees I was promoted from "nonsense verses" to writing copies on such themes as *Ver Redit* or *Fuit Ilium*. A gift of Sir Walter Scott's poems followed the attainment of elementary proficiency in this art. Then, having committed to memory most of Ovid's *Tristia* or *Epistles*, I was permitted and encouraged to learn by heart the *Lady of the Lake*, as well as certain essays in Addison's *Spectator*. Without ever possessing a remarkable, I have always had to thank Providence for a serviceable, memory. Being by habit a painstaking sort of person, I have generally contrived to produce from its mental pigeon-hole the fact or illustration which the matter in hand rendered it desirable to recall. These qualities, if humble endowments, have yet their uses for a working journalist. Nor do I doubt that for their possession I am indebted to the gentle rigours of my early training.

Things have changed a good deal since then. It suits fathers and mothers in the present day, as well as the sons and daughters immediately interested, to bring up their offspring not as reverential dependents upon them, but as casual friends, on terms of equality. This was not the theory with which in my earlier days I was practically familiarised. The habit of addressing one's sire as "sir" had become somewhat relaxed, on the condition of there being no remissness in deference of manner towards one's parent. The Mahommedan or extreme Calvinistic conception of the Divine Being, as One Whom it was a kind of impiety to invest with much practical concern for His creatures in their temporal sufferings, was not unknown among excellent persons of this period. The idea may perhaps have been borrowed unconsciously from the theological philosophy of Professor Mansel, who, by his doctrines on the Divine Unknowableness, as John Stuart Mill and F. D. Maurice foresaw, has, I suppose, done more to drive men into agnosticism or atheism than all the works of Huxley and Darwin ever published. The democratic conception of paternal and filial relations that to-day gives the tone to family arrangements had not, at the era now spoken of, invaded literature; although some of the Oxford sketches, wherein undergraduates alluded to their

sires as "governors," occasionally appearing in *Punch*, were held to betoken the social corruptions prognosticated by inspired writers for the closing years of this dispensation.

The ground on which Dickens was objected to by the excellent evangelicals of these days appeared to be, less the levity with which he portrays such moral delinquencies as Mr. Pickwick's subjection to milk-punch, or the general aroma of lemon-peel, ardent spirits, and hot-water diffused throughout the novelist's pages, than the tendency on the author's part to identify mere kindness, charity, and amiability with the Christian religion's essence. Some gentle-hearted writers, like Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth in her juvenile tales, and others of that school there were who as an inducement to good behaviour held out the approval which such conduct would secure from one's fellow-men, and the merely human felicity that was certain to follow in its train. These concessions to humanity's weaknesses were denounced sternly by evangelical censors as a misrepresentation of the Christian genius, amounting to rank idolatry of the flesh. All this was no doubt very well meant and very elevating doctrine, but it was about as practicable for children as would have been that Stoicism, whose reproduction in effect it was, on which, in a famous passage, Cicero poured such

scorn.* Evangelicalism, even of the most orthodox kind, has, I suppose, been in some degree humanised of late. But a more spiritually Spartan regime, a more pitiless despotism of soul than that to which, at the time now spoken of, really good parents (though not mine), with the most admirable intentions, subjected their children cannot be imagined. Nor, probably, was slight mischief done by teaching that sternly repressed all the more tender elements in human nature, and banished their indulgence as sinful. One result of the ghostly terrorism [under which the kindest parents trained their offspring was to generate an infantile despair, making its victims tearfully indifferent as to what they said or did. Always suspected of cherishing some nefarious intent, never believed when they protested their innocence with kisses, the small victims of this iron rule ceased to vex their souls about the theory or practice of virtue.

The notion of regarding a parent in the capacity of a friend seldom entered into the juvenile mind; might, perhaps, rather have been discouraged as an impious familiarity by the seniors themselves. Thrice-happy seemed the little boy or girl who was absolved from addressing the authors of his or her being by any formula more deferential than^xthat

* In, I think, his defence of Archias, the poet.

merely indicating the natural tie, and able to boast to his or her playfellows of being believed by the household's heads, nor being gratuitously charged with felonious designs on apple orchards or jam pots. Probably the self-same excellent people who once considered parental lenity a sin have since discovered love as well as fear to be a useful instrument in childish development and discipline. That either discipline or development, under the conditions enumerated, took place was, indeed, a marvel of Providential mercy. I was not, I imagine, myself at all a precocious child; but I had my faculties of observation: I noted and brooded over what was of every-day occurrence around me, and felt, even to weeping point, grateful that the grip of the prevailing tyranny was, in my own case, thanks to the humanity and wisdom of those about me, so much relaxed.

Nor have I at this day any feeling save one of thankfulness for the affectionate care and adroit management by which there was thus early communicated to me an intelligent interest in schoolboy lessons as well as in their subjects, and in the master-pieces of ancient and modern literature.

CHAPTER V.

BATH AND ITS SCHOOLS. (1855-6.)

Bath and its schools forty years ago. The Grosvenor College under Dr. Godfrey. "Horner's." The embryo Lansdown College. The Proprietary College at the bottom of Pulteney Street, near Sydney Gardens. Modern and classical departments. Principal Whale. The Rev. Hay Sweet-Escott as classical vice-principal. The Council of Proprietors; its internal feuds and jealousies. My father's loyal friend, Mr. P. C. Sheppard, a "walking volcano." Rev. H. M. Scarth; Rev. James Pycroft. Religious education superintended by Dr. Magee, of the Octagon Chapel. Characteristics of Magee's preaching. The British Association sermon. The Prime Minister in the congregation. "Beckoning to their partners in the other boat." "We must have that man in the House of Lords." Magee as a Bishop, at Westminster and in his diocese. His Parliamentary success. A historic dinner party at the Devonshire Club. Mr. Gladstone on oaths generally, and the Duke of Cumberland's in particular. Archbishop Howley libelled. Magee among his clergy. A Paradise without Eve. Magee compared with Wilberforce: nature and source of legends about both men.

THE reputation of my father at Oxford and his educational successes with private pupils in South Devon had, before the time now reached, won for him a tolerably extensive reputation throughout the world of teachers. On the Isis, his health had prevented him from special preparation for the final honour schools in classics. Beginning his under-

graduate career at Exeter College, he had very soon been elected to an open exhibition at Balliol in the same term that Benjamin Jowett, from St. Paul's School, had won a scholarship. Jowett "came up" early, and wearing still a schoolboy's round jacket, looked, I have heard, younger even than he was. The acquaintance thus begun between that year's Balliol scholar and the exhibitioner developed in their student days into a close friendship, which continued and increased during the late master's life, with increase rather than diminution on either side.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the erewhile Dean of Westminster; Dr. W. C. Lake, to-day Dean of Durham; the late Sir Stafford Northcote, who had also been his coeval at Eton, were among my father's Balliol contemporaries and friends. Archibald Campbell Tait, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, was his fellow undergraduate first, his college tutor afterwards, and his intimate acquaintance till in 1882 there occurred the vacancy at Lambeth which Dr. Benson was nominated to fill. The distinguished Jenkyns, who laid the foundation of the College's latter-day greatness, while my father was *in statu pupillari*, occupied the chair which five centuries earlier John Wycliffe had filled. My father's earliest private tutor was, I think, the poet Arthur Hugh

Clough. Another leading member of the Balliol teaching staff was Robert Scott, who was to succeed Jenkyns in the Mastership, who had been Dr. Liddell's partner in the monumental lexicon. Scott, a superb scholar, by his administration paved the way for Jowett's more showy, but not more genuine, success subsequently. The mathematical tutor in my father's day was the eminent Ward, who afterwards joined the Church of Rome.

Such good use had been made of these opportunities by the undergraduate, "without whom I had not been," that before the third day's papers in the "pass" schools, wherein he modestly presented himself, were finished, the examiners wrote him a note, begging him to transfer himself to that quarter of the building set apart for those *qui honores ambiunt*, with the result that in a year when there was an exceptionally small "first class," and I believe no second, there appeared in *classis tertia* the name of Hay Sweet-Escott. College prizes for Latin essays, as for English verses in heroic couplets, had already been won by Jowett's friend. After his degree, he was a candidate for what was then the blue ribbon among graduates, an Oriel Fellowship. There existed in the old and unreformed statutes a clause disqualifying for election those who did not satisfy the medical inquisition by the stethoscope.

Here my father failed. The Oriel Fellow for the year was Mr. Christie, now a member of the Jesuits' Order, who had previously at Eton won the Newcastle Scholarship. My father was held greatly to have distinguished himself, and did, as a matter of fact, beat rather handsomely a clever barrister, as he afterwards became, well known by name throughout the West, Tom Phinn, sometime M.P. for Bath.

Bath, in the early sixties, when I first knew it, was the city of schools, as well as the capital of the Waters of the Sun. The most ancient foundation, the "Grammar School," was adorned by the archdidaskalate of the distinguished scholar and urbane gentleman who edited Horace amongst many other classics—the late Arthur J. Maclean. Next, probably, in order of time, came the Grosvenor College, founded and long presided over by the Rev. Dr. Daniel Race Godfrey. Not in point of age much inferior to this was a private venture establishment kept by a Mr. Horner, on the slopes of Sion Hill, very popular and successful among the commercial classes. Lansdown Hill was surmounted by a very handsome building, of the most strictly collegiate architecture, for the training of Wesleyan ministers. The structure which subsequently confronted it, Lansdown College, to-day, I believe, transformed

into a seminary for officers' daughters, had not come into existence; although its embryo was domiciled in Lansdown Crescent, beneath the roof of an industrious private tutor, the Rev. Joseph Glover. The foundation that claimed to be the great school of the city was situated at the bottom of Pulteney Street, in a capacious edifice which, if I mistake not, had previously done, or rather failed to do, duty as a hotel. This haunt of the Muses was strictly styled The Bath Proprietary College, but from its immediate propinquity to the gardens of that name was popularly spoken of as The Sydney College. In process of years, the institution passively acquiesced in the vulgar nomenclature, and dubbed itself that which street talk had created it.

This school, in conformity with modern usage, was divided into two "sides" or "departments," the classical and the modern; the former being practically subordinated to the latter, as might have been expected, seeing that the titular head of the entire college was a Cambridge mathematician, a former scholar of St. John's, named Whale. To the control of the classical division, in less pretentious language, to the chief classical but relatively second mastership of The Bath Proprietary College, was my father, who previously had been suggested by Jowett to Dr. Tait, as a Rugby master, elected in the

second half of this century's fifth decade. Mr. Whale himself, so far as I have any remembrance of him, was a man of not unpleasant, if not of very refined appearance, of unpolished address, and a manner which was not likely, from its superficial heartiness, to inspire character's captious critics with any profound degree of confidence. I, unfortunately, never had the smallest aptitude for the humblest branches of mathematics; did not at Oxford without some difficulty master the first two books of Euclid, for "Responsions," and at this earlier period did, I fear, inadequate justice to Mr. Whale's endeavours to instruct me in Simple Equations.

This school was, as I have said, proprietary after the model of Cheltenham College, then in the full swing of its renown and serviceableness. The council of shareholders was rent by mutual jealousies and internal feuds. The most energetic, probably the most capable, spirit among them was the late Mr. P. C. Sheppard, of Bathampton Manor, at whose instance my father had accepted the vice-principalship. This gentleman was literally devoured by his own sleepless thirst for employment, and seemed chronically possessed with an instinct of ubiquitous exertion. His tall wiry figure, with his keen grey eyes, sharply cut eager features, reminded one of a walking volcano in suppressed action. A

loyal and useful friend to all my family, Mr. Sheppard had a manner so much the opposite of conciliatory, and was so undisguisedly contemptuous of certain among his fellow-creatures' feelings, that he did not attract any great share of popularity, and operated as a sort of firebrand on the College Council Board. Other members of that body were the Rev. H. M. Scarth, a Mr. Batson, the leaders, I fancy, of the anti-Sheppard faction, and the late Rev. James Pycroft, Mr. Sheppard's rather critical ally. The consciousness of this division among their supreme rulers operated mischievously upon the boys. The discipline of the school was thus not altogether satisfactory.

The divine chiefly responsible for the theological instruction was Dr. W. C. Magee, then incumbent of the Octagon Episcopal Chapel in Milsom Street, subsequently Dean of Cork, later in succession Bishop of Peterborough and Archbishop of York. This ecclesiastic used to attend once a week, to lecture the elder boys in the facts of Scripture history, as well as to expound the main doctrines of the Christian religion. But the real religious teaching of the place was done, of course, in the different boarding-houses by Mr. Whale's staff officers, and, as my father's pupil, I now began to make my acquaintance with that excellent

repository of the Reformed Faith's fundamental tenets, *Nowell's Catechism*.

Dr. Magee was at this time the chief preacher in a city that always piqued itself on its pulpit traditions. His eloquence was undoubted, but of the arid and severely logical rather than of the softly persuasive kind. He delivered his sermons in the manner of a barrister speaking to his brief. The argument was close and flawless, the dialectic was irresistible, the phraseology was terse and apt, the orthodoxy was unimpeachable. But as Magee's presence suggested the legal advocate rather than the divine, so his whole method recalled forcibly the pleader who conscientiously tries to convert a jury to his own views, and savoured little of the dying man preaching to dying men, as if he ne'er might preach again. Argumentative cogency more than spiritual fervour distinguished this great homilist at the period of his Bath ministrations.

But it was in the Octagon pulpit, or upon the Bath secular platforms, that Magee acquired the extraordinary vigour which some years later, in 1868, was to secure for him the succession to Dr. Jeune in the Diocese of Peterborough. At Bath, too, he learned the rhetorical *savoir-faire* and address which within the Peers' Chamber enabled him to fill much the same place as that once occupied by Samuel

Wilberforce. The circumstances of Magee's elevation to the Episcopal Bench have not yet been correctly stated in print, and are so historically characteristic as to deserve a place in this narrative. The affair happened on this wise. The British Association was holding its annual meeting. The penultimate, or fourteenth, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli happened to be in the town where the *savants* were congregated. Magee had been appointed preacher for the Sunday service in the local Cathedral. The astute divine took as his text the words, "They beckoned to their partners in the other boat to come over and help them." The "other boat" was, of course, the whole company friendly to the Establishment in England; in other words, the British Conservatives, who, under Mr. Disraeli, were the sole hope of the Hibernian Orangemen, threatened with the first stroke of the Gladstonian axe upon the national Upas tree. When the fiery and closely reasoned address, preached at his illustrious auditors, was concluded, and Magee's congregation began to disperse, Disraeli said to Lord Derby, as the pair passed down the aisle, in a whisper, audible to more than one bystander, "We must have that man in the House of Lords." Within a few weeks, by Dr. Jeune's convenient death, a mitre was vacated, and the *ci devant* pastor of the Octagon Chapel, the *feu*

Dean of Cork, was, in accordance with the statesman's decree, Peterborough's new Bishop.

Once in the Upper House, Magee soon stepped into the position, as well as began to discharge the rôle, of Samuel Wilberforce. He showed himself also a fighting prelate of the old Hanoverian kind. His vehemence against the Disestablishment Bill might have satisfied even the Duke of Cumberland, of somewhat profane memory. The whole oration was pronounced by critics not less experienced than Derby's fourteenth Earl and the first Lord Cairns to be faultless, whether judged by a rhetorical or logical standard. These exhibitions of purely intellectual force did not surprise the critics who remembered the new Bishop's Milsom Street homilies. What did somewhat transcend the expectations of those who had observed his earlier epoch was the consummate ease with which Magee accommodated himself to the social idiosyncrasies or prejudices of his new environment, and the conspicuous felicity with which he caught the genius of debate in the Peers.

The latest comer to the most fastidious and unsympathetic assembly the world has ever seen had not gone through the curriculum of those prelates who began their career, as a matter of course, with being birched by Keate at Eton, con-

tinued it by sitting under the pulpit orators of St. Mary's, and then consolidated their reputation by annotating a Sophoclean play or marrying a person of quality's daughter. His lordship had in fact, almost fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, come to the Western Capital a "hungry Irishman;" had never associated with the great ones of the earth, nor was even, I shrewdly surmise, on the day of his consecration a member of the Athenæum Club in Pall Mall. Yet by his native genius and tact, William Connor Magee had not donned the lawn sleeves a month before he had imbibed faithfully the social dispositions and oratorical tastes which sway the Gilded Chamber. "S. Oxon" himself in his most inspired moments could not surpass the choice mixture of sub-humorous or sub-satirical thought and studiedly sesquipedalian phrase that represents the nearest approach to a joke welcomed by their spiritual and temporal lordships, and in which blend the late Earl Granville was so dexterous an adept. A rare instance of this occurred when I happened to be listening to a debate somewhere during the seventies. The philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury had rather bluntly charged the Peterborough prelate with stigmatising certain words uttered by himself as "malodorous." Dr. Magee warmly resented the idea of such an epithet's

employment by him. "My Lords!" he protested, "the utmost my poor words could have conveyed was that upon the impossible hypothesis of the noble Earl's using such-and-such an adjective, then his syllables might appear to a less prejudiced critic than myself as verging on the unsavoury." Never probably since the historic Senator indignantly disclaimed having intimated his assent by reiterating—

"Plain words, my Lords, are always understood ;
I did not say I would, I said I could,"

was so facetiously pedantic a refinement, clothed in such portentous vocables, devised for amusing the Hereditary Legislators.

The only occasion on which I can remember during his later life in London socially to have met Dr. Magee was at a Devonshire Club dinner given by Canon Malcolm MacColl, the other guests being Mr. John Murray and Mr. Gladstone. Lord Huntly, who was also of the party, had uttered some moral common-place on the absence of impious garniture from the polite conversation of the period. The Bishop, appealed to, would express no opinion on the ground that whereas he had heard reports of a certain gallant officer who, unlike the *Pinafore's* Captain, did occasionally use a big, big D, he opined

it to be unlikely that professional blasphemers would not exercise some restraint in the Episcopal presence. The Prime Minister seemed to agree with Lord Huntly so far as to think it probable that not even a Tory peer would, on high State occasions, permit himself such unlicensed latitude of tongue as was indulged habitually by the Duke of Cumberland, whom he could remember. This, it appears, was the occasion. "Archbishop Howley," prefaced Mr. Gladstone, "was the meekest mouthed and mannered among men. His Grace of Cumberland, much angered by a Church Rate Bill then before the Peers' Committee, insisted with an oath upon the Archiepiscopal presence. Unable to control himself any longer, he quitted the Chamber in quest of the Primate; presently returning with the assurance, 'It's all right, my Lords! I've seen the Archbishop, and he says he'll see its promoters — to — before he will vote for the — — Bill.'" Such, it appears, was the terrific formula into which His Royal Grace had, from mere force of habit, translated the blameless Howley's words.

Not being a member of the Athenæum, I seldom had the honour of meeting Bishop Magee *en garçon* in town. Family matters, however, frequently took me into the Peterborough diocese during his Episcopate. Here I heard a variety of neat but by no

means brilliant phrases fall from his lips. / A certain Rutlandshire rector, possessing a beautifully ordered house and garden, though a celibate, was visited by his prelate for a consecration or some such other business. Having exhausted the vocabulary of appreciative panegyric on the establishment's perfections, the Right Reverend Father on stepping into his carriage remarked, "My dear Brother! this is Paradise, but where is Eve?"

Magee has suffered from his reputation for good things in the same way, though not to the same extent, as Wilberforce, the explanation in each case being the same: that both, while perfectly sincere, were also many-sided men; acting on the Pauline principle of being all things to all persons, and not measuring their phrases invariably for the delectation of key-hole reporters. So many dishonouring and wildly apocryphal *ana* are often imputed to the excellent, essentially God-fearing and sin-hating Magee, that it seems a duty on the part of one who was to some extent in boyhood his lordship's pupil, to repel circumstantially these gratuitous if not malevolent myths respecting him.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE DIOCESE OF BATH AND WELLS.

(1856—60.)

· Contrast to Dr. Magee in Canon Fleming—his loyalty to Evangelicalism in evil days. Pleasant manners, deserved popularity, and elocutionary skill acquired under W. C. Macready, the actor. Other Bath clergy; Revs. Wood and Way at Christ Church; sporting parsons generally confined to extreme West. Exemplary parish clergymen in the Quantock district—Rev. W. E. Buller, Rev. W. Greswell. The Greswell family. Oxford fame. “Disgraced himself by only getting a ‘single first.’” Over-Stowey, Lord Taunton, H. D. Labouchere; Mr. Gladstone’s visit in the sixties. The yeoman who thought he had met “Labby” at Pixton snubbed for his recognition. Dr. Forbes Winslow’s eloquent sermons at Grosvenor Chapel.

A MORE complete contrast among the Western See’s clergy to the future Primate of the North could not be presented than was realised in the person of the exemplary ecclesiastic, who is to-day Canon Fleming. When I knew him first he was the curate of St. Stephen’s, Lansdown, before his promotion to the ministry of All Saints’ Episcopal Chapel, Sion Hill. Strength, rather than sweetness and light, grace or benignity, was Dr. Magee’s dominating attribute. His shaggy eyebrows almost met each other, and invested his face

with a look of chastened ferocity. One could fancy him in his clear but not very musical, sometimes almost raspingly strident or sibilant, tones, remonstrating with an impenitent sinner from pulpit or on the altar-steps, much as if he had gone to the Bar he would have reprimanded, perhaps even bullied, an obstinate, stupid, or exasperatingly nervous witness. The massive jaw, the bull neck, the severe eye, the disciplined, but still aggressively resolute, voice, all proclaimed the strong man, not less than his lofty forehead revealed the intellectual one.

The Rev. James Fleming, on the other hand, might in respect of urbanity, of grace, amiability and polish of manner, have furnished the original for Samuel Warren's clever sketch of the "Rev. Morphine Velvet." Magee was, unsuitably enough, located in a building that would have served admirably for Thackeray's "Charles Honeyman." So far back as the Georgian epoch, a pew at the Octagon had been considered the proper supplement to a box at the theatre for the Bath quality during the season. There was not perhaps much of the Savonarola about Magee. With eyes which had the slightest suspicion of a cast in them, he noted the florid dowagers, elderly bucks, simpering misses, and vacantly - staring young exquisites, who used principally to affect this temple

of Christian piety and provincial fashion. But he did rap out occasionally in his unadorned pungent manner some remarkable home truths, which made the hoary-headed old dandies, card-playing, scandal-mongering matrons, and the feebly-flirting subalterns feel uncomfortable, and eye each other as if the pulpiteer had been preaching at them, which I am perfectly convinced he never had the slightest intention of doing.

Like Dr. Magee, Canon Fleming was Irish by origin. But he had been at Shrewsbury under Kennedy, had graduated at Cambridge, while any remnant of brogue left in him had been expelled effectually by the elocutionary discipline of Macready. From this great artist of the voice and good man, Mr. Fleming had taken lessons in all that pertains to oral delivery or to gesture. If anything, his style was too perfect, and his interpretation of the sacred text from the lectern, or his declamation from the pulpit, too uniformly polished. Outside the sacred precincts, in salons and assembly rooms, a better reader of Shakespeare was never heard. He may have lacked Bellew's richness of vocal inflection, and suppressed fervour of histrionic action. But his organ was scarcely less powerful, or less effectively managed. An exceedingly pleasant presence, kindly manners, fairly good features, lightened with a

winning smile, crowned his very considerable accomplishments and genuine piety, while they certainly made Mr. Fleming the object of a good deal of by no means undeserved idolatry. He must, at different times, have been constrained to receive from the ladies of his flock as many pairs of slippers as, with the worsted or silk expended on them, would have sufficed to stock a Berlin wool shop. Had he not cherished a firm attachment to Evangelical principles, he would doubtless have been enriched with enough of birettas, chasubles, copes, cassocks, pontifical robes, and all other conceivable articles of hierarchical costume to furnish for years the wardrobes of the St. Andrew's, Margaret Street, clergy. But as Mr. Fleming's good sense kept him from degenerating into a "pet parson," so his patriotic Protestantism prevented any flirtations on his part with the "Scarlet Lady."

He stood by the declining Low Church party, in the city that had once been a Simeonites' stronghold, even when successive Prime Ministers passed over the conforming representatives of the old Puritans. Called to a Chapel-of-ease in the Paddington district first, Mr. Fleming after this became successively Vicar of Camberwell, Rector of St. Michael's, Chester Square, and Canon of York. Meanwhile at All Saints', Bath, there had been

inducted the Rev. Elias Thackeray Stubbs, whose names worthily concentrate in one individual various associations of prophetic, novelistic, and historic greatness. Notwithstanding his Hibernian affinities, Mr. Fleming's pulpit manner was without much of the Celtic fervour, nor did he often offer at the altar of patriotism so slight a sacrifice even as an occasional bull. One, and only one, utterance faintly suggestive of Sir Boyle Roche's compatriot can I recall. It was in the form of a notice to the effect that a professional engagement elsewhere would prevent his holding his usual week-day lecture during Lent. Its exact words were: "Not having the power to be in two places at once, and being obliged by the Bishop's visit to go to the Abbey, I shall not be able to meet my congregation on Thursday next as usual."

Other considerable pulpiteers there were, at this era, in Bath. The Rector-in-chief of the city, who held forth at the Abbey Church, Mr. Kemble, was the eloquent nominee of the Simeon trustees, in presence and tone a veritable Boanerges, whom I heard "read himself in" somewhere, I suppose, about the fifties' close. Queen Square Chapel was, however, the home of a very vigorous and genuinely Irish clergyman, Mr. Macnaught, and either here, or at Laura Chapel, a Mr. Tottenham had,

rather before my time, held large concourses spell-bound by his devotional rhetoric. Next to the Abbey, the two most important churches were probably Walcot, in which parish all the higher town lies, and Christ Church. To the fact that the Bath Abbey is one of the very few historic shrines, consecrated originally after the Reformation, within whose walls, therefore, Mass has never been said, may perhaps be attributed the predominantly Evangelical traditions not only of this church but of the whole city. Certainly in my time the two places of worship just mentioned were as manifestly innocent of Rome-wards or Ritualistic tendencies as the good Canon Fleming himself.

The representative of an old Bath family, the Rev. Sidney Widdrington, was Rector of Walcot when I first knew the parish. He was succeeded by a very accomplished, exemplary, and eloquent theologian, the Rev. T. D. Bernard, formerly Bampton Lecturer at Oxford, and quite a master of Christian apologetics. Christ Church, a long lofty building, one of the few whose sittings were free and unappropriated, was administered by a dual control. The two members of this were a Mr. Wood and a Mr. Way. Both were strenuous pious clergy, as well as conscientious preachers. One of them was, I remember, troubled with a weakness in his facial muscles

that even in most solemn moments gave his countenance the similitude of a scarcely repressed smile. Attached to the Grammar School was, at that time, the diminutive benefice of Charlcombe, probably with the exception of Culbone, Porlock, the smallest church in the United Kingdom, where Maclean, the editor of Horace, used to preach, and in whose churchyard his remains rest.

As the metropolis is spiritually subject to the Bishops of London and Winchester, the latter of whom's province extends to Westminster Bridge, so the allegiance of the Somerset clergy is divided between their Lordships of Bath and Wells, or Bristol and Gloucester in the east, and Exeter in the extreme west. The terrible "Henry of Exeter," Bishop Phillpotts, I cannot remember to have set eyes upon ; while only of one Wells prelate do I retain a personal recollection. Lord Auckland was a descendant of that family with which the younger Pitt was on terms of close friendship, one of whose daughters, if credibility attaches to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's *Memoirs*, the great statesman wished to make his wife, though he never declared his affection. This Right Reverend Father, whose family name was Eden, notwithstanding his episcopal head-gear and prelatic gaiters, in his deportment and speech reminded one more of a Western squire than of the

Apostles' successor. But he understood his clergy thoroughly, ruled them wisely, and could, if need be, discipline them sharply. By Confirmation, after due preparation at Mr. Fleming's hands, Bishop Eden admitted me into full membership of that Church to which I find myself, however unworthily, attached with deeper loyalty every year of my life, and which, as having been good enough for Pusey and Jowett, Faber and Mozley, Maurice and Mansel, is, I venture to think, good enough for me and mine, as well as for the whole English people.

Somerset's priestly Nimrods were pretty exclusively confined to the Quantock or Exmoor district, though in my time by no means common even there. If the western district of that shire, preferred by Southey to Devon, had so thoroughly secular a priest as Mr. West, of Aisholt, it could boast in a still more occidental region so learned, devoted and actively loyal a son as the late Rev. William Greswell, my father's predecessor in the benefice of Kilve-cum-Strington. This gentleman was a distinguished member of a most uniformly distinguished and erudite Oxford family. From a time, to whose contrary human memory runneth not, Balliol, Brazenose, Corpus, and Oriel, have possessed Greswells among their chief pundits in classics, divinity, metaphysics. The *Harmonia Evangelica*

is the least imposing monument of the research and knowledge of this extraordinary stock, of whose Somersetshire representative I must say a few words. The Rev. William Greswell, later to become Fellow and tutor of Balliol, and as a matter of course, a "first-class" man to boot, was, I believe, the only brother who failed to take a "double." He was held, therefore, by his relatives to have discredited his name, and is fabled to have received remonstrances on his indifference to study. He was, however, not only as learned as any of his *gens*, but added to the ancestral laurels the reputation of a blameless, benevolent, beneficent, parish priesthood in the Quantock region for I know not how many *lustra* of his long life. Somewhat absent-minded he might have been, and there is a story, *ben trovato* perhaps, but possibly not *vero*, of his meeting a bridal party at the altar with the book of Common Prayer opened at the Communion Service. His memory, as it deserves, still lives, and will live long, not only in the parishes he served so well, but by the whole country-side; for he was an urbane and amiable, not less than a most erudite and godly, gentleman. His widow, only just dead, was of the gifted Sterling family; retained even in advanced life the lineaments of uncommon beauty, has transmitted her own endowments to accomplished

daughters and sons, among the latter of whom I possess a former schoolfellow and present friend, in the Rev. W. P. Greswell, an accomplished writer for the periodical press, as also an Oxford scholar of repute.

Another distinguished representative of the Somerset priesthood and pulpit recurs to me in William Edmund Buller, of Over Stowey, still, I am happy to think, surviving, though others of his family have passed away. His rectory and church, both of them nestling in a fertile valley, almost at the foot of Danesborough, after Willsneck the highest of the Quantock range, were models of their sort, such as George Herbert's spirit might have loved to haunt. Hard by, stands Quantock Lodge, the mansion built by that Mr. Labouchere who was also the first and last Lord Taunton. Here it was that more, I suppose, than thirty years since, my eyes first fell upon that other, rather more notorious, Mr. Labouchere, the "Henry" of that ilk who owns, edits, and adorns the broadsheet of limitless circulation, *Truth*. Mr. Labouchere's visits to his ennobled relative were by no means infrequent. On the present occasion Mr. Gladstone, then an illustrious, not pre-eminent Englishman, was a guest at Quantock Lodge, previously, it may be, to visiting Sir Thomas Acland at Holnicote, or the Luttrells

at Dunster. Whether subsequent events cast any anticipatory shadows upon the meeting between the "Grand Old Man" and the "Labby" of the future I cannot remember, but one rather characteristic incident I do recall. An insinuating yeoman, who aimed at being "genteel," approaching the host's nephew, reminded him of, as he said, a previous meeting further west at Pixton (meaning, of course, Lord Carnarvon's seat). Mr. Labouchere, with something between a simper and a sneer, and pretending not rightly to have caught the last word, re-echoed incredulously: "Brixton? There must be some mistake. I never desert Camberwell!"

One of the best known pulpit rhetoricians at the Bath that I recall, was Dr. Forbes Winslow, the Nonconformist minister of Kensington Chapel, who, I believe, towards the close of his life took orders in the Anglican Establishment. Even in his dissenting days he was listened to by almost as many Church of England hearers as those belonging to his own denomination. Nor have I ever heard sentences more clearly constructed, arguments more popularly intelligible, appeals more winningly directed to the average citizen, than those which proceeded from this able and devout homilist.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SOMERSET COLLEGE, BATH.

The old Proprietary College, Bath. Elements of disruption on its Council Board. The classical versus the modern view of education. General culture against professional specialism. Educational ideas of Benjamin Jowett, Dean Lake, Dean Stanley, Dr. Temple, as represented by the Rev. H. S.-Escott, lead to a secession from Sydney College and the founding of Somerset College, Bath, 1858, domiciled in the Circus. Somerset College Masters. Rev. T. Grylls, Classical Composition Master; his scholarly neatness. Rev. Dr. Lane, my House Master; his good sense and helpfulness to general intelligence. Monsieur Achille Duharle, rough on poor me; a Latin insult wisely pocketed. Canon Fleming's good work as elocution teacher. Bath athletics. Matches with the Lansdown Club. The Graces—especially "E.M." The "All England" Eleven of 1859 against Lansdown. Jackson and the Graces. Other Bath athletic champions. The Attfields and Sainsburys. C. N. Jackson preparing for his Oxford Championship on the Sydenham Field.

IN the former chapter it has been indicated that the Bath Proprietary College, with the Rev. Thomas Whale as Principal, or Head Master, with the Rev. Hay Sweet-Escott as vice-Principal, or second master, contained within itself the germs of inevitable disruption earlier or later. On the one hand, among the teaching staff as well as at the Council Board, there were those who agreed with Mr. Whale in depreciating a purely, or mainly, classical education

as inadequate to the complex needs of nineteenth century professional life. These, though theoretically admitting a knowledge of Greek and Latin not in itself to be reprehensible, were prepared to tolerate its inculcation only so far as was necessary to enable boys to win University scholarships, or pass Oxford and Cambridge examinations, and thus, for the proprietors' benefit, to advertise the institution at which they had been trained. But this admission was qualified by the requirement that at the earliest moment possible the effete classical traditions should be dropped; that the dead languages should be buried decently, or indecently; should not, for an avoidable moment, be, as Cowper styled them, "the bane of every boy to decent station bred."

The cardinal contention of this party was, therefore, that no time should be lost in enabling boys intended for the military or naval services, indeed for any modern vocations, to discontinue all training in antiquity's tongues, and to concentrate their attention upon mathematics and modern dialects. That they might the better do this, they were to be segregated from lads preparing for the Universities. Lest they should contract any taint of liberal culture or humane letters, they were to be organised into a modern school, under special masters, as

ignorant and intolerant of Greek or Latin as could be found. The other educationists, rightly or wrongly, held that a longer adherence to the system which had produced a Wellington, or trained a Canning, would be beneficial to the boys themselves in the present not less than to their professional prospects in the future. The most reasonable plan was, they urged, to subject University and non-University pupils to the same general training and intellectual discipline up to the age approximately of sixteen or seventeen, and then to begin the special education, exclusively modern in some cases, purely classical in others.

Neither party was in the least degree convinced really by the arguments of their opponents. A truce was arranged between the disputants, but cordial co-operation was practically impossible. Mr. P. C. Sheppard was not less tenacious of his views, which happened to be those of my father, than, on the other side, were Mr. Whale's loyal supporters of theirs. After some time the difference culminated in a formal secession of the Sheppard faction from the Proprietary College Council and in arrangements for the foundation of a new educational establishment under the title of the "Somerset College." There were good reasons for the choice of this name. The first Head Master of the

new school bore a well-known Somerset patronymic, and was born of a not inconsiderable county family. Blundell's School, Tiverton, long the seminary most favoured by the Western gentry, had fallen on evil days. Its historic name retained only a portion of its old prestige; its latterday successes in games or studies had fallen below its ancient standard. The place, therefore, which in past generations it had filled was consequently to some extent vacant. The local epithet chosen for the fresh foundation was thus likely to appeal to that class in which the Tiverton society had found its chief support. None of these anticipations were altogether falsified by the result. Some of them were more than literally fulfilled.

The Somerset College, domiciled at No. 11 Circus, came into existence during the April of 1858. Its success was decisive and not long delayed. The distinctions won by its pupils at Oxford or elsewhere exceeded those achieved by any other school consisting of the same number of boys. The Balliol Scholarship, that blue ribbon of school competition, was not, I think, won by any Somerset boy. But my friend and contemporary, Mr. Evelyn Abbott, carried off the Senior Classical Exhibition of his year at the College of Wycliffe, and has since borne some practical

testimony to the thoroughness of the training he received under my father, not only by the position he holds to-day on Balliol's teaching staff, but by beating distinguished competitors for the Gaisford Greek prizes. I myself have had the satisfaction of being succeeded in the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review* by another old Somerset boy, who before then had won unrivalled distinction in the Oxford philosophy and history schools, independently of having attained a front place in English *belles lettres*. I refer, I need not say, to Mr. W. L. Courtney, several years, I am afraid, my junior, and whom I recollect first as a little lad, astonishing all by his quickness as much as he delighted them by his amiability. When, after many decades of successful but exhausting toil, the Rev. H. S.-Escott took the Balliol living of South Luffenham, in Rutlandshire first, and of Kilve, in West Somerset next, he was succeeded by Mr. Courtney himself, who continued with the same success to send up his pupils for entrance scholarships at Oxford, and for commissions at Sandhurst or Woolwich. One of the Somerset boys, within two or three years of my own standing, the son of the Bath clergyman already mentioned, E. P. Way, while an undergraduate at Brasenose, pulled an oar in the University Eight in the annual race with Cambridge on the Thames.

Other boys, during Mr. Escott's, or his immediate successor, Mr. Courtney's, Headmastership, acquitted themselves brilliantly in military examinations. Thus I can recall that during this period Kunhardt won the fourth place at the Woolwich entry examination, while eventually he came out first in his year. Similarly Pelham Von Donop, a distinguished naval officer's son, was among the initial half-dozen in both competitions at the Royal Military Academy. Other like honours were won by Frank Eustace, now of the Royal Horse Artillery. Mr. Jackson, as well as Mr. Hunter, of the same body, may also be mentioned. Francis Aylmer Graves-Sawle, to-day a Colonel in the Coldstreams, who distinguished himself in the Guards Camel Corps during the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, though at Eton, also passed the earlier portion of his school-days at Bath, and with his handsome presence and polished habit, can be recalled by me as clearly as if I had seen him yesterday, though it must be more than thirty years since we last met.

These instances are worth mentioning. For the views held by the Rev. H. S.-Escott, and his Oxford friends, *e.g.* Mr. Jowett, Dr. W. C. Lake, Dean Stanley, Dr. Temple (Headmaster of Rugby), were vindicated by each one of them. Once more it was proved that the system most likely for enabling lads to

do full justice to their powers in any after profession, is one under which the first moiety of their school life shall be filled by what is called a general and liberal, rather than a special or modern, education. The latter of course not to begin until the learners have mastered those elements of knowledge which are said to soften the manners.

The Somerset College, during its quarter of a century's independent existence, with its compact little army of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty boys, contrived to hold its own, as in scholarship, so in cricket or other sports, against all neighbouring institutions of the same size. Especially, I recollect, two or three brothers of the name of Owen; Paley Ashmore, member of a well-known Bath family; one of Dr. Winslow's sons, as each of them not much behind public school form, whether at the wickets or in the field. The last mentioned of these, whose Christian name, since he was uniformly known as "Ocky," must, I presume, have been his father's "Octavius," while good in all respects, "back-stopped" at cricket with a neatness and activity scarcely inferior to one of the consummate Lytteltons. Richard Bethell, as in those days he was, now the third Lord Westbury, also received his education at Somerset College. My impression is, that while showing not a little of his famous grandfather's intellectual

quickness, he did not, as a boy, in the cricket or football field, display the same interest and skill which have since won him a reputation as a considerable shot, and given him a place among the bold and dexterous horsemen of the shires.

All the masters of the Somerset College interested themselves much in the boys' games, especially when their opponents at cricket or football happened to be teams belonging to that Proprietary College, near the Sydney Gardens, whence the Somerset foundation itself had sprung, and with which the rivalry was always especially keen. My personal remembrance of the Sydney College masters is confined chiefly to the Parisian *Bacheliers lettrés*, Monsieur Achille Dubarle. If this gentleman still lives, I hope he has become more reconciled to my memory than, in the time when I first knew him, he was to my presence. A typical Frenchman of the Orleanist *régime*, he united the shortest of tempers with the most comfortable of persons, and I doubt not, the kindest of hearts. But in those days I was a very nervous, therefore rather awkward, and to one not having some special interest in me, I have no doubt, a very trying boy. So, at any rate, thought Monsieur Achille Dubarle. With a vigour recalling his Homeric eponym's onslaughts on Thersites, this Gallic graduate, who boasted of I

know not how many diplomas, railed at me for my misplaced accents in reading aloud a long passage from Molière, and then proceeded, with every variety of taunt, to upbraid me for my vile rendering of the original. Finally, when the choleric and corpulent Gaul had grown purple with fury, and was perspiring from every pore in his skin with embittered agitation; just at the point I really feared he was going to have a fit, he found vent to his rage as follows:—"They have told me that this dunce" (indicating me with his snuff-discoloured forefinger) "does understand some Latin. Perhaps he will translate this hexameter for me:—

'Inter discipulos omnes micat ultimus Escott.'"

Fortunately, my good father's communicated interest in Latin versification enabled me rather to appreciate this effort of the Frenchman. Sensibly pocketing the insult, I applied myself with such diligence to the language that I henceforward received his commendation, and at the "half's" end won the first or second prize in his class.

The particular members of the Somerset College magisterial staff whom I remember are the Rev. Thomas Grylls and the Rev. Dr. Edmund Lane. The former of these was a Cornish gentleman, of that purely Celtic amusingly fiery type to be

found chiefly in the Western peninsula, and in the nearly opposite Principality of Wales. Mr. Grylls was one of the neatest classical scholars with whom the Cambridge of his day enriched recently the schoolmaster's profession. He had, moreover, the rare capacity of stimulating his pupils' interest, as well as of imbuing them with his own correct taste and considerable knowledge. Dr. Lane, in whose house I boarded, was to an extent unusual among pedagogues, a clear-headed, equitable, man of the world, with a practical conviction, greatly to his pupils' and his school's advantage, that any sort of intelligence or industry on the part of the boys should be encouraged; even though these attributes were displayed somewhat outside the conventional limits of the scholastic curriculum.

Mr. Grylls, I am afraid, has ceased to teach the art of composition in Latin elegiacs or Greek *senarii*, but if, as I trust, my old house master and never failing friend survives, he will, perhaps, accept his old pupil's gratitude for kindnesses not perhaps enough appreciated once but unforgotten to this day. The divine who is now Canon Fleming greatly encouraged by his own generous prizes the practice of recitation of English verse from memory, in that school where he lectured upon the art of elocution. Paley Ashmore, already named by me, learned

perfectly by heart, so as to repeat without a mistake, the whole of *Paradise Lost*. I never rivalled, nor could ever have hoped to rival, this exploit; but thanks to Mr. Fleming my memory was braced and strengthened while my enunciation was permanently benefited under his winning and effective tuition. The same kindly and radiant divine was at the period now referred to, nearly the best chess player in Bath and one of the best in Western England. He helped on largely the formation of a chess club among the boys, and with untiring kindness, spent wet afternoons in their chess room teaching them the secret of novel gambits, or of unsuspected mates. He was, too, the first person I ever saw play more than one game at once, and that blindfolded.

The chief patron from a superior eminence of the athletic sports of the Somerset boys was the well-known author of *The Cricket Field*. The Rev. James Pycroft, after some years of school-mastering at Cheltenham College, was living that life of lettered leisure on Bathwick Hill; whose venue he transferred subsequently to Palmeira Square, Brighton. Recently, at the epoch now mentioned, he had written two or three novels, *Elkerton Rectory*, *Agony Point*, and it may be one or two more. These fictions had deservedly many readers. They were certainly not undervalued by

their accomplished author, who lived happy in the faith of possessing a mission to perform; while he died, I am sure, not less happy in the conviction of its thorough accomplishment. Pleased with himself, Mr. Pycroft was not less pleased with all his fellow creatures, save only, perhaps, those who supported the pestilent heresy, as he held it, of displacing classical training by professional culture in the case of boys not yet midway through their teens. His enjoyment of existence was, however, at its height when he was watching that game whose panegyrist and historian he was, as it proceeded on the Somerset College field, behind Pulteney Street, or better still on the Sydenham Field of the Lansdown Club at the bottom of the town.

On this last arena the brothers Grace first acquired, or, it may be, publicly confirmed their extraordinary reputation. To the best of my memory, it is not the immortal "W. G.," but the agile and ubiquitous E. M. Grace who in these days was the all-round family champion. Having no books of cricket reference by me as I write these lines, I am unable to particularise scientifically the unparalleled feats, as batsman, bowler, fielder, which somewhere towards the close of the fifties "E. M." achieved against an All-England Eleven. But I do remember the expression on the face of Jackson, I suppose the

fastest and hardest of then professional deliverers, when "E. M.," unawed by his unparalleled prestige, calmly hit the first ball of the over to "square leg" for six, and when it was the turn of the ball's champion at Lord's to be at the wicket, sent his off-stump flying at the second or third attack. To his juniors, the Somerset boys, when they played against the Lansdown team, this gentleman was a perpetual terror. If he was stationed at the opposite end, the youthful batsman either found his bails flying about his head before he had realised that "Play!" was called. If Mr. Grace was bowling, the umpire had given the wielder of the willow "Out!" ere he perceived his own failure. Should this inexorable athlete be standing at "point," then he had fairly caught the leathern globe directly it had been poked off the polished blade. At this time Somersetshire as a whole had not won the fame as a first-class cricketing county which under Mr. Hewett and Mr. L. C. H. Palairt it has lately secured. But Bath and the Lansdown Club, for cricket purposes, including as they did some part of Gloucester not less than Somerset, boasted proficient in all kinds of games, who could compete with the giants of any shire.

Apart from the historic Graces, I remember a respected Bathonian, even then not in his

earliest manhood, who continued to be a cricketer of renown long after old age had technically set in. This gentleman, Mr. Sainsbury, had at least three sons, who I suppose might have held their own even with the Graces; while against the latter there might have been pitted successfully the family triumvirate of Attfield. These brethren, William, Robert, and Henry, were often backed at racquets or tennis as well as at cricket against all comers from the West of England gentry.

Certain of my Somerset College contemporaries have good reason to remember with pride this same Sydenham Field. Here it was that C. N. Jackson, to-day Fellow and tutor of Hertford College, Oxford, acquired that speed, strength, endurance, nimbleness and pluck which made him uniformly victorious in the hurdle-races of his own University, as well as won for him victory in the three mile race against Cambridge.

CHAPTER VIII.

BATH SOCIETY AND SPORT IN THE SIXTIES.

Importance of the Sydenham field and the Lansdown Cricket Club at Bath. Popularity of archery throughout West of England and elsewhere during the sixties. Meeting of the Grand National Archery Association, Bath, 1860. Championship of Mr. H. A. Ford, Mrs. Horniblow. Social and fashionable rivalry between Bath and Cheltenham during the sixties. Comparative failure of clubs at both places. The Imperial Club, Cheltenham. A deaf and dumb expert at pool, at the Imperial Club. The billiard room at Amery's Christopher Hotel, Bath. Charles Straghan and others at pool. The Rev. J. Pycroft, Bath's literary lion. Bishop Percival on Bath education. "Graphic" exhibitions at Assembly Rooms. A literary dining club. Great popularity of Peach's Library, Bridge Street. Mr. R. E. Peach's grand manner. Bath as a theatrical city. Quin; the Sheridans. Bath Theatre in the sixties. Manager Chute. Likeness to Vincent Crummies. A schoolboy's daylight visit behind the scenes. Literary associations of Bath and neighbourhood, and of East Somerset.

WHAT the Olympian or Isthmian course was to Hellas of old, that, during my earlier knowledge of the place, the Sydenham Field, fringed by the Somersetshire Avon, was to Bath. Cricket, and upon grand occasions football, or gymnastic sports, were not the only amusements provided on this area by the Lansdown Club for public delectation. Bath possessed, still, it may be, possesses, an archery club

which usually held its meeting on a field in the suburb of Weston. The venue, however, of more pretentious toxophilite competitions was the spacious sward belonging by proprietary right to the cricketers. Here, in 1860 or 1861, the Grand National Association of bowmen and bow-women celebrated their annual re-union. Archery in this year, 1895, is experiencing some sort of revival; enjoys, it would seem, an after-math, or Indian summer, of its historic popularity.

But in the period anterior to croquet, or when suburban grass-plots had not uniformly been converted into lawn-tennis grounds, the old English pastime, on a larger or smaller scale, was extensively popular. Toxophilites mustered strongly along the valley of the Exe or Dart. The little South Devon watering-place of Budleigh Salterton, mentioned before, had a field exclusively dedicated to the sport, whose calendar it marked by grand match days from May to September. In the North the Lancashire votaries of the bow and arrow were famous. In the Midlands, Nottinghamshire boasted in both sexes Robin Hood's titular descendants; Warwickshire took pride in its bowmen of Arden. Gloucestershire rejoiced exceedingly in the possession of England's champion targeteer. This gentleman, Mr. H. A. Ford, practised for several hours daily during the summer in

the umbrageous Gloucestershire Spa. Even during the winter forty-eight hours seldom elapsed without his shooting one or two shafts in the Cheltenham Gardens, just to keep his hand steady. Mr. Ford at this time was simply unapproachable in the pastime of his choice. On the occasion now spoken of, I do not think any of his arrows flew wide of some part of the target; while his golds and bull's-eyes sent up his score, before the competition was half done, to a figure which, as the total of that day's achievement, no ordinary performer could hope to surpass. As for the markswomen, they were, I think, headed easily by Mrs. Horniblow; though Mrs. Ford, at her best, was nearly equal to her incomparable husband. If their hosts did not appreciate at its full value the honour of being visited by them, the ladies and gentlemen of the Grand National had a full sense of the honour conferred by their presence, and, missing the triumphal arches, the flower-decked balconies, the bunting-displaying shops, which in other towns were the usual insignia of the visit, resolved to betake themselves in future to spots at which more demonstrative receptions awaited them; nor for some years displayed their skill in the Sydenham field again.

The social competition, as to some extent the scholastic, between Bath and Cheltenham was at

this period undoubtedly keen. The fashionable civilisation of the two places ran upon identical lines. The quality of the population at each bore a close resemblance. Retired military officers, for the most part, with livers affected by tropical suns and Indian curries, gave the social tone to, and set the fashion in, the Gloucestershire, as well as the Somersetshire, watering - place. Their incomes naturally were limited. Their marriageable, but frequently unmarried, daughters were, in virtue of a similar sequence of the universal mother, many. The sons were seldom endowed with more than the average abilities. The sires exhibited a pardonable impatience to start them betimes in the military, if not in some more self-supporting, profession. These are not the parents with whom a head master finds it easiest to deal. Bishop Barry, like his excellent predecessors in the control of the College near the Cotswolds, experienced at an earlier date the same difficulties which subsequently confronted the purveyors of liberal culture for ingenuous youth in the Avon's valley. Educationally, too, Bath, during the moribund fifties, suffered from the established fame of Cheltenham, as, ten years afterwards, it was eclipsed by the rising glories of Clifton, under Mr. Percival, to-day Bishop of Hereford.

This gentleman, though born north of the Trent,

and reproducing in his manly independence not a few of his Cumberland sires' fine qualities, is almost entitled, apart from his present episcopate's geographical associations, to rank as a West of England worthy. In 1858, being then a Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, he came from his University to test the classical attainments of the "Somerset" scholars. At this time his experience of his juniors was confined to undergraduates in his lecture room. He seemed to the Bath boys he examined a perfect type of the college student who had developed into the college don. His height was not less than six feet, while he was thin, I fancy, in proportion. We all of us rather dreaded the impending *tête-à-tête* with the examiner at *viva voce* when the paper work should be finished; for the studied tranquillity, even softness, of his manner was of that sort which seemed likely to conceal merciless severity in the detection of juvenile shortcomings. His native kindness, however, took an early and, under the circumstances, a considerably unusual opportunity in showing itself, and in reassuring one of the most nervous of his inquisition's subjects. "My boy," he said, in the friendliest of voices, to a lad who had just finished a piece of Latin prose, and was about tremblingly to place the composition in the "poser's" hands, "I looked over

your shoulder while you were writing ; you have every reason to be satisfied with yourself, and, with care, will get a scholarship easily, and a good class in ' Mods ' as well."

The season happened to be winter, and a few hours later, a different side of the future prelate's character had occasion to show itself. The Avon was frozen over. Examiner and examinees alike were skating upon its surface. Mr. Percival, not less at home when steel-shod than when hearing a Greek chorus construed, was sailing along with great agility. An ill-conditioned overgrown lout, resenting the discovery that so mortal an enemy as the detector of his ignorance in Greek grammar could take his pleasure on the ice like less learned mortals, conceived the idea of obstructing his progress by placing to a considerable height in his path such obstacles as happened to be available. The Fellow of Queen's ignored apparently the device ; but, presently sweeping up to it, with a single stride lifted his sesquipedalian form across the barrier, just as Goliath might have done over the brook whence David picked his pebbles. When the mischief's contriver saw the success with which the examiner had negotiated the impediment, like the ranks of Tusculum in Macaulay's ballad, "he scarce forbore to cheer." "My young friend!"

were the words that fell clear in the frosty air, on his astonished ear, "the next time you want to play any of these monkey tricks, try them on one of your own height. And now, remember that you have in front of you for to-morrow the verbs in *Mi*, which may present difficulties to you, greater even than this truck and broomsticks did to me." Thus, gently and effectively, did the present year's Spiritual Lordship turn the laugh against the ill-mannered urchin, who, as Mr. Percival left the Avon, penitently raised in a panic-stricken and remorseful treble the cry of "Three cheers for the Examiner!"

More than once subsequently, Mr. Percival paid his periodical visits to the school in the Circus. He had, of course, by his good-humouredly contemptuous display of tact and temper, in the manner aforesaid, created for himself a popularity and respect which endured collectively so long as Somerset College existed, and which in individuals survives to this day. How deeply Dr. Percival was impressed by the good work of the Somerset boys may be judged from his retrospective tribute to it in a speech delivered at Coventry twenty-seven years later, 1885. The occasion was the opening of new buildings in King Henry VIII's School, Coventry, whose then Headmaster was my late brother, the Rev. W. W. S.-Escott (a too short career marked by performance,

not less than by the highest professional promise); the words of Dr. Percival were these:—"Your Headmaster was brought up in a school second to none, in the distinctions which it won relatively to the opportunities which it had. What his father did at Bath he himself may hope to do at Coventry."

The Somerset College, in respect of popular prestige, undoubtedly suffered from never being located in a separate structure of its own, such as the two academic buildings on Lansdown slopes, or even the *ci-devant* hotel, within whose walls the Sydney College found its home. Gradually after Mr. Escott's and his successor Mr. Courtney's reign, the conclusion forced itself upon the minds of sensible persons, that Bath could not support advantageously for itself, or successfully for each of them, two competitive Colleges; that if Clifton was not to be practically supreme, the Somerset and Sydney establishments must fuse their energies, centralise their resources, and as each of them had sprung of old from a common single stock, so the two should, after years of separation, revert to their original unity. Mr. Courtney, whose shrewdness and clearness of perception no one who knows him can doubt, wisely, as I believe, encouraged any overtures to union made by the College in Pulteney Street

towards its rival in the Circus. It was my privilege, as my family relationships made it seem my duty, in Mr. Courtney's company, to visit the capital of Beau Nash some decade since; and to discuss, with the then Sydney College Headmaster, the detailed arrangements for the easily accomplished amalgamation. A judicious compromise as to the re-united foundation's name was arrived at. The distinctive appellations of the Bath Proprietary, or the Somerset College, were both discarded. By the more comprehensive nomenclature of "The Bath College," the dual institution of the old Sydney and the new Somerset, to-day combines in itself both these foundations, and under the able management of the Rev. T. W. Dunn, is in a fair way to continue, or repeat, those triumphs whether in studies or sports which, in an independent state of existence, were achieved by the two societies now fused together and domiciled beneath a single roof.

If the already mentioned Sydenham Field was the common centre and catholic meeting place of athletic Bath, a certain bibliopolist's emporium in Bridge Street, not far from the Market Place, was, in a degree scarcely second to the Pump Room itself, the favourite *rendezvous* of social or fashionable Bath. Mr. R. E. Peach was the proprietor of the city's chief circulating library, as well as the stationer

exclusively patronised by all Bath teachers with any pretensions to breeding or refinement. To know Mr. Peach was indeed in itself a liberal education. He was the last Bath tradesman with that grand manner, for which the minor merchants of King Bladud's capital were found in Mr. Cyrus Angelo Bantam's days by members of the Pickwick Club to be famous. To say that this polite trader's deportment recalled the Regency's manners would be to convey a wholly inadequate idea of the man. Only from some sire who possessed the advantage of personal, or traditional knowledge of Versailles under the Grand Monarch, could Mr. Peach have learned his stately bow; that dignified manipulation of the wares on his counter; that majestic wave of the superfine cambric handkerchief. There may be, if this gentleman has retired from business or from existence, other librarians as accomplished and obliging as Mr. Peach in the metropolis of chalybeate springs. But it is unlikely in point of urbanity of address, or polish of bearing, that he has left behind him any successor.

Club life has never become thoroughly naturalised in Western England's modish capitals. Cheltenham had, and I doubt not has, an excellent club, by name the Imperial, where one could dine as well as in Pall Mall, and where I have seen a deaf and dumb

gentleman, whose patronymic has escaped me, wield his cue with a skill which poor Arthur Chapman, W. E. Stokes, Frank Morgan, or Christmas, the marker, himself, at the "Cocoa Tree," St. James's, could scarcely have surpassed. Bath was not of course theoretically in respect of clubs less handsomely provided. But not even the perfectly appointed joint-stock caravanserai in Queen's Square really filled the place occupied in London's civilisation by the Carlton, Reform, or the Wyndham. More or less elderly gentlemen predominated among the County Club's members. They seldom took their meals elsewhere than at their own homes, and found that they could read the same newspapers at much less cost in Mr. Peach's *entrepôt*, as well as hear all about the newest books into the bargain. At the same time they came across their old cronies from Calcutta, or encountered their comrades-in-arms from Allahabad quite as conveniently, much more inexpensively. The younger *habitués* were unpleasantly conscious, when they dropped in at the club, of associating exclusively with gentlemen of whom they saw enough in their fathers' houses, and were proportionally as well as undisguisedly ill at ease. Both classes, therefore, seemed to have a direct interest in letting their subscriptions drop. The elder found all the diversion they needed in Mr. Peach's or some other

kindred establishment; the younger got their game of billiards, or obtained their smoking lounge to their heart's content, in some less expensive resort like Amery's "Christopher," or the "Castle Hotel," without the inconvenience of being dunned for yearly subscriptions. The tavern chiefly frequented by the younger men of Beau Nash's city was the former of these. Here some tolerable billiard playing could be seen. There was an old gentleman who might have sat for a typical miser's portrait, and who, by strict adherence to the "marker's game," must have made at billiards or pool enough petty cash appreciably to contribute to his bachelor housekeeping. There was another younger man, named, if I forget not, Straghan, who seldom seemed to enter the room with pockets that were full, or rarely left it with a purse that was quite empty.

The town of Anstey's *Guide* had by no means parted company with its literary or artistic traditions. At the Assembly Rooms there were periodical exhibitions of pictures by a society called the "Graphic." The chief contributors to these expositions probably were that Mr. Sheppard already mentioned, whose son, Philip, was, and is, among the most finished of modern water-colour painters; just as that gentleman's brother, my old schoolfellow, Osborne Sheppard, always showed himself among

the manliest and most skilful of athletic Britons. Another *vertu* collector, who often lent his treasures on these occasions, was the late Mr. Maude, also of Bathampton, who in London and elsewhere had known every prominent personage of Theodore Hook's generation, who to his dying day continued a chief representative of "light and leading" in these parts. The Rev. James Pycroft, however, remained throughout these years Bath's chief literary lion. He seemed, indeed, to have entered upon nearly that heritage of local fame which was left vacant some time earlier by Walter Savage Landor; while there still lived and flourished in Bath a family immortalised by Landor's difference with them—named Yescombe.

A second organisation of Bath culture was a species of provincial Grillions, a cultivated society. The members of this comprised most residents who sometimes opened a book or who liked to consort with those that did so. These gentlemen numbered among them the well-known antiquarian cleric, Mr. H. M. Scarth, and after my time the invincible chess-player of the West, Mr. Thorold, as also the metaphysical and accomplished teacher of mathematics at the Somerset College, Mr. Pierpoint. Two other gentlemen who, sometimes bringing with them a retinue of intellectual associa-

tions, visited Bath at this epoch were Mr. Thomas Phinn, my father's Oxford contemporary, and Sir Arthur Elton, of Clevedon Court. Both had formerly represented the city in Parliament; while Sir Arthur had lately written a novel, which locally obtained immense vogue—*Below the Surface*, the chief motive of the book being the exposure of the social iniquities committed by ritualistic parsons or Popish priests. If I remember right, this work had on its title page the pre-eminently happy motto :—

“ Scire domus secreta volunt atque inde timeri.”

By his second marriage, this gentleman connected himself with one of the oldest families in the county, the Stradlings, whose members perpetuated their name by a monument not far from Bridgwater on the Bath road called to this day “Stradling's Folly,” just as a similar structure reared by Fonthill's lord on Lansdown retains its title of “Beckford's Folly.” In Western Somerset, the ground is consecrated by the muse of Wordsworth, so long a resident in the Quantock region. The Eastern division, where it abuts upon the Channel, is rich in Coleridgian memories. To these latter centres, especially to Brockley, the home of the Smyth-Pigotts, and its

Hallam-haunted district, pilgrimages were frequently made. One of the excursions I remember was personally conducted by Martin Farquhar Tupper, in his earlier manhood a vigorous pedestrian as well as a remarkably handsome man, and a frequent visitor to Bath about the time that his *Proverbial Philosophy* was being read by everybody.

James Quin, till Garrick appeared, the greatest of our tragic actors, has his grave in Bath Abbey. Memories of the Sheridans haunt the lower part of the town. From these days onwards the Bath Theatre had a special reputation of its own, was a serviceable histrionic nursery. In the epoch now recalled its lessee and manager was Mr. James Henry Chute, a cheery genial gentleman with a rather pompous old-fashioned professionally theatrical demeanour. On the occasion of his showing me when a mere schoolboy over his premises, and thus innocently gratifying my curiosity by taking me for the first time in my life, though in broad daylight, "behind the scenes," he seemed to reproduce the manner and the expressions of "Mr. Vincent Crummles" as he lives in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Mr. Chute had his own company, which then boasted a lady equally accomplished as a *coryphée* and general utility actress, Miss Kate Mandlebert. Miss Robertson, Miss Wilton, Miss Kate Terry and

others frequently reinforced the Chute company. The old manager's son, James Macready Chute, had thus been trained admirably for the managerial position he now fills at the Prince's Theatre, Bristol. Certain amateur performances wherein Mr. Slingsby Bethell often figured, were a prominent feature in Mr. Chute's theatrical season.

CHAPTER IX.

OXFORD, 1861—65.

Oxford in 1861; a transition from the old to the new. Pre-undergraduate visits to Balliol as Mr. Jowett's guest. Jowett's manner with young men; his conversation and favourite reading. Dr. Scott, Master of Balliol, contrasted with Jowett, as tutor. Other Balliol tutors. Classical scholarships at Queen's College. Provost Thompson, successively Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Archbishop of York. The Magnificent Man. Queen's College tutors. Byrne, Capes, Rennison, Falcon, Magrath, and others.

THE Oxford with which I first made acquaintance had indeed ceased to be the cloister that it was a decade or two earlier, but was still separated by a strongly defined boundary from the highly modernised Oxford of to-day. The place was still redolent of that mediævalism whose disappearance Matthew Arnold has so eloquently lamented. The movement for "University extension" had, however, already begun. The Oxford local examinations were actually in existence. An academic board was about to resume the responsibility of appointing examiners for any secondary schools which might apply for them. Certificates obtained at these ordeals were soon to be recognised officially by the Oxford authorities, and to

absolve undergraduates furnished with them, from the obligation of presenting themselves for "Responsions." Lord Salisbury's commission, radically reorganising as it did the distribution of College endowments—drawing a hard and fast line between "prize fellowships," "teaching fellowships, the endowment of research—was yet in the future. No one seriously regarded the University as anything else than an examining and disciplining body. Recourse to the University lectures of the Corpus Professor of Latin, or the Regius Professor of Greek, was not very general among undergraduates; nor was it, I think, greatly encouraged by College tutors. In the case of men nearly at the end of their course, and about to enter Holy Orders, it was not uncommon to attend the prelections of the various theological Chairs' occupants who, as in Dr. Stanley's instance, were frequently Canons of Christ Church. Inter-collegiate lectures were nearly as unknown as the system of combined examinations for entrance scholarships.

Each society on the Isis was a separate, independent, whole. The competition between it and other similarly self-contained corporations was habitually keen. The ties that affiliated the different foundations to a common mother were theoretical rather than practical, or were realised most powerfully when the time came for the selection of an "eight,"

or an "eleven," to compete against Cambridge at Putney, or Lord's; for in this epoch athletic sports, as an inter-University contest, had no recognised place. Celibacy among Fellows and tutors was the rule. The domestic suburbs of the Parks, Iffley, or Headington, socially existed but in embryo. Few perambulators or nursery-maids with their charges had invaded the fields or walks adjacent to St. Giles'. Outside the heads of houses, the married representatives of College authority might almost have been counted on one's fingers; nor can I at this moment recall any Benedick Fellows save Mr. Merry, now Rector, then tutor of Lincoln, and just after my time, my College tutor, the Rev. H. Byrne, as well as my then private tutor and life-long friend, J. Y. Sargent, successively of Merton, Magdalen, and Hertford Colleges, the last of which, at the period now spoken of, was known by no other name than Magdalen Hall.

My first acquaintance with the University was made in a College of which I was not, nor was destined to become, a member. My father, like more than one of his ancestors, had passed his undergraduate days at Balliol, where he obtained an Exhibition in the same term that Jowett won the scholarship. Directly Balliol's future Master had heard that a schoolboy of my name happened

to be lodging in the old Star Hotel, since expanded into the Clarendon, in the Corn Market, he sent me a hospitable command to transfer myself bag and baggage to the foundation, whose chief controller was at that time Dr. Scott. The partner of Dean Liddell in the famous lexicon had been my father's fellow-undergraduate first, and subsequently tutor at Balliol. Dr. Scott then was in the prime of vigorous middle-age, a remarkably active, well-set-up man as to physique, with the most urbane manners, the most delightfully varied conversation, and with no small amount of humour. Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law at Balliol (Lockhart) was recalled by him traditionally; while under "The Scorpion's" editorship, he had actually contributed at least one article still classical on Greek tragedy to the *Quarterly Review*. Scott and Jowett co-operated with some show of cordiality, and treated each other with almost artificial courtesy. As, however, some years previously the latter had in the competition with Scott lost the College Mastership by only a single vote, it is not surprising that the relations of the two were tinged by some suspicion of amicable rivalry. Already Jowett's intellectual achievements and fame had increased the prestige of the Society. But after Jenkyns, it was Scott whose administration con-

firmed conclusively the local and national pre-eminence which Balliol had long since begun to win.

Widely different in character as in their conceptions of life, the two presented a contrast in their personal appearance as well. Scott was decidedly above the middle height, of dark complexion, and with a countenance which under fatigue or agitation wore a look of gauntness. His rival and coadjutor, on the other hand, never, at least in these days, struck one as being other than untired, unembarrassed, and fresh, even to "chirpiness." Nor, indeed, during the many years of my unofficial acquaintance with Jowett, did he ever seem to have changed from that which I first beheld him. / His face was smooth, almost wrinkleless, and plump. His hands were soft and chubby as a child's. His predominant feature was undoubtedly his forehead, which seemed to over-shadow the whole body, and, as it were, to slope away till it reached his boots. His manner appeared to be a little constrained. The youths in his company found themselves not particularly at their ease; while the great man gave them the impression of constantly considering what aspect of the son of Sophroniscus he should next reproduce for their edification. The transparently Socratic system of his conversation could be rather appalling to the uninitiated. The questions that he was fond

of putting were not in themselves specially terrible or perplexing : but the judicial air of the interrogant ; the conviction that one might irretrievably commit, or even disgrace, one's self by a reply to the most apparently simple enquiry ; and the terse, dry, commentary coming from the interlocutor on these answers, constituted an ordeal which it required experience and education as well as constitutional courage ever to face without discomfort or awe.

At this time the senior tutor of Balliol was identified with Oxford Liberalism, while his titular chief faithfully, I fancy, was more disposed to the Toryism of his predecessor Jenkyns. Both, however, in the same way as many of their colleagues, were equally conservative in the matter of costume. Like my father, and nearly all the country clergymen whom in my early youth I ever saw, Scott, Jowett, and among the other Balliol tutors, certainly Woodcombe, wore a black swallow-tail coat throughout the day, of nearly the same cut as is now reserved generally for evening dress. When, so lately as the eighties, I revisited Oxford to call on Dr. Pusey, that same upper garment was affected by the Tractarian movement's illustrious chief. The shapeless gaberdine, half frock, half lounging coat, now worn by Anglican clergy no less than by their Nonconformist brethren had not,

at this period, come extensively into fashion ; and if only it were possible, would, I fancy, to-day be a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Certainly in the West of England all the Establishment's officers with any pretensions to breeding or station whom I can recall would have no more slouched about in shapeless integuments that are a compromise between a labourer's smock and a Frenchman's *paletôt*, than they would have gone to a diocesan meeting "in laic *mufti*." Thus, the teaching clergy then constituting, as I suppose they still do, the majority of its population presented, alike in their lecture rooms and in the High Street, an exterior very different from what one associates with their successors now.

In the early sixties, Mr. Jowett's rooms looked out upon that portion of St. Giles where the Martyrs' Memorial stands. Their ornaments were books, arranged in cases only a very few feet above the floor, so that the great-little professor might reach them without difficulty. Nothing could exceed his minute attention to my comforts. A bedroom had been assigned me just above the porter's lodge, and I have some reason to think that a sense of responsibility for my physical welfare prompted the kindly professor to satisfy himself by touch that the sheets were properly aired. This regard, of course, pro-

ceeded less from any immediate interest in the schoolboy who was his guest, than from a vicarious concern for my father, to whom the great man showed himself throughout his life a loyal and practical friend. Unlike most other Balliol tutors, Mr. Jowett dined, I think nearly always, in his rooms. At half-past six each day we sat down, usually *tête-à-tête*, to a simple but excellent dinner. The only undergraduate, or indeed any, guests whom I can remember as present were Mr. J. A. Symonds, the famous Clifton physician's son, then an Exhibitioner in the College; Mr. G. A. Simcox, at that time scholar of Corpus, subsequently Fellow and tutor of Queen's; Mr. Robert Raper, from Cheltenham, as it proved a successful one, for a scholarship at Trinity.

A great deal, as I cannot but think, very in correctly, has been said about Mr. Jowett's interest in, and encouragement of, Art. In his later years he amiably submitted to the influence brought to bear upon him by the accomplished and ingenious patrons of the histrionic movement—especially Mr. W. L. Courtney, formerly Fellow and tutor of New College,—and sanctioned the establishment of an academic theatre. But at the comparatively remote epoch when I was his guest, the drama was not among the subjects which engaged the

thoughts or entered into the conversation of the Greek Professor. Oxford was at this date untouched by the æsthetic movement. The only picture decorating Mr. Jowett's rooms was a print, hung above his mantelpiece, of Leonardo da Vinci's representation of "The Last Supper." The sole modern author of whom, while I was his guest, the future Master spoke to me was Tennyson. When I entered his room for breakfast or dinner, he was vacantly gazing into his fire; or if he had any printed matter in his hands, it proved to be either a volume of Shakespeare or the Bible—the latter, I think, generally open at the Book of Job.

The interest taken in my early career by Mr. Percival, who was still a Fellow of Queen's or a Rugby master, led to my standing, in the year 1861, for an open classical scholarship on that foundation where my old examiner had himself been educated. The paper work occupied the best part of a week. The actual ceremony of election took place among the fellows in chapel. On a raw October morning I inquired at the porter's lodge in Queen's Lane when the result would be known. His reply was to hand me a paper whence it appeared that one of my name had been chosen for the senior classical scholarship of the year. Those who shared my good fortune were William Sells, subsequently

my most intimate friend, characterised by a charm of manner and sincerity of heart not often surpassed; Herbert Morris, now, I think, dead; H. O. Balleine, who not very long since succeeded Dr. Lebrèton in the Deanery of Jersey. Within a week or two I began my residence at Queen's. The College's Provost was at that time the Bishop designate of Gloucester and Bristol, Dr. Thomson. Before I had been very long in residence, Dr. Thomson, on a vacancy occurring in the Northern Primacy, was translated by her Majesty's special desire from the Western See to the Archbishopal Chair of York. Some years later, this fortunate divine, recounting in friendly conversation with Bishop Wilberforce his professional preferments, mentioned among other things that any fresh promotion had been signalised invariably by an addition to his family. "In that case, my lord Archbishop," rejoined his lordship of Winchester, "let us hope your quiver is now finally full, for only two promotions are possible—one is Canterbury, the other is Heaven,—and I am not quite sure of your being fully fit for either just yet."

Provost Thomson, who continued even in his semi-episcopal state to rule the College for a time, always impressed me, and many others, as the realised ideal of Aristotle's "Magnificent Man," so far

as gait and manner were concerned. His presence was really fine, his mien was naturally dignified, his voice deep, full, and not unmusical. He had taken the chief part in throwing open those endowments which were previously confined to North countrymen, and so made the first step to developing an opulent but geographically exclusive society into the nationally useful institution which it has since become, and under its present Provost, Dr. Magrath, still is. The tutorial staff of Queen's had become in my time remarkably effective. The chief classical teacher for the Moderation schools was the Rev. H. B. Byrne, as painstaking an instructor as he was conscientious a scholar. Great was this sorely tried gentleman's forbearance. Nor was it his fault if his lecture-room's *habitués* failed to equal his own accomplishments as a writer of Ciceronian prose.

In mathematics and for the final classical schools Queen's College in the early sixties boasted, I suspect, the two most valuable tutors upon the Isis. If anyone could have imbued an undergraduate with a taste for the higher branches of abstract science, it would have been the painstaking, amiable, as well as genial, Thomas Rennison, whose training did, as a matter of fact, enable one of my contemporaries, Herbert Durham, a brother scholar, to carry off all the highest prizes by which the University encourages

mathematical studies. Mr. Rennison was in his vacations an Alpine climber of distinction; he returned each October to his lecture room, bronzed with Swiss suns, invigorated with the bracing air of "peaks, passes, and glaciers." Other prominent members of the old Queen's foundation hailing from the North Country were two brothers named Falcon, as well as an elderly gentleman called Dykes, who was senior Fellow during all my days, and who, as the College custom was, exercised his authority by insisting that the Bible clerks should, in properly reverent fashion, mount the dais where the dons sat, and in clearly audible tones pronounce the Latin "Grace" before dinner in Hall. This mature cleric took no part in tuition, but was reported to be a profound and ingenious discoverer of etymological origins. The tradition, in fact, was that sometimes the midnight air in the front quad. was broken by Mr. Dykes' shouting through the open window to his next-door neighbour, R. S. Falcon, "I have at last hit upon that 'deri.'" (derivation) "we were talking about in the Common-room."

The younger Falcon gave excellent lectures in *Tacitus* and *Aristophanes*, and alike in appearance, dress, as well as scholarship, was the personification of neatness. His elder brother, resembling himself, a remarkably handsome man, had in his time won

both the Hertford and the Ireland, but in my day did not combine a tutorship with his Fellowship. He used the College rather as a country gentleman might use his Pall Mall club. When it was not the season for Norwegian travel or sport; when the May-fly had not begun to flutter over the Westmorland streams, or the grouse were scarcely strong on the wing, the brilliant and chivalrous Bob Falcon was generally to be found in his Oxford rooms, occupying himself with theological or classical treatises in the intervals between cleaning his guns or "hanging" his salmon-flies. Both the Falcons have, I regret to hear, ceased for ever to cultivate sport or meditate study. But with these and one or two other exceptions, the gentlemen who formed the tutorial staff at Queen's thirty years since are, I am glad to think, alive and well.

No more high-minded and painstaking tutor existed on Eggesfield's foundation than the present Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, Dr. Edmund Moore, who has since achieved European reputation as a Dantëan scholar and expositor.

The College's special boast was, however, the accomplished, acute, and stimulating teacher of political philosophy and history, the Rev. W. W. Capes, now Rector of Bramshott in Hampshire. In these days Mr. E. A. Freeman had not for-

mulated his famous aphorism as to history being the politics of the past, and politics the history of the present. Even Mr. Grote's modernised representation of Athenian parties and Attic politics had not generally possessed the Oxford mind. To Mr. Capes belonged the distinction of employing his encyclopædic reading to illustrate, from all ages and all countries, the American Federal writers not less than the Italian mediæval speculators, or the latest authorities on the Seine or the Spree, the chief facts, positions, and lessons contained in the philosophy or statesmanship of Greece and Rome. No preparation can, I think, have been more useful for publicism or politics than this gentleman's discourses. He had, too, a pleasant wit of his own, never maliciously, but often pointedly, exercised, *e.g.* : A rather little and fidgety undergraduate was once balancing his chair against a cupboard in the lecture room, beating the while the "Devil's Tattoo" with his feet. "If," said Capes, after a while, "Mr. — particularly wishes to get into my cupboard, pray let me open the door for him."

CHAPTER X.

TOPICS AND PERSONAGES ON THE ISIS.

(1861—65.)

General view of intellectual influences at Oxford during the early sixties. Professor H. J. Smith as Dean of College at Balliol under Scott; mathematician and scholar. Mark Pattison's impressive figure in Oxford; his anticipation at Lincoln of Jowett's social and educational mission at Balliol. Professor Mansel and St. John's Toryism; his opposition to Jowett and religious influence not proportionate to his orthodoxy. Provost Hawkins, of Oriel, and Mr. Burgon, both historic. J. Y. Sargent as a classical "coach." Famous fellow-pupils under him,—Baker, Dallin. J. E. Thorold Rogers; Professor Conington at Corpus; great influence of Bishop Wilberforce and Canon (afterwards Dean) Stanley. Jowett, his methods and his pupils. Prominent undergraduates. W. E. Stokes, oenist and vocalist. F. R. Price, Reggy Luttrell, of "The Tavern." Illbert, and Papillon, of Balliol. F. H. Jeune, M. W. Ridley, A. W. Milroy, "Baby" Morrison. Hoare, of Exeter. Jowett's manner with athletic undergraduates like Socrates and Alcibiades. The Scot on the Isis, G. R. Luke, D. B. Monro, John Nichol.

ON the same level as Dr. Scott, or Mr. Jowett, accounted by those who knew him personally, which I scarcely did, their literary or intellectual equal in all respects, their superior in some, was Henry J. Smith, mathematical professor, who had given proof of his eminence in classics, not less than in abstract science, during his undergraduate

days by winning the Ireland in addition to the University Mathematical Scholarship; and who during my sojourn on the Isis, was Dean of Chapel. In this latter capacity, it was Mr. Smith's business to announce in the College Hall the names of the successful candidates for Balliol Scholarships. On such occasions undergraduates from all Colleges were pretty sure to be waiting for the news. In the November of 1861, or 1862, a friend and schoolfellow of my own, Evelyn Abbott, now Fellow and tutor, happened to be standing; but the choice had not fallen on him, and when, amid intense and scarcely suppressed excitement, Professor Henry Smith's tall figure took up his stand by the Hall doorway, the names actually read were, I think, those of F. Paravicini, from Marlborough, and Francis Jeune, the present judge, from Harrow. From this latter school in the previous year M. W. Ridley had preceded his friend and contemporary, Jeune. Both of these were prominent figures during my time in undergraduate life on the Isis. The two in appearance, though not in attainments, presented a marked contrast. The future baronet, even in his first youth, showed a tendency to anticipate the later dimensions of his portly presence. The predestined Parliamentary counsel and Probate Court judge strikingly resembled the oldest and most authentic

portraits of Charles I.'s Strafford. He was, too, a kindling and impressive speaker in the Union debates. It wanted indeed the exercise of but a little imagination to identify his tall, dark, picturesque figure, pointed features, and flashing eyes, with the incarnation of "Thorough" haughtily defending himself at the bar against the Commons' impeachment.

The most assiduous participant in the Union debates was, I fancy, Mr. Abbot, of Christ Church, soon to become Lord Colchester. He had already caught and reproduced with artificial care the Parliamentary manner's traditional idiosyncrasies, the rotundity of utterance, the pomposity of elocution, the forensic phrases, satirised so amusingly in *Coningsby*, but all of which form essential parts in the sum of Westminster statesmanship. Edward Stanhope, also at Christ Church, had taken his degree some time before I came up, but his amiability, magnanimity, and attainments were freshly remembered far outside the walls of Wolsey's foundation; while a college essay which he had written, but not published, was privately reputed worthy of the distinction actually conferred about the same time on the *Holy Roman Empire* tractate of Mr. J. Bryce, then a scholar of Trinity.

As a rostrum, the Oxford Union did not enjoy, in

the early sixties, all its historic prestige. A fair allowance of good speaking and fair debating there may have been. But the purely collegiate principle had then in all ways the ascendancy. There was a general tendency to reserve for College essay clubs and dialectical associations the reading and rhetoric which at an earlier, as possibly at a later, era might if exercised elsewhere, have won for their possessors something of the fame that on the arena of University debate had been obtained by a Cardwell, a Gladstone, a Manning, or a Wordsworth. About this time, too, the Club principle in its social development had grown exceedingly popular in Alfred's University. The Eton and Harrow, as well as the Loder's, had long been domiciled in High Street. The Phoenix was, if I remember rightly, exclusively a Brasenose institution. The Canning was, at least in its earlier days, largely recruited from St. John's, while its founder was reported to have been none other than Mr. Auberon Herbert, by founder's kin a Fellow of the College of Laud.

St. John's, while Professor Mansel took any part in its teaching, justified its political traditions; was the nursing mother of Toryism, as the headquarters of resistance to Mr. Gladstone, then Member for the University, and to whatever savoured of Liberalism. Mansel, I suspect, may correctly be said to have

divided at this time with Jowett the intellectual supremacy and influence of the place. "Some rhetorical ability" was the phrase in which the Balliol sage summed up the qualities that he allowed his rival to possess. But in the glades and gardens of St. John's, Mansel secured a reverence not less than belonged to the Liberal champion, as Jowett was then reputed to be, in the College of Wycliffe. One, and only one, of Dr. Mansel's sermons in the pulpit of St. Mary's may I have heard. It seemed more like an extract from the *Prolegomena* to his edition of *Aldrich* than a homily on Christian ethics; and was studded with phrases such as militant schoolmen might have applied to each other in the Middle Ages, but which did not seem eminently congruous with the Gospel genius. Probably no firm believer in the New Testament Revelation, or no conspicuously good man, ever rendered less practically useful service to the Faith he accepted and adorned. Mansel's controversy with F. D. Maurice shook the belief of many earnest persons at Oxford and elsewhere far more seriously than the *Teapot Tempest* excited by *Essays and Reviews*. The Tory theologian had been understood to say that notwithstanding the Divine condescension to human intelligence as shown in the Incarnation, the gulf between Creator and created yet remained im-

passable, that no words employed by earthly lips could even faintly indicate the nature of the Divine standards by which right or wrong, truth or falsehood, are judged. Great as may have been the intellectual authority justly enjoyed by the logician of St. John's, the theological ideas with which, rightly or wrongly, he was identified prevented him from exercising much of the higher kind of influence upon those who were still *in statu pupillari*. There was a certain cultivated bulldog aggressiveness in Mansel's manner and voice, as well as in his written, like his spoken, words. He seemed to be so keenly on the defensive, as to be impelled by a sense of self-preservation to carry the war into the enemy's country before the foe had "shown fight," or was actually lying dormant. In figure he was probably a little taller than his opponent Jowett. His features were more sharply cut; his eye was more restless. His manners had none of the repose which characterised the serene and chubby Regius Professor of Greek.

It has been my fortune to hear at least three good sermons in my life. One was from Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, addressed to a congregation of paupers in a village workhouse, delivered from an old woman's wooden arm-chair by way of pulpit. Another was from a curate named, I think, Pearse, in a West

Somerset church. Yet another was from the Rev. T. D. Bernard in Walcot Church, Bath, on "Our Lord's appearances after His resurrection." To these I think I might add a fourth—in point of time, and perhaps of excellence, the first of all. Never having contemplated ordination, I did not attend, at Oxford, Arthur Stanley's professorial lectures on the Jewish Church. But from the vivid impression made on me by a University sermon of Stanley's, which I did hear, as well as from my own close acquaintance with him as a family friend, I can well understand the extraordinary admiration he excited in the breasts of those undergraduates who regularly attended his courses at Christ Church. The keen yet gentle countenance in which high breeding was combined to a nearly equal degree with intellectual radiancy; the expression illuminating the delicately chiselled features, so eloquent of scorn for whatever was base, impure, ungenerous, cowardly, or illiberal. These at once impressed everyone who even looked on Stanley, and must still live in the reverent memories of those who knew him but a little. Probably it was the union of aristocratic mien and of mental supremacy which in these days made him an unique figure in the academic polity, investing him with a charm absolutely irresistible to the ingenuous impressionability of youth. The

subject of the particular discourse, whose text was a verse in the song of Deborah, was Oxford's opportunities. "This," he said, "is our river Kishon, on our present side of which we should form good habits, and discard evil ones." None who heard them will ever forget the way in which these words came at the end of that masterpiece of pulpit oratory. The charm of the discourse lay in its happy blending of appeals to the conscience and the intellect with graphic pictures of the genius and culture which centuries had concentrated on the fields and buildings that surrounded the Cherwell.

Leaving for the moment the other of these pulpit addresses, to which I may revert hereafter, I would say a few words concerning great University teachers, who, during the sixties, wielded a power upon the Isis not inferior to that of Jowett or Mansel. Mark Pattison was, to the majority of students outside the gates of Lincoln, little more than an illustrious name and an eccentric personality. The tall gaunt figure, who might often be seen striding down the High Street towards Headington Hill, was in the eyes of undergraduates encompassed with a mysterious atmosphere of encyclopædic learning. Some of them Pattison might have examined in the schools. Others, of a literary turn of mind, might have read his dissertations in the Oxford essays, or knew that

he was among the greatest authorities on Pope, and that his contribution to the now forgotten volume, then stigmatised as the *septem contra Christum*, was only one among many compositions with which he enriched the better class of periodical literature. Yet Mark Pattison had anticipated Jowett in nearly all those social movements that have won for Balliol its repute in the fashionable world, or which have made the College of Jenkyns so popular and powerful a link between the Isis and the Thames, the Oxford cloister and the Pall Mall club, or the Westminster Senate.

Among those who had been undergraduates at John Wesley's society are John Morley and T. E. Kebbel: the former a distinguished publicist long before he entered Parliament; the latter a literary champion of the Constitution, who, in the Press, has served the Tories with the same loyalty, and with not less ability, than his literary master, Addison, once served the Whigs. Of both these, his former pupils, as they subsequently were his close personal friends, Mark Pattison was, with good reason, proud. Long before the College in Broad Street acquired under Mr. Jowett the same kind of modish vogue for its Saturday to Monday hospitalities which belongs to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild's Waddesdon *château*, the end of the working week

often saw Morley or Kebbel, having walked up from the railway station, enquire of the Lincoln porter whether their luggage had been dropped by the cab or the omnibus at the lodge. Others of Pattison's guests, subsequently famous, were J. Cotter Morrison, William Stebbing, R. C. Christie, the last of whom rivals even Pattison in his knowledge of all which concerns the history of learning.

Two other historic, and in one case picturesque, personages, both of them survivals from a famous past, were among the University celebrities of my youth. One was the tall stately form of Burgon, then Rector of St. Mary's, without whom, as he swept past "The Mitre" with a look of disgust, should he see undergraduates entering therein, the High Street would not have seemed quite itself in the afternoons. The other human landmark of whom I speak was the then Provost of Oriel, the Venerable Edward Hawkins. Under his long rule it was that the present Mr. Justice Wright and Professor James Bryce, not less than in a bygone generation John Henry Newman and Richard Whately, were admitted to that common room which at its zenith was accounted the nearest approach to Heaven attainable on earth. Dr. Hawkins had not perhaps been popular with any generation of undergraduates, and with those undergraduates of my time was

certainly most unpopular. Kinglake, in *Eothen*, has spoken of the courage of six battalions as incarnated in the almost dwarfish person of Dr. Keate. Within the not gigantic figure of Dr. Hawkins there were concentrated the amalgam and quintessence of Oxford donship's prejudices and antipathies. But he was very far from being an unkindly personage. To my father, in whose favour he would have gladly suspended the Health Statutes that had disqualified him for an Oriel Fellowship, the Provost proved himself a lifelong friend and supporter in the same degree as Jowett himself. Nor did he refuse to take a condescending interest, tempered with severe reprimands, which were perhaps not the less necessary because they were unwelcome, in my father's son. In after years, one finds it to be with Oxford much as it is with *Don Quixote*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Gulliver's Travels*. One makes acquaintance with them before one is of an age to appreciate their value, or understand their inner meaning. Had I availed myself of all Provost Hawkins's invitations to walk, talk, breakfast, and have tea with him; had I cultivated, as I ought to have done, the faculty of listening to my seniors and superiors on the Isis, I might still retain sufficiently fresh a recollection of the incidents of the Oxford movement from the lips of one who had been a great part in it, to compose

an original narrative which might compete with the reminiscences of a Mozley or a Church.

The University lectures that I attended in the sixties and which, next to Jowett's, left the deepest impression on me were those held by John Conington, then Professor of Latin in the Corpus Hall. He was the first great Oxford teacher who took any trouble to improve my mind, or to give me any idea of what was meant by taste, as distinct from knowledge. The Professor was in the habit of reading aloud, at his lectures, those compositions previously sent in by undergraduates which pleased him best. I had forwarded him a copy of hexameters, that were a Latin rendering of an English passage he had set. Great was my delight when, on entering the Hall, I recognised my own Latin lines, as in the act of being recited by the Professor. He was then living in some rooms over a tailor's shop, looking on the High Street. Here he desired me, a few days later, to wait upon him. In this, his sanctum, with its walls lined three or four volumes deep, by bookshelves, I received the first of a long series of invaluable hints on the composition of Virgilian lines, and on the idiosyncratic differences between ancient and modern poetry.

It was not, however, by professors, distinguished or painstaking though they might be, that the educa-

tional work of Oxford was performed during the early sixties. Private tutors, outside one's college walls, were a luxury rather than a necessity. Undergraduate carelessness rendered them eminently convenient at some period or other of one's course. Mr. J. Y. Sargent, who, at that time, was not in the enjoyment of a College Fellowship, but was the most sympathetic and successful instructor in pure scholarship then on the Isis, received private pupils in his Merton Street rooms, just opposite the walls where he had been an undergraduate. On one occasion, I remember, the winners of the Hertford and Ireland, as well as most of those who obtained first-classes in Moderations, had been Mr. Sargent's private pupils. From early morning till evening this exemplary "coach" sat in his little chambers alternately hearing his pupils read their own compositions to him, and communicating to them his own version of the same passage. Amongst those whom I met most frequently in this pupil-room were William Baker, scholar and Fellow of St. John's, to-day Head master of Merchant Taylors', and T. F. Dallin, subsequently Fellow of Queen's and public orator, now no more. Mr. Sargent, one of the earliest Oxford "Norwegians," had always been a great walker and keen sportsman. He had an equal genius for the composition and teaching of terse

Augustan Latinity, and the discovery of unknown streams where trout-flies could be thrown. Yet it was seldom that during the tempting period of early summer, J. Y. Sargent took twelve hours holiday, or even found, on some particularly fine afternoon, that his health required a long stretch over the Dorchester road.

A fellow Moderator of Sargent's, also a renowned teacher, was the late J. E. Thorold Rogers, at one time University Professor of Political Economy, who more recently divested himself of his Orders, and went into the House of Commons. Mr. Thorold Rogers was intended by Nature for a barrister. He had a remarkably clear, far-seeing mind, a great power of incisive or persuasive speech as he desired, and a conspicuous faculty for applying general principles to particular cases, or presenting abstract truths in cogent and homely form. Long experience, combined with his native shrewdness, had made him a master in reducing to their simplest elements the complexities of scholastic logic. To him alone do I owe it that I became tolerably versed in all the processes of *Barbara celarent*, &c., &c.; that gradually I learned to like my *Aldrich* as much as I had first feared and detested it; and that some years afterwards, when I had taken my degree, I was chosen to succeed my old tutor in the Chair of Logic, at King's

College, London. Mr. Rogers, though a sincere Christian, disregarded the cleric alike in his conversation and costume. He was even then a disciple of Cobden, and had an inexhaustible fund of good stories chosen from innumerable memoirs of politicians, American, as well as English. An enthusiastic, if not a very skilful, equestrian, he sometimes rode to hounds, but more frequently confined his excursions to visits to neighbouring friends, among whom the then Bishop of Oxford, at Cuddesdon, Dr. S. Wilberforce, was counted.

Nor among the higher influences of Oxford during the sixties must that episcopal name be omitted. Dr. Pusey, though still living in Christ Church, was identified rather with a past generation. On Bishop Wilberforce had descended the mantle of Pusey's active power. Hundreds of undergraduates worshipped the ground he trod upon; nor when he preached, either at the Cathedral or St. Mary's, were many places vacant. All, in fact, of the Tractarian movement five and twenty years earlier which was visible in the early sixties, so far as undergraduates were concerned, centred around this remarkable man. In my own College, he had a devoted following, whose chief members were S. Grindle, now, I think, Principal of a College hostel (Roman Catholic) in Beaumont Street; H. J. Galton, son of a very high

Anglican Devonshire rector; J. R. Madan, son of St. Mary Redcliffe's venerable incumbent. Each of these former friends (whom to know was to love) has, I think, now definitely joined the Roman discipline, towards which they always seemed well on their way.

Amongst undergraduates nearly, or quite, contemporary with me, who subsequently became more or less well known were one or two of whom some people may like to hear. In my own College were Ingram Bywater, now Greek Professor; the late Walter H. Pater, my friend first, as always, my private tutor afterwards, ever sympathetic and sage in his counsel, and the present Reader at the Temple, the Rev. A. W. Milroy. Even then this young Scotsman, some three or four years my senior, united extreme tenacity of purpose with adequate ability and studious habits, marking him out for distinguished service in Church or State. The only other West of England undergraduate besides myself whom I can recall at Queen's was W. E. Stokes, like his friend, schoolmate, and brother cricketer, F. R. Price, a product of Cheltenham College, as well as equally distinguished by his great skill at billiards and his carefully cultivated tenor voice. Of his father I may speak presently. Some defects of temper and a constitutional intolerance of the

tobacco-smoke, which is generally the accompaniment of balls and cue, prevented Mr. Stokes from doing justice to his remarkable aptitude for the game, and rendered him a somewhat uncertain player. But at his best, there were not many amateurs who, in regimental mess-rooms or at London clubs, could surpass the elegance and ease with which W. E. Stokes accomplished the most difficult cannons and losing hazards, or who approached the mastery of "force" with which he executed the spot stroke, then in its infancy. As an undergraduate, receiving only a hundred points, he easily defeated, if I remember aright, the professional, Dufton, at Russell's tables in Oriel Lane. After having taken his degree while titularly reading for the Bar, he was among the champions of the "Cocoa Tree," in St. James'; more than holding his own in the afternoon handicaps with such players as Mr. Chinnery or the veteran Lord Drogheda, matched for even money against Mr. Arthur Chapman or Mr. Frank Morgan, and running very close the celebrated marker Christmas, of the wooden face and the inscrutable manner.

For generations, to whose contrary human memory runs not, the West of England Luttrells have been represented on the Isis. The only one of this clan and name in my day, Reginald, had during

the better part of the decade, a regularly recurring difficulty in passing his "smalls," for which he periodically presented himself. He had long ceased to be the member of any College, and was comfortably domiciled at New Inn Hall, *alias* "The Tavern," of which he was not merely in my day the oldest, but the sole occupant. His aged gentleman commoner's gown, with much-battered cap to match, were familiar in all those queer haunts on the Isis where, in defiance of academic law, Gown then loved to hob-and-nob with Town. Examiners, tutors, proctors, and bull-dogs might look askance at him, but if a *plebiscite* of cabmen, ostlers, and river-side cads, headed by "Oxford George," could have been available in place of a "Testamur," poor Reggy Luttrell, who had no enemies but himself and his tankard, would have issued forth with flying colours from all the ordeals of the schools.

A more illustrious undergraduate of Occidental origin, with whom at Mr. Jowett's table I first became acquainted, was Mr., to-day Sir, C. P. Ilbert, who in the same year as T. L. Papillon, like him from Marlborough, had a little earlier than Jeune and Ridley, won the Balliol scholarship. As a rare instance of Jowett's foresight, it should be mentioned he actually predicted in the early

sixties for his brilliant pupil the honour which, as legal member of the Indian Council, Ilbert subsequently achieved. Together with Marlburians, Etonians constituted in those days one of Balliol's most famous groups. Like his friend Hoare, also an Etonian "Blue," "Baby" Morrison, so-called from his gigantic proportions, vindicated the fame of Waynflete's school upon the river. Both these superb oarsmen being always in readiness for feats of Herculean strength, could afford to train upon their own principles, relaxing at discretion any unpalatable restrictions, and even, as they often did, smoking their pipes tranquilly an hour or two before the College race in which they were to pull.

But the mightiest of the Eton athletes was R. A. H. Mitchell, captain of the Eton and Oxford elevens successively; nearly the most popular undergraduate who ever trod the Shades of Jenkyns, as he became since one of the favourite House-masters at his old school. In his bearing towards these muscular *alumni* of his College, the stranger who met them on social occasions in the tutors' rooms, was reminded by Mr. Jowett of the manner which Socrates might have put on towards Alcibiades. The future master desired apparently to impress upon them that though their own lines and his were

not exactly the same, they were yet partners in a common concern, possessing an identical degree of interest in the same object; namely, the College's prestige. In this way, Jowett contrived to get much good work out of unlikely subjects, and by judicious suasion, or providential interposition, propelled many constitutional idlers into a "first-class" at "Moderations." Some years before my time he had dealt after such a fashion with a very troublesome undergraduate, who in after life became a justly distinguished diplomatist. The future Ambassador was, in fact, within an ace of being "sent down." Apparently acquiescing in the Common Room decision against his *protégé*, the Professor casually remarked, he was sorry the expulsion had not taken place before the peccant student had won a certain University prize which Jowett declared his exercise was sure to obtain. When it had been decided to give the scapegrace another chance, his champion set him to work on the composition in question. The result was that the competitor *malgre lui* wrote for, and winning, the prize, reflected on the Society the credit so courageously predicted by his bold patron.

The fact is, that just as Disraeli had been a Jew before he was a Christian and retained throughout his life much sympathy with Semitic theology, so

Plato's translator regarded the youths submitted to his care from the standpoint of old Attic as well as of modern Christian responsibility. The State was a conception only less paramount with him than it had been with Aristotle. Like Xantippe's husband, he knew no better way of morally training young men than by first stimulating them to the best performance, according to their capacities, of citizenship's functions, whatever the particular sphere of these might be.

Balliol, at the time now spoken of, performed on the Isis an academic missionary's tasks. The strenuous and gifted Scots who, outside Balliol's walls, did such good work, had mostly been educated at the College of Tait. The late G. Rankine Luke, who by his blameless life, patient teaching, and the personal magnetism inherent in his shy, reserved presence, wrought a moral revolution in Wolsey's quadrangle, had been a Snell Exhibitioner. So, too, was D. B. Monro, who accomplished a like work at Oriel, where to-day he is Provost. A similar training had also been received by John Nichol, who, though Professor of *belles lettres* at Glasgow, spent the summer term on the Isis, reading with private pupils for the final philosophy schools. Nichol, probably, has not yet been dead long enough to be appreciated at his real worth. Each of these men

was the not unworthy successor of Sir Alexander Grant, who, some generations earlier by his edition of the *Ethics*, as well as by his lectures, gave so durable an impetus to the study of Aristotle in the University, where Sewall first, and Jowett afterwards, have done so much to popularise Plato.

CHAPTER XI.

FAMOUS FOOTPRINTS AT OXFORD.

(1863—7.)

Political interest amongst undergraduates much less thirty years ago than to-day. Excitement caused at Oxford by different visits and speeches of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby. The Prince of Wales at Oxford. Notable Christ Church tufts, thirty years ago. The Duke of Hamilton. A modern "Lord Carabas." "O! Ruddier than the Cherry." The ill-starred Marquis. Famous Oxford dignitaries. Dean Liddell. Oxford political parties and their leaders. Canon Liddon.

EXCEPT among those who were destined for public life, or who had been born into a governing family, the interest in political affairs and personages taken by undergraduates during the early sixties was very much less than, on the occasion of my frequent visits to the place since, I have found it amongst their successors to be. Only two or three times can I remember student opinion to have been stirred deeply. Once was when Mr. Gladstone, in the early sixties, spoke in the Sheldonian Theatre on behalf of Lancing College, and Canon Woodard's "middle-class school" movement. The second, and far the more dramatic, occasion was when, a year or

two later, Mr. Disraeli, in the same building, delivered his amusing manifesto in favour of Revelation, and against Darwinism. He had, if I remember correctly, been visiting friends in the neighbourhood. Casually, it would seem, or (as perhaps it was) with artistically concealed purpose, he dropped in at a diocesan meeting on his way to the railway station. That which chiefly impressed the admiring youths was his histrionically bucolic costume. A soft white billy-cock hat surmounted his marble brow, over which there still clustered the ringlets that had once been jet black. He wore a short black tailless velvet coat. His nether limbs were encased in knickerbockers, with gaiters. At first he spoke in a studiedly commonplace strain. Only a few platitudes about lay and clerical intercommunication, or the advantages in this respect enjoyed by Oxford, escaped his lips. More than once he seemed to have lost the thread of his discourse. These, probably, were mere artifices, or rhetorical feints.

Presently, struck, as it seemed, by a sudden inspiration, he warmed to his theme. First came his description of the national Church. This was memorable because, though it has not, I think, yet been noticed, Disraeli's Oxford words prefigured the policy which ten years later, as Prime Minister,

in 1874 he was to embody in his Public Worship Bill. The Church, he said, would not be disestablished; but Parliament, disliking an *imperium in imperio*, would tighten its hold over it. Then followed a series of rattling sentences, verbally prophetic of the preface written by him many years later for his collected novels. The Broad Church party received some airy badinage. Dean, then Canon, Stanley was complimented on his "picturesque sensibility." Mr. Jowett was indicated as a nebulous professor, who, if he were condemned to read in perpetuity his own works, might gather some idea of that endless punishment which he and his school were said to doubt. Next epigrammatically summarising the discussion, Disraeli remarked: "The question, after all, is whether man is an ape or an angel. As for me, my lords and gentlemen" (Here the speaker put his hands into his velvet sack's side-pockets, and strutting, as one of his Hughenden peacocks might have done, across the platform, uttered this startling and historic sentiment), "I am on the side of the angels."

The commemoration week in the year of the Prince of Wales's marriage, 1862, had brought to Oxford one of her most famous statesmen in the fourteenth Lord Derby. As Chancellor of the University, he delivered an address of welcome to

Her Royal Highness. No more graceful specimen of flowing, flawless Latinity had been listened to by heads of houses or undergraduates. The scholarly effort was worthy of the man who sometime afterwards finished his spirited translation of the *Iliad*. The allusions to the Princess's race and beauty were managed with consummate rhetorical effect. Through his peroration, recurring at periodic intervals, there ran the refrain, *Ipsa adest*; some fresh group of Royal attributes being described every time the phrase was introduced. The speaker had a picturesque presence. The eagle face was lightened by the flashing eyes of the illustrious "Rupert of Debate," now of almost patriarchal years, yet still upright and easily bending in supple and dignified courtesy towards the Princess's chair. The historic building was crammed with scarlet-cloaked doctors in the pit, and clamorous undergraduates in the gallery. All these constituted a memorable scene.

The Heir Apparent himself had brought his own academic residence to a close just about the time that mine was beginning. Certain among His Royal Highness's contemporaries or acquaintances there were on the Isis during my own sojourn there. A very vivid recollection is that which I have of the ill-starred, but not unamiable, Marquis

of Hastings. He was a young man, as I remember him, with rather a weak, but not unpleasant, face, and a slightly effeminate manner. He enjoyed the reputation of coming up to Oxford more deeply involved in school debts than any Etonian of his time. Such patrician state as he may have surrounded himself with at Christ Church was altogether eclipsed by the feudal splendour in which lived his contemporary, the Duke of Hamilton. That descendant of Scotch princes was a young man of not very gainly figure. Both in his countenance and costume he impressed the beholder with a sense of rubicund or crimson, which I think he sustained throughout his life. Not the "Marquis of Carabas" himself, of *Puss-in-Boots* fame, seemed more ubiquitous in point of influence and possessions than this scion of a historic house. If one saw a particularly showy steed led by its groom down the High Street, it was sure to belong to the Duke of Hamilton. If an undergraduate set his heart upon some specially "loud" article of costume in the tailor's shop, it turned out already to have been bespoken by his glowing grace. If a squire or rector from the country, revisiting his *alma mater*, desired to entertain his son with some friends at the Mitre Hotel, mine host regretted that the best suite of rooms on the first floor had for many weeks

been pre-engaged for a dinner party by the inevitable and all-dominating Duke.

In return for the ducal empire's ubiquity, {some of his contemporaries at Christ Church were occasionally rude enough to serenade his rooms in Canterbury Quadrangle, singing, in allusion to his complexion's hue, the old English glee, *O! ruddier than the Cherry*. His grace had, I think, a good deal of the canniness which the poor Marquis lacked, and though to the end he was lived upon by toadies and parasites of all degrees, he was never, perhaps, so ruthlessly rifled and stripped as the luckless Marquis.

To-day, thanks to the theatrical tastes and skilful management of W. L. Courtney, of New College, collaborating with Balliol's late master, Oxford possesses a regular theatre, where most successful plays are sooner or later given. In the earlier days now spoken of, only two sorts of entertainment were known on the Isis. One was the occasional lecture or concert given in the old Town Hall; the other was, in my freshman's term, a panorama with a musical accompaniment in the "Assembly Rooms," on the premises of the old Star Hotel in the Corn Market. Nor do I think it would be easy to imagine drearier functions than both classes of amusements were. Æstheticism, which has everywhere sprung up within my own recollection, only

existed at Oxford, at this period, in a very embryonic stage. It was, I remember, "the correct thing" to admire the cartoons, with their subjects taken from Arthurian romance, that decorated the ceiling of the chief reading room at the Union. Mr. Ryman's gallery of fine arts was not less popular than it has no doubt ever since been. There was a picture sale-room called "Richardson's," where cheap prints or paintings of turf favourites, prize fighters, pretty barmaids, often changed hands, and could be got cheap. But with the bulk of lads who had not taken their degree art, save in close connection with religion, was unknown; and the very few who reproduced in their rooms the decorations of the Oratory and the boudoir found their taste less appreciated or respected than may to-day be the case.

Foreign travel during these days was still in its infancy. Cheap Japanese or Indian ware, Palais Royal nicknacks, were little known. Sometimes a popular coach made up a long-vacation reading party for Heidelberg or Bonn, and a few ardent youths returned with the resolve to master the German language and literature. But foreign travel for those still *in statu pupillari* was the rare exception instead of being, as to-day, the general rule. Æstheticism was, in fact, as much unknown as, at

this time, was athleticism, using that latter word to denote the sports in which Oxford and Cambridge now contend against each other regularly.

Among Oxford dignitaries of my day far the most conspicuous physically was Dr. H. G. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church ; who, but quite recently, resigned the office which is the nearest academic equivalent to the command of a crack Guards' regiment. "It was impossible," Mr. Kinglake often remarked of Keate, whose person he never tired of recalling, "not to be impressed by a man who had, in his day, flogged every Member of the Cabinet and the whole Bench of Bishops." Similarly the prestige stamped visibly on Liddell's handsome and patrician presence was emphasised to all Members of "the House" by the circumstance that probably a majority of England's governing classes had at one time or other been gated or rusticated by the great Dean. His family were fully equal to him in point of appearance ; nor would it have been possible for the University on all ceremonial occasions to have been represented more picturesquely than by the Deanery's denizens.

Dr. Liddell sometimes, but not invariably, acted with the Liberal party, and thus, like Jowett, H. J. Smith, Stanley, Pattison, and Goldwin Smith, might be spoken of as a political leader ; while the

most active politicians on the same side were, I fancy, J. M. Wilson, afterwards President of Corpus, and among the younger dons, T. Fowler, then Fellow and tutor of Lincoln, now President of Corpus. As for the Conservatives, they were usually reinforced by most heads of houses, uniformly by successive Presidents of St. John's. Their titular leader was Mr. R. Michell, Principal of Magdalen Hall, 1861—5, in 1868 first Principal of Hertford College. Mr. Michell, though rather short of stature, was an imposing specimen of the Oxford don (old style). He was, also, the father of a remarkably comely family; while his son, E. B. Michell, was champion sculler, certainly of all Oxford, I believe of all England. On the same side as Michell, serving under him, were Professor Mansel, already spoken of, and Henry Wall, then Fellow of Balliol, and Professor of Logic.

Henry Parry Liddon, a notable son of Western England, had not then become the dominating presence on the Isis which during many years afterwards he was. But his tall ascetic figure was reverently noted as under Dr. Wilberforce the High Church leader. When towards the end of the sixties I revisited Oxford on the occasions of the foundation-stone laying first, the opening afterwards of Keble College, 1868—9, as well as Lord

Salisbury's installation in the Chancellorship, 1870, Canon Liddon, in the power he exercised amongst all sections of the Anglican party, foreshadowed the influence that, as Canon and preacher, he was later to wield from the pulpit of St. Paul's.

CHAPTER XII.

BEGINNING WORK. (1865—6.)

A picturesque guard on the Great Western Railway system. Triumphal progresses from Paddington to Tintagel of the first editor of the "Saturday Review." J. Douglas Cook's appearance, habits, methods, friends, life at the Albany and Tintagel. Mr. Kinsman, Rector of Tintagel. The "Saturday's" staff under Cook. Rev. W. Scott, Philip Harwood, and others. Clement Scott's acquaintance made at Tom Hood's. Tom Hood's editorship of "Fun;" dinners at the Solferino Tavern, and hospitalities in South Street, Brompton. Hood's guests. T. W. Robertson; his conversation, disappointments, and first successes after long waiting. Founder of a new school of social comedy, a Trollope among dramatists. His first great hit with "Society," whose reception foreshadowed the fashionable premières of latter days. Success, about the same time, of another "Fun" writer, W. S. Gilbert, with burlesque. Other members of Hood's staff, and social guests. W. J. Prowse, of the "Daily Telegraph." H. S. Leigh admired as social versifier by Frederick Locker. Tom Hood's editorial skill, personal qualities, and failing health.

AMONG the travelling staff of the Great Western Railway there used to be conspicuous by his costume and figure a guard named Paddon. Tall and erect as a Lifeguardsman, he took the same sort of pride in the carriages under his care as his predecessors of the "Road" had felt in the appearance of their coaches. Periodically I observed him to be

agitated as by the pressure of unusual cares. On these occasions it generally turned out that the *Saturday Review's* first and great editor was quitting Paddington for his little house on the North Cornish coast. To the excellent official now spoken of, Mr. Douglas Cook, with his retinue of servants and royal allowance of baggage, was a journalistic Monte Christo. The Great Western guard, like the whole neighbourhood honoured by Cook with his holiday presence, regarded this gentleman as the embodiment of all that was great, powerful, and opulent in the London press.

Fabulous stories circulated between the London terminus and Bodmin Road of the luxury, splendour, good cheer, fine guests, to say nothing of proof sheets, piled high as mountains, with which the astute and apolaustic Aberdonian surrounded himself while he sojourned in King Arthur's Land. Cook himself was a typical Scot; even though he indulged his tastes for this world's pleasures with a profusion seldom found among his compatriots when they enjoy themselves at their own charges. Not much above the middle height, he wore his sandy hair cut so close as to make his short thick neck and round head assume a more bulldog and bullet-like appearance than Nature had bestowed on these parts of his person. The Falstaffian

outline of his figure and the general expression of his face proclaimed the *apolaust*. The penetrating expression of the keen deeply-set eyes, twinkling under the intellectual brow, revealed the man's mental power and reminded his critics that the Epicurean was only one aspect of his many-sided character. The square-cut massive jaw told everyone who approached him of a will which would be dangerous to cross, and difficult to deflect from its purpose. His portly frame suggested little fondness for physical exercise. When at Tintagel he would pass day after day in deep-sea angling; but his exertion was exclusively confined, I think, to dropping his line into, and drawing it out of, the deep. A staff of Cornish fishers were always in his pay, furnishing his Albany dinner table while he himself was in London.

Shortly after my own literary career began, before I had been brought into any contact with John Douglas Cook himself, that fiery *viveur* had been incensed greatly by a novel from the late Walter Thornbury's pen, *Great Heart*, in which the *Saturday's* editor held that he had been lampooned scurrilously. Libel actions were spoken of, but the matter never got into the Law Court, while I rather fancy that when he had gasped off his first fury's steam, Mr. Cook abstained from so far advertising

the work as to sanction its castigation in his own hebdomadal. My impression is that in the Albany, as well as in his Western "Tusculum," the great editor was often alone, and that when he received company it was not usually drawn from labourers with the pen, still less from those writers with whom he was officially associated. The great Duke of Newcastle had been for years his intimate friend and frequent guest. Both in Piccadilly and in Cornwall he probably entertained those who belonged to the family of his colleague and partner, Mr. Beresford Hope. To that member of the Hope family who is now Lady Hayter, Cook bequeathed the comfortable but plain and wholly unpretentious little house whither he escaped from town whenever he could to the society of his proof sheets and fish pots. His chief local associate was the late Rector of King Arthur's village, Mr. Kinsman, a highly cultivated clergyman of the old style, possessing considerable property in the neighbourhood, who outlived his friend many years, and has, in fact, quite recently died. Never for an instant when taking a holiday in the manner which pleased him did Cook relax his hold upon his journal. The daily newspapers, read by the light of a private commentary on the times' topics from never-failing lady correspondents, enabled the editor to choose each

Tuesday, as well as if he were in the Albany, his subjects for the week. Nothing remained but to select appropriate writers for each theme, and to revise the proofs. The paper's "make-up" was entrusted to the titular sub. or assistant editor, Philip Harwood, who on his chief's death succeeded to the authoritative chair. When in London Douglas Cook was assisted editorially by others of his staff than by this gentleman. The chief had little of the poet in his nature, certainly nothing in his appearance. Harwood, on the very few occasions I ever saw him, struck me by his remarkable likeness to Longfellow and by a certain dreamy abstractedness of manner that, however graceful in itself and appropriate to a bard, seemed a little out of place in the shrewd Aberdonian's executive *adlatus*.

To an extent, certainly not less than on Mr. Harwood, was Cook in the habit of relying upon the Rev. William Scott, an East End Rector, formerly an intimate friend and literary associate of the Mozleys in the *Christian Remembrancer*. Mr. Scott, father of my friend Mr. Clement Scott, was famed equally for the depth as well as accuracy of his scholarship, for the polished facility of his pen, for his clear insight into the topics and phases of the passing hour. These results of personal acquaintance

with Mr. Cook were acquired long after my professional connection with him had begun. The *Saturday Review* in these days enjoyed a position quite unique in nineteenth century journalism. The late E. A. Freeman, then Fellow and tutor of Trinity, Oxford, had long been in the habit of enriching its pages by his historical criticisms and research. With him were associated, among Oxford residents, the late Lord, then George, Bowen, the present Lord Justice Wright, then Fellow of Oriel, and sometimes, among a much younger generation, the late Robert Williams, junior student of Christ Church, during several years not less a successful "coach" for the "Greats" honour schools than some decades earlier Robert Lowe himself had been. It seemed, therefore, as natural, thirty years since, for a young man fresh from his University and desirous of using his pen, to approach the *Saturday Review* as it would have been, had he adopted the law for a career, to enter at the Inner Temple. When, therefore, after having taken my degree, and established myself in London lodgings, I put pen to paper for the first time in my life professionally, I sent the result to the editor in Southampton Street, and was gratified by finding it, without a week's delay, included amongst the *Saturday* "middle" articles. The subject was the false view of life and pathos encouraged,

as seemed to me, by the Guy Livingstone series of novels about which people were then raving. The essay's title was *Broken Hearts*; the date of its appearance was, I believe, September 5th, 1865. Notwithstanding the *entrée* which I had thus effected into the most popular weekly of the epoch, I owed to no merits of my own my personal acquaintance with its editor.

This came nearly a year afterwards and in the following fashion. I have already mentioned my early knowledge of the great humorist's son, the late Tom Hood. At this time he, though on the point of ceasing to be so, was still a clerk in the War Office. At the little house in the Brompton district, South Street, Thurloe Square, where he and his wife were then settled, Tom Hood received weekly his literary friends. To him I was indebted in the first place for the only introductions to the inner life of practical journalism which I ever received. Hood was just appointed to the conduct of *Fun*. Great had been my pleasure accidentally to encounter him and his proprietor at a little restaurant, the Solferino, in Rupert Street, W.C., then a favourite haunt of him and his contributors. Here at each working week's close, which for them was practically the Friday evening, he and a few others used to dine before returning to South Street

to meet his guests. Most of those who then tasted Tom Hood's hospitality have during the interval which has since elapsed, made their mark, or passed away. After a long spell of heart-breaking disappointments, Tom Robertson was on the threshold of a fame he only just tasted, as of a prosperity which he never lived fully to realise. Call-boy, prompter, actor, adapter, author. Such were some of his career's vicissitudes, as they had been also, for that matter, those of Shakespeare himself. His pungent humour, and the merrier wit with which it alternated, had long been noticeable in the columns of *Fun*. Many of his pieces, original or translated, held the stage, but I do not fancy any had yet attracted great attention, while Sothern was still to win by his impersonation prosperity and fame for the title rôle of poor Robertson's *David Garrick*. *Society* had been played with some success to provincial audiences at Liverpool and elsewhere. It had been discouraged by more than one London manager; nor was it till 1865 that Miss Marie Wilton made the experiment of producing it at the Prince of Wales's Theatre (previously "The Queen's"), in Tottenham Street. The drama's success was immediate and unequivocal. It was not only the first of an equally prosperous series from the same writer; it set a new fashion in dramatic

composition, and did practically for the stage what Anthony Trollope's example had already done for the English novel.

London *premières* thirty years ago having none of the prestige they enjoy to-day, were matters of interest only to players, playwrights, and their immediate friends. The initial presentation of Robertson's *Society* dimly foreshadowed the "first nights" *à la mode* of the present day. The author's name was familiar among all theatrical circles. He had reputation for bitterly epigrammatic conversation among innumerable friends. Much interest had been excited by his courageous struggle against difficulties which would have crushed tempers less stout. There were widely-spread rumours about strong points in the new play. Lastly, there was a very general desire to encourage the managerial venture of so popular a favourite as Miss Marie Wilton. All these things conspired to fill with a well-disposed audience the newly-decorated play-house off the Tottenham Court Road. The piece hung a little at the very first opening. There was just a moment when its fate seemed trembling in an adverse balance. But as soon as the scenes in the London square and ball-room, especially those in which "Tom Stylus" drops his pipe, were reached, all went well. By the time that Mr. John Hare, in his character of the

somnolent "Lord Ptarmigan," brought down the house, the failures and disappointments of years were retrieved; the fortunes of manager, company, dramatist were alike made; and good, true-hearted, if sometimes bitter-tongued, Tom Robertson had turned the corner to decisively triumphant result.

About the same time, and on the same boards, another dramatic writer was to achieve a fresh success. H. J. Byron, whose fame was already established, was an occasional member of Tom Hood's *Fun* staff. Here he had written a short sketch, subsequently developed into a burlesque, and produced soon after *Society* by Miss Wilton. The extravaganza had a flavour entirely of its own. Its fun and pun, profusely scattered throughout it, possessed certain strange qualities which altogether distinguished the composition from most contemporary extravaganzas. Needless, of course, it is to say that Mr. Byron's "hit" was largely emphasised by Miss Wilton's pretty and delicate drollery, not less than by the broad fun and humour of John Clarke and other members of the company, as well as by Miss Fanny Joseph's dainty dancing.

These are only a few of Tom Hood's guests at South Street in the old days. Art was represented

on the comic sheet and in the Brompton gatherings by William Brunton, Thomas Morten, and Paul Gray. Brunton was a real humorist and *farceur* with his pencil in much the same line and occasionally of almost as great excellence as Bennett, then in the prime of his genius on *Punch*. Paul Gray, like Brunton, who had introduced him to Hood, an Irishman, was possessed of a delicate sense of beauty which he sometimes put forth with rare effect in his large cartoons for *Fun*. One of these, representing the miscarriage of the first Atlantic cable, portrayed Puck weeping for his lost wire, and is likely still to dwell in some memories. Poor Tom Morten spasmodically exercised his draughtsman's skill, and powerful faculty of subtly picturesque conception, in the magazines; but never did himself justice, and came to a sadly tragic end. George Rose, better known as "Arthur Sketchley," was then first introducing the public to "Mrs. Brown," a sort of "Sarah Gamp" brought up to date in the pages of *Fun*. He had first been in Anglican Orders; had then joined the Roman Church, in which he seemed to take a keen interest. Gray, like his intimate friend, Clement Scott, belonged to the same discipline. It was rather pleasant to note the paternal interest taken by Rose, whose presence and manner might have fitted him to play "Fal-

staff"—his eye sparkling with humour, his form inclining to rotundity, and his hair just beginning to be silvered by years—took in these two younger adherents of his adopted communion. Shortly afterwards, George Rose introduced his feminine creation, with her Cockney moralisings on life, to the general public at the Egyptian Hall. But the entertainments in this building depend largely for their prosperity on provincial patronage. The gossiping old lady who had amused the public in the comic periodical saw all things so exclusively through the Cokaigine spectacles as to be unintelligible to those not nurtured within the sound of Bow Bells. Other of Tom Hood's guests in South Street, or contributors to *Fun*, at this time were the late W. J. Prowse and the late Henry S. Leigh. Both of these were effective *vers de société* writers, as well as unusually interesting figures in that London Bohemia which has not, as some people think, by any means passed away; but has rather been annexed to, and absorbed in, more modish regions.

Prowse deserves to be mentioned, together with G. A. Sala, Edwin Arnold, and others, as one of those whose pen made the *Daily Telegraph's* literary fortune. Possessing intellectual power of a high order, and an admirably balanced brain, he combined with rare gifts of fancy and humour a cultivated

faculty of clear, picturesque expression, as well as the aptitude for hitting the popular taste of the hour and selecting the subject of special interest to railway and omnibus passengers, which are the social publicist's paramount endowments. He had also an innate, unaffectedly manly sympathy with all open-air games, cricket especially, and with whatever contributed in his opinion to the robustness and daring of that national character which had given England her place in the world. These tastes enabled their owner to write in a manner much appreciated by other readers than those of the penny press. During several years he furnished the *Field* newspaper with a weekly article on some aspect of sport or rural life that was a highly popular feature in that journal. He also created a distinct character in his sketch of the bibulous, mendacious Cockney tipster "Nicholas," which has reappeared in the contemporary "Ally Sloper," obviously "Nicholas'" literary offspring.

So sound a critic, and admirable performer, as the late Frederick Locker awarded Leigh a high place among the lighter versifiers of the age, and was fond of quoting some lines, contributed to *Fun* as a specimen of the really good work to be found in newspapers. This composition, entitled, I think, *A Victim*, described certain fluctuations of health

and feeling ; much, if I remember correctly, as follows :—

“Sickness and Health have been having a game with me,
Tossing me just like a ball, to and fro ;
Pleasure and Pain have been doing the same with me,
Treating me simply as something to throw.”

The cleverest piece which ever came from poor Harry Leigh's pen was, perhaps, a little satire on the failure of the dramatised version of Charles Reade's story, *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, played at the Princess's, somewhere during the sixties. As this fragment is not less pointed than it is unfamiliar, there are those who will be amused by a few extracts from it here :—

“Mr. Reade, you've written stories
By the dozens, and your best
Goes to show *ad bonos mores*
Viâ sera nunquam est.

“Well, there may be something in it,
But I always shall contend :
That in life there comes a minute
When it is too late to mend.”

Having given instances, some comic, some pathetic, of this truth, the poet concludes :—

“When a vulgar play arouses,
Nought but hisses at the end ;
And is played to paper houses,
Well, it is too late to mend !”

Poor Leigh's father had kept a drawing school near Oxford Street, and was reputed to have been the original of the "Gandish" whom Thackeray described in *The Newcomes*. Like his friend Prowse, this graceful versifier had a weak constitution, and a feeble physique. These, in the case of each, were tried to their full extent, and prematurely gave way. Some half-dozen years after poor Prowse had lost each of his lungs, Harry Leigh followed him to the grave, whither Tom Hood, like Tom Robertson, had preceded him. Much of the literary merit shown by Hood's contributors was due to the example of the editor, who, besides being a miracle of literary industry and professional good faith, had inherited not a little of his father's faculty for semi-serious humour, and for smoothly flowing composition. Towards the end of the sixties Tom Hood removed his household from Brompton to Penge. His hospitalities were continued, till his wife's death inflicted on him a loss which he never quite surmounted. His own health began to fail, and, scarcely older than Prowse or Leigh, this bright, good, and gifted fellow, the very brilliance of whose opening manhood had made him such enemies as he possessed, was laid by the side of the woman who had been a loyal and kindly helpmeet to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

FURTHER GLIMPSES OF OLD BOHEMIA.

(1866—70.)

Tom Hood. His Bohemian affinities and friends and resorts. The little fish-supper room and its landlady's literary reminiscences recalled by Wilkie Collins. Andrew Halliday, T. W. Robertson, Arthur Sketchley, Paul Gray, Clement Scott, H. S. Leigh, W. J. Prowse, John Brough, Sterling Coyne, Westland Marston, Hepworth Dixon. Evans' Supper Rooms in bygone days. The Café part; notable habitués. Sir E. Lawson, Douglas Straight, Montagu Williams. Serjeant Ballantine. Starting on circuit; preparing for court en route. Ballantine's zenith and decline. Last glimpses of him in his Castle Street Lodging. Famous Taverns between Temple Bar and Regent's Circus. Stone's, Blanchard Jerrold, Sir H. Anderson, Mayne Reid, Oxenford, Davison. A Bohemian King, G. L. M. Strauss.

NOTWITHSTANDING his Oxford culture, as well as certain social ideas which he carried away with him, or exemplified in his daily life, in addition to his Pall Mall training at the War Office, Tom Hood liked to consider himself, and to be considered by others, a Bohemian. Long before I had any professional connection with him, while I was yet an undergraduate paying only contraband visits to the metropolis, *Fun's* future editor introduced me

and my Oxford friend, W. E. Stokes, to a tiny establishment in the Strand, kept by two elderly maiden ladies, respectable to primness, for fish suppers and other light refreshments. These hostesses were of exclusive demeanour, reserving their conversational confidences for patrons of established position. Thackeray had often dropped in here after the play. Their narratives of him, of Douglas Jerrold and the elder Mathews were too simple not to be true; while when many years later I spoke of this resort to Wilkie Collins, the *Woman in White's* creator remembered it well in the days before dyspepsia had marked him for her own.

That portion of Evans' Supper Rooms, then in their full glory, which lay right and left of the entrance used, in the sixties, to be called "The Café," and was "reserved for conversations," or informal gatherings of friends. When the journalist had seen his week's work well behind him, he was wont, in this epoch, to dine at the ridiculously early hour of 6.30 p.m. at the Savage Club, then domiciled in, or near, Maiden Lane. Hood and his merry men, Tom Robertson, Prowse, Leigh, Andrew Halliday, Edward Draper, a solicitor, Arthur à Beckett, James Macdonell of the *Daily Telegraph*, Godfrey Turner, the late William Woodin, ventriloquist and entertainer, George Grossmith,

father of the present George and Weedon, W. Beatty Kingston, used to be regular attendants. But as yet, there were no formal entertainments on the close of the meal ; nor had princes of the blood, field marshals, and other grand transparencies contracted the habit of looking on while the Savages dined that they might be amused by the high jinks, musical or otherwise, thereafter. Kingston, who had a cultivated voice, and was also a cricketer, would sometimes respond to poor Harry Leigh's punning request to sing *Tom Bowling* when the dinner cloth was drawn ; or another guest might give a recitation. But the modern Savage Club "function" patronised by Royalty or the peerage, had not yet come into existence. Evening dress was never worn. No one thought of being engaged for Mayfair receptions or Belgravian crushes. The idea was, when hunger's pangs were appeased, and a cigar had been begun, to stroll off to some theatre, on whose free list all members of the club practically were. Marvellous stories at this epoch were afloat of the brothers Brough. Two only of them, John and William, survived to my day, while even these, I suppose, are now long since gone. Concerning the most gifted, as possibly erratic, Robert, I have heard countless diverting, and no doubt historic, anecdotes from Edmund Yates and others. These,

according to my promise at the outset of this work, I shall not attempt to repeat here.

William Brough, an occasional looker-in at the old Savage Club, and also his brother John, were socially at least the antitheses of the Robert with whose tradition I am acquainted, being each models of quiet, middle-class respectability. William, I think, was, in my time, a Liverpool theatrical lessee. John was, I fancy, a chemist, and otherwise scientifically occupied. He was a kind, simple-hearted, unaffected host, who lived comfortably at Clapham, where nothing pleased him more than to see his friends weekly at suppers just like those with which Tom Hood regaled us in his South Street dining room: cold beef, capital floury roast potatoes, Stilton cheese, and the best bitter ale which Messrs. Fuller, Smith, and Turner of the Chiswick Brewery ever sent to a private customer. Many were the less prosperous wielders of the pen who in these days were not perhaps so sure of anything else as of kind John Brough's simple fare, and not infrequently seasonable help. For half-crowns were with some of us, at this era, almost as rare as "Sidney Daryl," in *Society*, on his visit to the "Owls" was amused to find them, in the case of those night birds. I wonder whether John Brough, as methodical as he was generous,

kept account of the number of these convenient coins which he placed at his weekly guests' disposal, or whether any of the little loans negotiated on his hospitable premises were ever repaid. Other workers in letters or art there were who in this pre-fashionable period did not think it shame to place before their visitors simple, honest, homely fare instead of more pretentious cookery, purchased at the confectioner's shop. Such an one was the last survivor of the gifted Mayhew brothers, a strikingly handsome old man, Horace, affectionately entitled "Ponny"; though in his last days his entertainments were limited to lunch or supper at the Café de l'Europe in the Haymarket.

Such a host, too, was the veteran Sterling Coyne, of whose house in the Talbot Road, Bayswater, I was made free by my old friend Joseph Knight, I know not how long since. To the same category belonged also Westland Marston, the dramatist, then living in Regent's Park. When he had a new play nearly ready, he was in the habit of securing the company of the actress-heroine and her friends to hear the author read it. My old Oxford acquaintance, Philip Lee, of Brasenose, had married in the full blush of her beauty the actress Lilian Adelaide Neilson. Lee himself was naturally the most amiable of men. Since his disappearance, those

who knew him in undergraduate days must have been horrified by the dastardly and lying stories put into circulation concerning his private life. Marston was among the earliest of competent judges who had been struck by Lee's future wife's "Juliet" at the Royalty Theatre in the sixties. Marston's friend, the late Hepworth Dixon, soon shared this opinion, and the *Athenæum's* then editor was seldom absent when the playwright gathered round him Lee's and their well-wishers to hear the new play. There was nothing at all "smart," such as journalism now affects, in any of this. But it was an honest, healthy system, notwithstanding, and, if I may say so, not socially inferior, even to the latter-day *règime* under which a second-class paragraphist migrates from Brixton as *bourgeois* to a villa in genteel Regent's Park, that the fashionable print may chronicle the entertainments at which his shoddy patrons assist, and at which the regulation peer who has been pressed into attendance laughs contemptuously on driving away in his lordly brougham.

Another notable publicist of the era whither I am now looking back was James Hannay, who died during the seventies as H.B.M.'s Consul at Barcelona. This accomplished and intellectually vigorous Scot ought to have lived in that Augustan

epoch of English letters which he always recalled with a sigh. He seemed to play the part of "Samuel Johnson" to his friend, James Peddie Steele's, "Boswell." If, instead of going into the Navy as a lad he had been sent to Oxford, he would have developed into Professor Jowett's social rival. As it was, he showed to advantage when entertaining his visitors in his old Bloomsbury house. The polyglottic Steele, with his white tie, frilled shirt, florid complexion, was there, of course, ready to lead the applause which his host's polished periods or pungent phrases deservedly elicited.

Steele himself, to-day, I believe, a prosperous physician in Rome, curiously doubled the part of an old-school doctor in appearance and title with that of an indefatigable journalist by employment. Few men, on the press or off it, had a wider knowledge of literary anecdote, or of the "day before yesterday's" Continental politics. Such a command of sonorous English, to designate homely realities, is never met with now. He had been educated in Edinburgh when the traditions of John Wilson, the Ettrick Shepherd, even of the great Sir Walter himself, were fresh; had picked up a rich variety of picturesque anecdotes about them; had a droll aptitude for recalling stories and verses which had impressed his mind at any period. I never

myself beheld the late Sir James Simpson, professor and practitioner in the modern Athens. All that I know as fact about this son of Galen, with the huge intellectual head, the brown suits, and the shuffling gait, is that he was a surprisingly good man of business, and was always consulted upon his investments in this country by Napoleon III., whose wife, the Empress Eugénie, Simpson had long attended. Steele seemed to have committed to memory most of the rhetorical passages with which the eloquent gynæcologist adorned his academic discourses. Especially was James Peddie Steele great on the scientific antidotes for sea-sickness prescribed by Simpson. "The man," he declared, "who, when crossing the Bay of Biscay, lunches on devilled lobster and dry champagne will never know, thanks to these blessings, what *mal de mer* is like." The Epicurean anecdotalist smacked his lips with rapture as he repeated the appetising words.

Another of James Hannay's regular visitors was the capable and fiery Gascon-Scot, Francis Espinasse, who had succeeded his host as the *Edinburgh Courant's* editor, and who has also written a biography of Voltaire, and one or two autobiographical volumes. T. E. Kebbel, then, as to-day, a Conservative journalist, powerful and well-informed, was also "one of those about Hannay."

Another guest was a Scotchman residing in the modern Athens, but at rare intervals visiting London. This gentleman, Pat Alexander by name, had two claims to distinction. He could parody Carlyle with a felicity which Mr. H. D. Traill could not, I think, himself surpass; he could fish Highland salmon and trout streams with a dexterity that can be attested to-day by one of the *Realm's* editors, Mr. Earl Hodgson. In the short-lived *Routledge's Magazine* during the sixties, there appeared some of Alexander's remarkable Carlylean burlesques, forgotten, of course, now, but exciting a great sensation then. Others among Hannay's guests frequently, in their turn, his hosts, were the lady novelist, *née* Annie Thomas, with her husband Rev. Pender Cudlip, as well as the late Henry Saville Clarke, with his graceful and amiable wife. Clarke had been a medical student in Edinburgh, while Hannay was an editor. Very few men who, with comparatively such slight equipment, took to journalism and playwriting, wielded whether for prose or verse a more facile or graceful pen than this gentleman who long divided with Mr. Moy Thomas the editorial labours of Messrs. Cassell's establishment. James Hannay was fanatically devoted to feudal Toryism and to ancient pedigrees. Himself a Scottish gentleman of fair descent, he

used, on meeting him at Evans' Supper Rooms, to go down on one knee that he might render the prescribed homage to the appalling superiority by birth of his friend J. G. Edgar, who had passed away before my time.

Other notable figures were almost nightly assembled in that historic Covent Garden saloon. The late Serjeant Ballantine was not then less regularly retained on the establishment than the patriarchal Herr von Joel, skilled in extracting musical airs from walking sticks. The *Daily Telegraph's* editor, to-day Sir Edward Lawson, was pretty sure to be found at the same little table with the late Montagu Williams, and the surviving Sir Douglas Straight; while the forgotten, not very long dead, and for a few weeks famous, Leopold Lewis, author of *The Bells*, seldom missed an attendance. This gentleman had the reddest hair, the kindest heart, and the least polished manner of all Evans' *habitués*. His sudden success with the piece immortalised by Henry Irving, prompted him to forsake his legal business in a way which may have consolidated but scarcely augmented his fame, and certainly did not improve his professional fortunes. Serjeant Ballantine was then at a handsome manhood's zenith, and his forensic practice's prime. He seemed to have a constitution which nothing

could assail, a digestion that would thrive on horse-nails, a brain and frame which nothing could fatigue. The first streaks of dawn were often visible before he left his supper-table and entered the cab waiting to drive him to some railway terminus *en route* for an Assize town, where "cases" waited him in court. His brief and instructions were meanwhile in the handbag, whose contents he reserved to study for the first time on his circuit journey in the railway carriage. Some years after this, the Serjeant's health failed. But he recovered so far as to frequent the Union Club in Trafalgar Square once more, and even to receive a large fee for undertaking an Indian case. He did not, however, fully re-establish himself in his practice. Nearly the last time I saw him was in his little lodging near Portland Place. Here he was writing for Bentley the *Autobiography* which not only secured many readers but inspired many imitators, from 1874 down to the present day. His latter years were largely passed at Boulogne. Notwithstanding the huge income he must at one time have commanded, his fortunes sank to zero. Keenly though he felt his decadence, his spirits were fairly maintained, his conversation, especially when the Bar and its ornaments were the subject, was brilliant and delightful.

The identity of two other *habitués* of Evans' had

from my Oxford days much puzzled me. One was tall, thin, with glittering black eyes, and pointedly bird-like features. The other had a head nearly bald, features benevolent and chubby. The two cronies were inseparable. Nor was it till some years afterwards that on joining my first St. James' Street club, then the Civil Service, now the Thatched House, I was introduced to the taller and gaunter of the two friends by his name of M. C. Conry; to the shorter and less spare by his name of Henry Spencer Smith, the well-known surgeon, long attached to St. Mary's Hospital. Conry was of old standing as a clerk in the House of Commons' Bill Office. The peculiarity of these two gentlemen was that they never seemed to go to bed, and did not begin their evening till about midnight.

Hard by Evans', but nearer Drury Lane Theatre, was, and doubtless is, a tavern almost exclusively patronised by gentlemen connected in some degree with "the profession"—The Albion. Here, at one time, John Oxenford, the *Times'* dramatic critic, and Davison, its musical representative, used not only to sup but to discuss the problems of the universe after their meal into the small hours. Both had a knack of applying pungent and homely phrases to the same inscrutable mysteries. One of their arguments I can generally

recall in outline, and can recollect especially Oxenford's clenchingly resonant last phrase, as well as the impressive tone in which it was uttered: "And now, Davison, I have brought your cosmic King to his last ethical fence!" Of Davison I saw comparatively little. But Oxenford I met habitually, especially on the occasions of the Westminster Latin Play. He was a conspicuous combination of the working journalist and universal scholar. His English, conversational or literary, was idiomatic as Addison, and terse as Swift. A speech delivered by him in 1866 at a dinner given to Godfrey Turner on returning from his Jamaica correspondent's mission, was nearly the best of its kind that any one present can have heard. "Whether," said Oxenford, "Governor Eyre flogged the Jamaica women, or the Jamaica women flogged Governor Eyre, I don't know, and I don't care; but this of our friend, in the Latin Grammar words, I may say, '*In colummem te rediisse gaudeo.*'" A well-known figure at all these and other like haunts was that of the tall, athletic Henry Vizetelly, who survived his more volatile and romantic brother Frank, and who was a useful friend to me and countless other workers with the pen.

Tavern life, during the earlier sixties, was a real feature in journalistic London. This particular

region, roughly speaking, stretched from the "Cock" and the "Cheshire Cheese" on the east, to Air Street and Panton Street in the west. At the former of these occidental addresses Captain Mayne Reid, the boys' author, had a house of call where all business communications were addressed to him and where a special bin of sherry was reserved for his consumption. The prominent customers at Stone's in Panton Street were William Jerrold, the son of Douglas, accomplished in every department of journalism, for a long while editor of *Lloyd's Weekly News*, and a graceful critic; a pleasant talker in a sub-acid vein. With him was also his brother-in-law Sidney Blanchard, long a leader-writer for the *Standard*, and earlier in life Disraeli's private secretary, with a neat knack of facetiously antithetic hyperbole. The ornamental centre of this motley company was an ex-Indian civilian, Sir Henry (?) Anderson. At an earlier day he may have ruled provinces, prepared budgets, averted famines. In this, his life's evening, he divided his time between the Bohemia of the Haymarket resort, and the pomp of official entertainments at his own Hyde Park house. When Sidney Blanchard, some time later, was starting for India, to edit a Bombay paper, J. P. Steele, in his sonorous way at a farewell dinner expressed the hope that, "following Sir Henry

Anderson's example, the evening's guest would in a few years return and be the more famous Mæcenæ of a nobler Stone's!"

The quaintest specimen of London Bohemia whom I ever encountered was a certain Dr. G. L. M. Strauss, a German-Jew, of course, occasionally employed for translation purposes in newspaper offices, full of desultory scraps of knowledge, and in this way of educational service to many among the journalistic craft. He had written, too, a novel, *The Old Ledger*, soon after I came to town. The book, neither better nor worse than most novels, was attacked severely by the *Athenæum* for its alleged blunders in Latin. The Doctor brought an action, subpoenaed me as an Oxford graduate to give evidence in his favour. The trial actually began at the Kingston Assizes. I hung about the court waiting to go into the box. At the eleventh hour "a juror was withdrawn"; the action dropped, so that I could say of myself, as Horace did under closely similar circumstances, "*Sic me servavit Apollo!*"

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM PRESS TO POLITICS.

(1867—74.)

Unique position of the "Saturday Review" during the sixties. Its surviving influence on Parliament, society, and individual statesmen. Passing rivalry of the "London Review" under W. Barry's and another's skilful editorship. The old "Saturday's" Greenwich dinners. Great writers, and small contributors "below the salt." Rise of the "Pall Mall Gazette." Its hit with the amateur casual. Mrs. Bancroft's mot. Frederick Greenwood's notable contributors and his own great gifts. Lord Strangford, diplomatist and writer. Fitz-James Stephen as the soul of the "Saturday Review"; and in society. Disraeli's opinion of Greenwood. How the Suez Canal shares were purchased. Differences between the old and new journalism; Fleet Street a whispering gallery.

TILL, some score of years since, the *Spectator* was purchased by Messrs. Hutton and Townsend, the *Saturday Review* was without any serious rival. An idea of opposition animated of course the *London Review's* projectors. With the last-named sheet I had, towards the sixties' close, much to do. It was then issued from the same office as *Public Opinion* in Wellington Street. Its first editor known to me was an elderly little man, not unlike the late

Thornton Hunt, quick and skilful in discerning subjects or suggesting treatment, courteous and precise in all his dealings. To him there succeeded a young Irishman, William Barry, friend and contemporary of William Black, the novelist. This gentleman was divided between the claims of journalism on the one hand, of fashion and sport on the other. But he knew his business, and followed closely the example of Douglas Cook, by whom, I suspect, he must have been trained.

Once a year, at the Trafalgar tavern, Greenwich, Mr. Beresford Hope and Douglas Cook entertained at dinner not only all their staff, but everyone who within the past twelvemonth had written an article in their journal. Ladies, so far as I know, were excluded; for though once or twice as a nameless item I assisted at this banquet, I never beheld any variation upon masculine attire among those present. Every barrister, Oxford tutor, Rugby master, or country clergyman who had recently had an article accepted attended this function. The guests, therefore, were miscellaneous, and the invitation not a distinguishing favour. On the few occasions I was there, I never missed seeing the late Mr. T. C. Sandars, *Justinian's* editor, Fitz-James Stephen, W. Vernon-Harcourt, if I mistake not, Professor

Albert Dicey, and I am quite certain Professor Neville Storey Maskelyne. The more famous diners sat together, kept to themselves, and from the height of their superiority looked upon the miscellaneous guests sitting, morally, "below the salt." The two hosts had good reason to be proud of their company, the absent even more than the present. Dickens has impressed his work on popular journalism more visibly than any other great writer; so the *Saturday Review*, as Cook and his confederates created it, has exercised an influence, not only on newspapers, but upon society and politics, which still survives.

In all his parliamentary speeches, even in some passages of his *Warren Hastings* masterpiece, it was justly said of Sheridan that the *School for Scandal's* author stood revealed. If Francis did not write *The Junius Letters*, he succeeded surprisingly in introducing touches suggestive of their author into his St. Stephen's harangues. Analogously, one may remark that Lord Salisbury, Cook's "crack" contributor, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, each scarcely less illustrious members of the same body, to this day, alike in their orations and despatches, perpetuate the *Saturday Reviewer's* style. The frequent, sometimes forced antithesis, the tendency to strain at paradox, the pungent flavouring, the bitter-

sweet humour, the besetting note of caustic irony dear to the educated. These qualities, which, during the last three decades, have tinged social conversation at large, were first cultivated systematically by writers for the *Saturday Review*. At this epoch the editor's authority ruled every paragraph, directly disciplined or indirectly inspired nearly every phrase. Nothing would have horrified Douglas Cook more than the idea of giving his contributors a free hand. "Once," he remarked in his homely way, "let newspaper articles declare their authorship on their faces, and the London press will become the happy hunting-ground of every jackass that can bray, of every quack who wishes to advertise his name, or sling his venom." If Cook found certain contributions troublesome to revise, their author was cold-shouldered and gradually dropped. But some correction from his pen all the compositions that he published received. "This Review," he said once, "is an organ of opinion, not a mountebank's platform." Unceremoniously as this principle was expressed by the astute Aberdonian, its practical acceptance was pretty general with the conductors of the London press throughout the sixties. The idiosyncrasies of study or style, the specialities of research, the happy peculiarities of humour which newspaper writers on the daily or weekly press are

now encouraged to display at their own sweet will as they amble with humorous dignity through their allotted columns are the innovations, it may be the improvements, of the new journalism. They found no place whatever in the old, would assuredly not have commended themselves either to Delane or Cook. Any attempt of the kind would have been eliminated from the proof-sheets in which it was detected.

No better authority on the publicism of the past and present epoch is extant to-day than my old friend and long erewhile chief, Frederick Greenwood. "We have," he writes to me, *à propos* of changes recently witnessed in Fleet Street's economy, "to remember that in the days you speak of journalism was much more an anonymous business than it is now. Nobody asked about the names of editors or writers. All sorts of good work was done by all sorts of good workmen that had no record, and for which there was to be no memory. You speak of Scott as a *Saturday Reviewer*. I have heard scores speak of Venables, Sandars, Harcourt, Stephen, and Maine, but never heard of Scott. Yet he was as effective a hand as any of them; if not so considerable a man as some in a general way." These words will be admitted by every one possessing a working knowledge of the press to be absolutely

true. Amongst other things, the newspaper writer habitually if unconsciously practised when abroad the reserve with which, in *Pendennis*, "George Warrington" admits his connection with "the mighty engine which has her travellers on every highway, her correspondents in every capital, her ambassadors at every court; that makes and un-makes Ministers, deposes or crowns Kings." All this has been changed. The fashionable type of modern publicist is not the taciturnly "stunning" chamber mate of "Arthur Pendennis," but the femininely prattling "Percy Popjoy."

Till this year, just three decades, that is, after the event, I have never mentioned my old connection, slight as it was, with the Southampton Street hebdomadal. In those days I had not many acquaintances on that or any other paper. It so chanced, however, that I frequently encountered in Cook's Albany vestibule a *Saturday Reviewer*, whose name I subsequently discovered to be Oliver (?) Lathbury. Him I did once meet about this period at a social gathering. Something like an expression of conscious guiltiness came over his face as I looked at him and he appeared to recognise me. It was as if he would have said: "Don't let us betray each other's secrets!" To-day two writers for the same paper, confronting each other at a strange table, would

probably "talk shop" throughout the meal, and for the company's edification discuss their fellow-contributors from the great, but uncrowned, laureate, the idol of a clique, to the master-colourist of the prose pen, a pedestrian Pindar. As a very young man in the late sixties, I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. J. T. Delane at his little house in Serjeant's Inn. The only other guests, to the best of my remembrance, were my subsequent friends, William Howard Russell and Antonio Gallenga. These two men had then won the very highest honours in journalism. Not a word was said by them of their Printing House Square employments. In these latter years, when a leader-writer dines out before he goes to his newspaper office, he seems to be disappointed should the hostess not direct conversation to his electrification of the world on the broadsheet to which he is attached. If, thirty years ago, no one knew who the really considerable writers in the press were, the reason is that professional etiquette did not allow the journalists, when abroad, to divulge the secrets of the prison house.

All this has been changed. As regards the daily, still more the weekly press, the periodical is transformed from an organ into a platform, that any smart writer with an affix to his name, with a grudge to gratify, a fad to ventilate, or an

axe to grind, is invited to ascend. The professional writer regularly retained on the staff is harassed by these rivals, who perhaps appropriate his ideas. In consequence the anonymity of the press survives only in theory. Fleet Street, once a literary highway, has become a whispering gallery. Its superior ornaments now take very good care to acquaint the eight o'clock diners and five o'clock tea-drinkers throughout South Kensington with those particular products of their genius that adorn the broadsheet to which they are attached. If they are charged by some Laura Matilda of their acquaintance with having "written the whole newspaper," there is more of admission than of repudiation in the pretty air of coquetry with which they disclaim the soft impeachment. The shrinking scholar who a year ago was lecturing on the *Symposium* to his upper school favourites, but who is to-day a pervading genius of the press, blushes guiltily behind his sunflower when Postlethwaite rallies him in Mrs. Maudle's drawing-room on having scarified Lord Tom Noddy's detractor in the *Scorpion*; on having penned "the noble prose poem" descriptive of Margate Sands, which astounds the *Pioneer's* Nonconformist readers; on having shown conclusively in the *Cynosure* Mr. Swinburne to be an impostor, but the journalist and

his College *umbra* to be the true bards of the future. If, in addition to this, the gifted Universalist is playfully remonstrated with at dinner for having entirely annihilated "poor Mr. Gladstone" in the *Scourge*, or having discovered a fresh divinity in the *Comet*, the gifted creature, vainly trying to conceal his blushes behind his *pince-nez*, can only lament that there is "such a cruel run" upon his all-describing, all-conquering pen. These are the gentlemen who now bewail the impertinent violations of journalistic secrecy committed in those portions of the new journalism which their own pen has not quite annexed.

Those who, in the sixties, found themselves at the same dinner-table as George Dasent, Robert Lowe, then his daily contributor, George Brodrick, Louis J. Jennings, Leonard Courtney, would have listened in vain for newspaper talk, for incessant cackle about "copy" and proof-sheets, "long primer," "small pica," "bourgeois," and other kindred topics. The men of whom I speak, and whom it was once the fashion to consider distinguished, never dropped a hint of their vocation, still less insinuated how they were about to "slate" Slumley, or how the world would shortly be dazzled by the greatest leader ever written on the gutter-snipe question. The truth is that in other days

men did good work, and neither thought nor talked about its excellence. The compositions given to the world to-day are probably quite as meritorious; while if they are not, the defect is more than compensated by superabundance of self-advertisement.

In my career's early days, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under Frederick Greenwood, was still a comparatively new growth. That paper marks, for many reasons, an epoch in journalism. The miscellaneous article of sensation first saw the light in its columns; was, in this instance, contributed by the editor's brother, Mr. James Greenwood, who, long known to the craft as a capable workman, then first found himself famous as the amateur casual. His disclosures in that capacity provoked a movement for further workhouse reform, recalling the ameliorations for which *Oliver Twist* had earlier paved the way. Incidentally, too, the *Pall Mall*'s "tramp" inspired the witty lady, now Mrs. Bancroft, with an unmeant *mot*. When it had been mentioned in her presence that a contributor to the *Pall Mall* had passed his night in a workhouse, her innocently enquiring comment was, "Poor fellow! Do they pay their contributors so badly as all that?" To the brothers Greenwood there thus belongs the distinction of having set the fashion for a literary commodity

which has since been found indispensable for every ambitious broadsheet. The great *coup* that this newspaper was to make under its first and greatest editor came about many years later. Trained under Thackeray, Frederick Greenwood saw in his evening print the legitimate opportunities afforded by the translation into reality of the paper for which "Pendennis" wrote.

Disraeli was not personally, at any time of his life, enamoured of journalists. He had some favourites amongst them, such as Alfred Austin, and him of whom I have just spoken, to whose merits he testified in these characteristic words: "Whenever I am reading one of Greenwood's articles, I feel myself in the grip of a statesman." The fact is, in addition to his natural ability and rare experience, Greenwood possessed the advantage of numbering among his contributors some of the time's most powerful intellects. Such was the late Lord Strangford, brother of the George Smythe who figures prominently in *Coningsby*, to reappear as "Waldershare" in *Endymion*. This Lord Strangford, a born philologist, had been attached for some time to the Constantinople Embassy. There he had acquired a thorough mastery of the Eastern question in most of its branches; had also first made the acquaintance of the singularly gifted lady,

Miss Beaufort, who subsequently became his wife and intellectual helper. Lord Strangford's manner was cold, rather finnickish, suggestive, almost more, of the University don than the scientific diplomatist or practised man of the world. But he had few rivals within his own department, whether as thinker or writer.

Incomparably the two ablest men in this line I have ever met were the late Laurence Oliphant and the late Ralph Earle. Both on all subjects of the kind would have acknowledged Strangford as their master. His contributions to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its earliest days produced the same sort of brilliant, immediate, and widely-sensible effect which, I have it from Greenwood himself, always followed the publication of a literary article by James Hannay. Nor was Strangford's fellow-contributor, Fitz-James Stephen, a whit less remarkable either in his work itself, or in the impressions he produced on those with whom he was brought into contact. Stephen's manner was not conciliatory. He seldom concealed his contempt for feebleness of thought and talk. His conviction that the world was administered by Providence on the stern principles of an unbending morality made him take severe, often unamiable, views of character and life. But he could be courteous and even kindly to

those whose acquaintance he really desired to make. At his own house he was a polite host, liking to make his guests at their ease. In society which pleased him, such as that he met beneath the roof of his friend Mr., now Sir, Mount Stuart Grant Duff, he showed himself invariably courteous and amiable. No one could have remained in his company long without receiving an impression of Fitz-James Stephen's intellectual superiority to the bulk of mankind. When he was legal member of the Indian Council, I have heard from a high official, Sir William Egerton, of the North - Western Provinces, that Stephen fairly dazzled or overwhelmed the exceedingly able *coteries* among whom he was thrown, by a sense of his own transcendant powers. Yet during his stay in our Asiatic Empire, the glamour cast over the great jurist by the brilliance of the Viceroy's, Lord Lytton's, gifts was at least comparable with the effect which Stephen himself produced upon others. When, therefore, the lawyer returned to England, it was as the Viceregal proselyte, the literary advocate of the glittering views on Imperial policy held by Disraeli and his favourite Anglo-Indian officials.

As a journalist, Fitz-James Stephen did not only help to make the *Saturday Review*. He was the

Saturday Review. His views of life set forth in casual conversation, if they could have been correctly reported, would have run naturally into *Saturday Review* articles. The most characteristic effusions of Cook's best contributors on ethical or serious social themes were the echoes of Stephen's mind, bodying themselves forth in articulate expression. The gifted lady happily still survives to whom pertains the honour of having penned the *Girl of the Period*, that real progenitress of a later day's "New Woman." Mrs. Lynn Linton would no doubt admit Sir James Stephen to have been the schoolmaster who led her into her present paths of scientific and literary righteousness.

Thus, for more reasons than one, the *Saturday Review* indicates the point of transition on the part of press into the politics of practical life.

CHAPTER XV.

POLITICS AND PRESS (1865—74).

First introduction to politics. Lord Palmerston at his Treasury office in 1865. Confuses the nephew with his uncle. His views on handwriting, his method of work and life. Public interest divided between "Pam" and Mr. Gladstone. General grief at his death shown in the London streets. First experiences of Conservatism. Successor to Arthur à Beckett at the "Glow-worm" office; the "Glow-worm's" staff. Its sporting proprietor, Captain Batchelor. No money in the till, strange oaths at the counter. Amusing but abortive negotiations to sell the paper. Colonel Taylor at the Treasury and others. The "Worm's" end. Early days at the "Standard" office. Personal reminiscences of the Marquis of Hastings, and his death. Sport and press. Tom Hamber's pen-and-ink portrait. His many good qualities; his abrupt departure from Shoe Lane.

WHEN in 1865 my working experiences of politics and press began, London, like I suppose England generally, found its attention divided between two subjects—Lord Palmerston's past, and Mr. Gladstone's future. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had just lost his seat for Oxford; had but yesterday "come unmuzzled" amongst the South Lancashire electors. The national favourite, the jaunty Premier, was never seen, nor heard by me in the House of Commons. But I

could form some idea of his parliamentary manner from the only occasion on which I ever beheld him in private. That meeting happened in this wise. My kinsman, my father's first cousin, the late Samuel Trehawke Kekewich, was then one of the Devonshire Members. He had been in earlier manhood a noticeably fine and handsome figure. He was now the very ideal of a highly bred, kindly hearted, rather brusque-mannered country gentleman. His face and eyes presented all those attributes that his Christian name seemed onomopœically to suggest. Like many Western squires, he seldom stayed in town beyond the parliamentary session. Then he practically lived at the old University Club in Suffolk Street, with a bedroom a few doors off.

Walking with him one day, shortly after I had settled in London, we passed Downing Street. Here he had some business with Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, kept in by Conservative votes. "If," good-naturedly said my relative, "you come with me, I will tell him who you are. He knew your uncle very well." When we entered the Treasury chamber, the great man was engaged in conversation with a private secretary, to whom he was grumbling about his own or somebody else's handwriting, satirically, I think, remarking

that "cypher need only be used in confidential communications." For a moment the Premier absently looked at me, with the remark, "You are much younger than when I saw you last." He had, of course, a dim memory of my uncle, and not any knowledge of, or interest in, my identity. None the less, the incident was an experience. It showed me the statesman in his habitual aspect, enabling me to understand why *Punch* always depicted him with a straw in his mouth. While he chatted a little with a genially abstracted manner, he chewed assiduously, with great apparent satisfaction, first one toothpick, then another. He stood at his desk nearly the whole time. His ink-bottle was placed on a separate pedestal a few steps off, in order, as I suppose, that the old gentleman might exercise his limbs between his pen's different dips. His general air of youthfulness was extraordinary. His countenance and colour were the perfection of health.

All these gifts were, I believe, attributed by him to extreme care in diet, especially to a particularly dry sherry which was the only beverage he ever sipped. It was not my fate to see this remarkable man again. Almost as soon as I had got actively to work, when the autumn was just setting in, the whole town was in mourning for his death. The cabmen and cadgers of Westminster presented

a specially funereal appearance as to their costume. Lord Palmerston was, I think, about the last of the great gentlemen who, following "the Duke's" example, habitually rode on horseback, often unattended, through the Metropolitan streets. Many loafers, young and old, in the parliamentary precinct, were on the look-out for some small coin from him. All these, like the cabmen on and off the rank, reflected in their costume their grief at his death. Nor, perhaps, has any more spontaneous tribute of humble woe since been shown in every quarter of the great city.

Though it was about this time that my connection with the *Standard* as a leader-writer began, I had not, till several years later, an opportunity of becoming practically acquainted with the men who make or direct politics, as well as with the agencies which sometimes control them behind the scenes. During the later sixties, the titular controller-in-chief of the great Conservative newspaper was Thomas Hamber. He is one of the many good friends whom I made on the pleasant premises of that stronghold of Bohemian London, the Arundel Club in Salisbury Street. Here, as at other social resorts like his more political house of call, the Junior Carlton, my early editor found time to take his pleasure amid the intervals of professional cares.

About this period the Shoe Lane journal, after one or two proprietorial vicissitudes, had passed into the ownership of James Johnstone. Ashley, Maxwell, one or two more, were the names of some who previously possessed an interest in the paper. Mr. Johnstone had known professionally Mr. Hamber's father. Hence that gentleman's succession to the chair formerly filled by Gifford or Maginn. Educated at Oriel, Thomas Hamber subsequently joined, during the Crimean War, the Swiss Legion; not, as was sometimes said, the Bashi Bazouks. Whatever his services in the field may or may not have been, they had given him the titular rank of captain, and had invested him with a bluff, genial, military manner, which he has, I think, never lost.

Before giving any sketch of the *Standard's* internal economy at this epoch, a few glances at a yet earlier and droller introduction to Conservative journalism may have a personal interest for some readers. At the Savage Club I had made the acquaintance of one whom I have now agreeably known ever since I have known London itself. No more versatile journalist gifted with a keener faculty of humour has of late lived than Arthur à Beckett, the youngest son of a noticeable family. He had, I think, been nursed in proof-sheets and himself manufactured

“comic copy” at the age when other children are playing with their Noah’s arks. The venture where-with he was associated when I first knew him was a sheet probably forgotten to-day, which first introduced to the London press features that have since made their imitators’ fame and fortunes. The *Glow-worm* only needed better business management and a more wisely lavish expenditure to anticipate the prosperity, as it foreshadowed not a few of the attractions, which belong to the penny evening newspapers in their existing shape. Among the *Glow-worm*’s ornaments were, or had been, Frank C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*, Corney Grain, then barrister, not yet entertainer, the charming vocalist and accomplished musician, James L. Molloy, Alfred Austin, and, the now Sir, Douglas Straight. Gradually the *Glow-worm*’s editor found an irresistible attraction in exclusively humorous journalism. He started, and won more than a success of esteem for, the *Tomahawk*; also, a little later, the *Britannia Magazine*, from whose back numbers many good things might be disinterred.

Meanwhile, he had secured for me the reversion of his editorial chair in the *Strand*. This, if for no other reason than the diverting experiences involved, it was well worth my while to assume. The print’s proprietor was Captain Sam Batchelor, formidable

for his whist, a familiar figure on the turf. Not without native shrewdness, but with no turn either for letters or politics, he aimed first at extracting enough silver and gold from the *Glow-worm's* till to supply him with the means requisite for his afternoon's ventures in the "Temple of Trumps." If the cards ran well, he might condescend to recoup his trembling cashier. He was a big man with a loud manner. His anathemas, delivered in tempestuous tones during his forays upon the counter, struck terror into the whole establishment, which always knew by the vehemence of the language when fortune frowned, or when exceptionally many writs were out against the gallant Captain. Imprisonment for debt then existed; the *Glow-worm's* proprietor passed his life barricaded against bailiffs in a state of perpetual siege at Eccleston Square. When I repaired thither to interview him, I was admitted with great caution only by a back door through a maze of mews. My editorial duties were far the lightest part of my work. My chief and far more arduous business was the vain attempt to find a capitalist who would put money into the concern, or, better still, buy it out and out, to give its gallant owner relief from the legal missives on blue foolscap which for ever rained upon his cashless person. He was perpetually engaged in drafting schemes for a

company that he hoped would float his broadsheet. Equipped with these as my credentials, I passed many hours going to and fro between the Strand, where, on the present Vaudeville's site, the offices stood, and Westminster.

Colonel Taylor was then powerful at the Treasury in Whitehall. The Conservative party's practical management was divided between him, Lord Nevill and Mr. Markham Spofforth. Colonel Taylor, as I recollect him, seemed a courteous, shrewd, humorous, heavily-bearded Irish sportsman. He evidently regarded the "*Worm*" and all its affairs as a huge joke, telling me more than once that I had better go back to Oxford. Mr. Markham Spofforth treated the matter a little less facetiously. But no practical results, satisfactory to my gallant but impecunious principal, came from these mediatorial duties. Not a sixpence from the Carlton or Treasury coffers augmented the *Glow-worm's* slender capital. Though newspapers have nearly as many lives as a cat, the paper's vitality was at last exhausted. Poor Sidney Blanchard, one of my staff, complained that when contributors' pay-day arrived, "the eel, compared with your cashier, is an adhesive reptile." Theatrical and music-hall advertisements fell off; Captain Batchelor swore more violently than ever, and when there was no

squeezing blood out of deal boards, hawked the paper's "plant" about the highways and byways. The classical J. P. Steele, who, like James Hannay, T. E. Kebbel, Sir Henry Hicks - Hocking, to-day Jamaica's Chief Justice, Sir Baldwyn Leighton, most chivalrous and kind of my early friends and staff, endeavoured to interest Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and others in the struggling sheet. But all these repeated efforts were fruitless. Soon after, I had been able to make other arrangements for myself, the "*Worm*" was bought by the late S. O. Beeton for an old song. By him it was, under his literary editor, Frederick Young, a thoroughly good working man of letters, carried on upon various political platforms, till, towards the sixties' close, it expired.

When, in his Shoe Lane sanctum, there took place my opening interview with the *Standard's* then editor, the first of several whom I have known, Tom Hamber was seated at his table, with his friend and manager D. Morier Evans opposite him. The paper's evening edition announced the death of the ill-starred Marquis of Hastings. "There," said Hamber, "is a good subject for a young Oxford man like you." It so happened that two or three times since I had left the University, I had run against the unfortunate young nobleman who had been my contemporary there. Once, while I called at Long's Hotel upon some

person else in that military caravanserai, there stood the Marquis refreshing himself at the bar. When he put down two silver coins in payment for his draught and was asked for more, with a resolution I had not expected, he said: "My price for a big drink is eighteen pence, and if I've done nothing more, they can write on my tombstone, 'He brought down the price of brandies and sodas at Long's'!" A second occasion must have been on the Brighton Grand Hotel's steps. He seemed rather low. Possibly some one suggested the foaming beaker, which he liked. "Thanks!" was the reply; "but I've had five within the last half hour, and I don't feel a bit better." Before this, even, the hand of Death was visibly on the young man who had "lived every one of his 'short days'" since he took his place in the Eton lower fourth.

The "smash" probably began in 1867 when Mr. Henry Chaplin simultaneously won the Derby with Hermit, who, having broken a blood-vessel, started at 1000 to 15, and a large sum from his rival, "the young Lochinvar," as the *Daily Telegraph* had christened him. Nor had Lord Hastings found in Mr. Henry Padwick as useful a friend as Mr. Disraeli before him had done. The 1868 Epsom meeting is famous in history. The facts, I believe, were these: Lord Hastings had expected to carry off the blue

ribbon with Lady Elizabeth. But that mare had been done to death as a two-year-old, and was nowhere. He had, however, a second horse for the race, The Earl, which it was believed could have won easily. Mr. Padwick did not allow The Earl to run. The prize was carried off by the second favourite, Blue Gown. Whatever the exact circumstances were, the scandal caused by the whole transaction was great. Yet one more glimpse of this unhappy turfite. His graceful wife was driving him in her little pony-carriage somewhere near the Ascot course. A hulking book-maker, with a bloated face and familiar manner, came up to him and noted down a wagering transaction. "Mind, my lord," said the fellow, in brutally offensive tones, "I shall expect this bet to be paid." These facts were no doubt introduced into that early leader which I wrote for the *Standard* and which proved the precursor of scores of others, since contributed during nearly three decades.

It was easy to discover Captain Hamber's editorial imperfections when, in the early seventies, his proprietor, Mr. Johnstone, had broken with him, and new powers ruled in Shoe Lane. He had, however, some rare qualifications for the office which he filled during a decade and a half. Educated, after leaving Oxford, at a German University, and also in France, he was a really good linguist, and could

conduct idiomatic correspondence with continental publicists or politicians upon critical questions.¹¹ Not himself probably without foreign blood, he was favourably regarded by Mr. Disraeli. On the Isis, his contemporaries had been Mr. Ward Hunt, Mr. Goschen, of his own College, Lord Robert Cecil at Christ Church. The last wrote on foreign policy regularly in the *Standard* during Hamber's earlier management. The traditions of Lord Salisbury's journalistic excellence lived in Shoe Lane long after he had left the paper. Socially, Hamber was uniformly agreeable, sometimes brilliant. He had a large fund of fresh anecdotes which he told with mordant humour and in which he never repeated himself. He carolled forth French comic songs in a way worthy of "Becky Sharp" herself when "Jos Sedley" surprises her at the musical entertainment *au cinquième* with the French students. In a word, Tom Hamber was delightful company, and would have been an ornament to any military mess in the land. His animal spirits and physical courage missed few opportunities of asserting themselves.

At one time the party leaders at Westminster pressed on Mr. Johnstone, as political Adlatus to Hamber, an official person nominated by them. Early and exclusive news was the inducement offered for abjectly more faithfully reflecting party views. "By

all means," said Hamber, "let them send you their nominee; but if he comes near my desk, I shall give him a hint to go down those stairs." The man was quite equal, as Mr. Johnstone knew, to the execution of his threat.

One instance of Tom Hamber's short way with aggressors I myself beheld. He had driven down with Mrs. Hamber to the office, leaving her in the cab for a few minutes to complete his business inside. While he was away, the driver addressed her in tones she did not like. "Tom," she said, when her husband reappeared, "this man has spoken impertinently." "Get down from your perch at once," said the journalist to the Jehu. The man, with a coarse oath, descended. Hamber boxed first one ear, then the other. When the driver squared up to him the Tory organ's militant chief scientifically slipped a right and left into his opponent, polishing him off very neatly. So, I have heard from others who saw it, he annihilated an abusive bargee at Henley some three decades antecedently.

If intrepidity and good fellowship were an editor's essential qualifications, Hamber would have been an ideal man for his post. When, however, a journalist, being centurion-like, "under authority," wishes to exercise power, the condition is that he must keep himself in the background. Captain

Hamber permitted his very noticeable personality to be felt and seen to a degree inexpedient for the newspaper under our anonymous system, and therefore naturally resented by so practical a person as the late James Johnstone. Whatever the overt plea may have been, a day came in the autumn of, I think, 1873, when Mr. Johnstone's man of business intimated to Captain Hamber at his Chiswick house that he was no longer editor of the *Standard*.

CHAPTER XVI.

PAPERS WHICH HAVE PASSED.

The "Reader" as a rival to the "Athenæum." Its 1865 editor, T. Bendysshé. His advanced views in Church and State. Supports J. S. Mill for Westminster, and so leaves the Conservative Club, not before he has read all its library. Buys and edits the "Reader." The editor's room; his tea-kettle and cats. The "Reader's" staff—Joseph Knight, T. Purnell; its manager, James Bohn. Futile quest for profitable features; failure of publishers' support. "Johnson's Dictionary" reviewed as a new book. The great lexicographer patted on the back. Aggressive agnosticism of "A Suicide's Letters;" an Evangelical printer stops the paper. The "Standard" staff when Hamher left the paper. "Tours de force" in journalism; Alfred Austin, G. A. Sala. How the "Hour" lived from hand to mouth. Capital fails; frequent whips. Loyal friends. The Evangelical committee, and the cock-fighting editor.

THE *Glow-worm* is not the only print, serving as a kind of milestone in my experiences, that has been laid to rest. A weekly organ of literary criticism wherewith, just before the seventies began, I had much pleasantly and profitably for myself to do, the *Reader*, was one of the many rivals that the *Athenæum's* success has periodically called into existence. Mr. T. Bendysshé, a Fellow of King's, Cambridge, had settled recently in a lodging close

to the Conservative Club with some idea of entering political life. His advanced views on all subjects did not quite suit the West End temple of constitutional orthodoxy on whose books he had enrolled himself. He brought his offences to a head by voting for John Stuart Mill at the Westminster election. The committee decided he had ceased *ipso facto* to be a member of the establishment. But before this, "I had," he grimly observed, "read every volume in the library, so that my subscription was not quite thrown away." Practical statesmanship ceasing to attract him, Mr. Bendyshe directed his great abilities and encyclopædic study to literary journalism, and purchased the periodical named above. A not unkindly person, of gentle birth, as well as liberal culture, he succeeded in presenting aggressively destructive views, social, religious, political, in their least alluring guise. A persistent snuff-taker, he scattered the pungent dust over all things and persons within his reach. He suffered from the special malady of philosophers, as gout is that of statesmen, dyspepsia. In his editorial room, a kettle during the hottest weather ever simmered on the hob to replenish his favourite teapot. One cat lay coiled round his neck; another playfully gambolled over his proof-sheets or bathed its paws in his inkpot. He did, however, much

good work himself, was the cause of not a little meritorious industry in others, and with more business tact might have made his paper an enduring success.

When I first became attached to the *Reader*, whose office was in Tavistock Street, the premises, I fancy, since occupied by *Vanity Fair*, Mr. Bendysse's staff's chief members were Thomas Purnell and Joseph Knight, to the latter of whom alone I was indebted for this new opening. Various articles upon educational handbooks, that my own experiences as a teacher in some degree qualified me to write, were well received. The *Reader's* publisher, James Bohn, was one of the famous Bohn Brothers, an amiable old gentleman with a silky manner, not perhaps quite devoid of harmless craft. Subsequently he became connected with the Messrs. Virtue in the City Road, and on his introduction, I edited *Juvenal and Persius* for schools. This book was welcomed by many head-masters, among them Dr. Haig Brown, of Charter House, who was good enough to adopt it in his own school, and lose no opportunity of recommending it.

The *Reader* did not meet from the booksellers the support that it might perhaps have expected. Certain experiences not unlike those in connection with the *Glow-worm*, of which I have already

spoken, again fell to my lot. In the endeavours to ascertain whether any special articles would be likely to improve its position with "the trade," I made the acquaintance of, I think, all the publishers in the W.C. district, beginning with my early friend Mr. Alexander Macmillan. Less than was hoped came of this mission. One or two untoward incidents happened to the paper about the same time. In Mr. Bendysshé's absence, a sub-editor, anxious to show his smartness, dealt with a cheap reprint of *Johnson's Dictionary* on the assumption of its being a new book by an unknown writer. He was particularly severe on the "high falutin" style of its preface, but condescendingly recognised certain elements of promise amid the portentous verbiage, and charitably told the writer that if he would not confuse fine words for great thoughts he might still hope to turn an honest penny with his pen. As if to efface the memory of this ludicrous *contretemps*, Mr. Bendysshé printed a very heterodox serial from his own pen, entitled, I think, *Letters of a Suicide*. As the epistles went on they became worse. One of the partners in the firm which printed the paper was a devout Evangelical. Accidentally he caught sight of Mr. Bendysshé's proofs; at once countermanded the sheet's publication, the result being that the paper abruptly stopped.

Meanwhile, Arthur à Beckett, with the help of a limited capitalist named Hudson, had started the *Tomahawk*. The gentleman who found the money had himself a literary turn, and when not engaged in financial transactions at his Waterloo Place office often launched ventures of his own. A short man, with ruddy face, curly black hair, manifestly Oriental descent, Mr. Hudson seemed to live in an atmosphere of proof-sheets and bill stamps.

He was a person of prompt initiative. Having one day ascertained the London cabmen to be without direct representation in the press, he at once resolved to supply them with an organ of their own. Calling upon him that evening at his private house, I found him working away alternately at pen and ink, paste and scissors. The next day a little sheet, the *Whip*, was in the hands of several Hansom and four-wheel drivers within the four-mile radius.

The *Tomahawk* really occupied a historic position in London journalism. It was to some extent an imitation of the *Owl*, which under Algernon Borthwick and Lawrence Oliphant had a little before won social as well as literary distinction. Its news columns, contributed chiefly by clerks and private secretaries in the Public Service, anticipated with their terse announcements the informatory columns

of the *World and Truth*; while there was a good deal more of real fun and of real literature in Arthur à Beckett's paper than many of its successors have succeeded in reproducing. Probably the most attractive features in the *Tomahawk* were, so long as they lasted, the clever cartoons executed by that gifted draughtsman Matt Morgan, then scene painter at Covent Garden, but always inspired by the weirdly original editor. The first picture represented "Beales, M.A." in Britannia's hands, about to receive a whipping for the Hyde Park Riots. At the last moment Mr. Secretary Walpole surrendered. So the cartoon was given with the hedging legend: "But for Walpole!" Subsequently there were more highly sensational illustrations. In one of these the Mexican experiment's victim, Maximilian, appeared to Napoleon III. as Banquo's ghost, the epigraph being: "Thou canst not say I did it." In yet another, the same victim of the Imperial policy was the Christian Martyr floating on the water. This was followed by the "Return from the Derby." The drag's driver was the Foul Fiend himself. The events that gave terrible point to the rather melodramatic composition were the Marquis of Hastings' smash in Hermit's deadly year. Among those who wrote regularly for the paper, meeting their editor weekly at his room in Palace Chambers,

St. James', were Frank Marshall, Frederick Clay, Thomas Gibson Bowles, the editor's brother, Albert à Beckett, now a high official at the War Office, and Alfred Thompson. This last gentleman had, together with several others, been one of the A.D.C.'s founders at Cambridge. Later, he had served in a dragoon regiment. Since then, he had improved his natural aptitude for art by systematic study in Paris, and returning to London, had drawn much and effectively for weekly papers, Tom Hood's *Fun* among them. He had, however, skill with his pen, not less than with his pencil, and had contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Greenwood a severe but very careful study of Mr. Bancroft's impersonations of the military swell, then a novelty on the stage. Sooner than seemed necessary, why I have forgotten, the *Tomahawk's* staff was disbanded. Its *ci-devant* members went their different ways, some of them into new ventures of their own; all of them, I think, the better for their co-operation under versatile, humorous, quaint, Arthur à Beckett.

Within a short time the *Mask* appeared under Alfred Thompson. Its tone was dominantly theatrical, for the stage was just now becoming really popular. Nor need Tenniel himself have disowned a cartoon called, I think, "Strolling

Players," wherein J. T. Delane and the leading members of the *Times*' staff were represented as actors dressing for their different parts in Printing House Square. T. G. Bowles, while writing leaders for the *Morning Post*, started *Vanity Fair*. Nothing better in their way has been done than "Jehu junior's" sententious summaries of public men and public questions in this, the precursor of all society papers. Nor can the *Tomahawk* have been a bad school for the pen even of this pungent and resourceful gentleman. If, therefore, the *dissecta membra* of the *Tomahawk* staff have been since cast to the four winds of heaven, its old editor, as he witnesses the successful perpetuation of the spirit animating his old corps, may complacently murmur to himself: "E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires." Many other prints to-day, especially the *Westminster Budget*, testify to the preservation of those forces with which the men I am now mentioning impregnated a certain section of the press. Not even the closer intercourse of late between periodical art and letters on this and on the other side of Dover's Straits would, apart from Arthur à Beckett's and his colleagues' influences, adequately explain the fresh turn given to journalism and illustration blocks.

When, about 1873, Captain Hamber ceased to

serve the *Standard*, his personal friend and office workfellow, D. Morier Evans, went with him. The preparatory knell of this departure may perhaps have been detected in the stoppage of the old *Morning Herald*, quite at the end of the sixties. From the year when the *Standard* became a penny morning paper the historic *Herald* had really ceased to have an independent existence. The news was the same in the penny and in the threepenny journal. The leading articles alone were different, while even those which the editor thought best suited for the staid audience of the threepenny broadsheet did duty afterwards in the penny afternoon print. The ostensible reason for the *Herald's* discontinuance was the concentration of Shoe Lane talent upon the cheaper and more youthful journal. The *Standard* staff was, and had for some years been, a very strong one. Alfred Austin had already distinguished himself in poetry by works which still live, grave or gay, satirical or sentimental; had more recently published in heroic couplets, *The Season*, as well as *My Satire and its Censors*. In prose, his very lively, if rather irreverent, letter to the editor of the *Saturday Review* had delighted many. In this, the proverbially gruff conductor was ironically addressed: "My dear Cook," on the ground that his sensitive and overflowing *bon hommie* would be

offended by a more formal style. In a graver tone, Alfred Austin's *Poetry of the Period* had commanded attention, and challenged criticism from its first appearance in *Temple Bar*. Good reason was there for Mr. Disraeli publicly to congratulate Austin on his having again demonstrated what Byron had shown before him,—that the prose writer can have no better training than the poet's school.

Percy Greg, son of William Rathbone Greg, combined some of his father's ability with other characteristics entirely his own. Horace St. John, nearly, or quite, the last surviving member of a journalistic family, retained, amid growing years and failing health, some of his pen's former fun and freshness. George Painter was not without humour in his composition, and was a trustworthy writer upon Church questions, or on the issues raised by denominational teaching in primary schools. H. E. Watts, as editor of the *Melbourne Argus*, and in the course of world-wide travels, had acquired varied minute, and not inaccurate, knowledge, which he could always focus effectively and express vigorously on any subject allotted to him. Here, too, the fact should be emphasised that those views of Colonial policy and Imperial Federation which, after he became Prime Minister, Disraeli espoused, were curiously like the echoes of innumerable

articles written by Watts under Hamber's editorship in the *Standard*. Especially the Imperial Customs' Bond advocated by the statesman at the Crystal Palace banquet on Whit-Monday, 1872, as Colonial self-government's patriotic pre-requisite, had been suggested verbally by this writer in the Shoe Lane journal. Together with Hamber and Watts, I chanced to be present upon this occasion. We were all sitting near the Conservative orator. When he declared in so many words for Imperial Confederation with a Customs' guarantee, Hamber, with natural exultation, said to Watts: "By Jove! That's our thunder." Disraeli overheard the too audible whisper, smiled, and a minute or two later, as I recollect, beckoned Hamber to come and sit beside him.

No newspaper ever boasted a more safe-footed publicist than Burton Blyth; unusually well read in the *minutiæ* of the century's domestic politics, as well as a regular student from the continental press and through other indigenous *media* of foreign politics, especially those of the German States. Finally, for all military questions, the *Standard* then had at its disposal the gifted and exact pens of the two brothers Brackenbury, Charles and Henry, as well as of Colonel W. W. Knollys, and occasionally John or Henry Hozier. The staff,

therefore, on which Alfred Austin had obtained a prominent place was one of more than usual distinction. The writer richly deserved the honour.

Various *tours de force* by different journalists have been witnessed during my press pilgrimage. At the time when the first leader I ever wrote appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on the dangers of the London streets, early in 1865, George Augustus Sala, with whom at that time I was unacquainted, seldom, I think, supplied daily less than two leaders to Peterborough Court, and probably without trouble could have accomplished much more were it not that the wisely liberal proprietors of that paper, whose literary adviser was then the ideally competent Thornton Hunt, have not often applied the spur to the willing horse. Some years later than this, the Boxing Day crowds were discussing three articles in that morning's *Daily Telegraph*, which some of them seemed nearly to have learnt by heart. These effusions were a leader, moralising on the Saturnalia; a headed article, describing the 26th of December observances witnessed by its writer from Paris to Peru; an account, critical, illustrative, expository, of the Countess of Guiccioli's *Memoirs of Byron*, then just out. In all some eight columns were occupied with matter, each line of which was readable, and likely to attract a fresh purchaser.

Every word of this had been penned by Mr. Sala, then an invalid staying with friends at Wandsworth. "It was," he said to a visitor at this retreat who found him on his couch, "my Christmas Day's work after the only Christmas Day dinner the doctor would let me touch,—a mutton chop, and a bowl of bread sauce." Side by side with this courageous feat may be placed one of Alfred Austin's achievements. It was in the long vacation's depths that Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's appalling calumny against the bard whom Heine called "the nineteenth century's greatest elemental force" first saw the light. With Alfred Austin, to read it was to begin to refute it. Within a few hours of the slander's promulgation, the journalist in his Kentish study had completed an answer to the American authoress, showing from internal evidence the moral impossibility of the charge, demonstrating by circumstantial testimony that would have satisfied any jury the practical absence even of a shadow of plausibility for the charge. Next morning the *Morning Herald* and the *Standard* gave, I think, ten columns to what was really a masterpiece of forensic, not less than literary, defence.

Thomas Hamber may well, therefore, have felt more than a business pang at his sudden separation from his *Standard* staff. With characteristic pluck,

he pulled himself up after the bad fall, shook himself together, and with D. Morier Evans fitted out a new venture upon journalism's vexed sea. The condition of things in Shoe Lane was then one of transition, and the historic newspaper was conducted by its proprietor's commissioners. The presiding power over its politics was the present Sir, then Mr., J. E. Gorst. The titular editor was Mr. James Johnstone the younger, but as in newspapers like other matters, power gravitates to the side of knowledge, the real editors were this gentleman's two advisers, Mr. Burton Blyth, and my old friend Mr. A. P. Sinnett, formerly the *Allahabad Pioneer's* conductor, and, esoteric Buddhism notwithstanding, a first-rate newspaper hand.

My own services seemed, under this provisional *régime*, superfluous in Shoe Lane. When, therefore, preparations for the *Hour*, under the Hamber-Evans duumvirate, were complete, I gladly accepted the opening, and with my own pen wrote the first leader which ever appeared in the new print, as well as probably the last, with several hundreds between. The Conservative *Day's* failure some few years earlier ought perhaps to have deterred the *Hour's* promoters from their experiment. But the new paper might have supplied a real want, while had it done so, the promised accessions of

capital which were alone needed would surely not have been wanting. Mr. Johnstone had been for years a close friend of Mansel, who, by '74, had become Dean of St. Paul's. Mr. Johnstone, junior, at Mansel's College, St. John's, had drunk deeply of Laudian orthodoxy alike in Church and State. Evangelical Anglicans complained bitterly of non-representation in the organ to which they naturally turned. The popularity of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* "Occasional Notes" and short informal studies of current events had warned newspaper managers of the public's weariness with the regulation three-paragraph leader, the conventional "three-decker" of journalism, as it might be called. Only a year before English and Irish Protestantism of the Orange hue had secured the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's University Bill in the House of Commons. Ostensibly the *Hour* was Evangelical Protestantism's organ. In this capacity it was, during the period of the Public Worship Bill, conducted by Hamber with great ability. But sufficient pains were not taken to secure the platform thus obtained; nor was adequate attention paid to the demands or humours, often, no doubt, unreasonable, of the *Hour's* Evangelical patrons on both sides of St. George's Channel.

Again, instead of great, if not exclusive, promi-

nence being given, as would have been wise, to the short paragraph, the traditional leader, of what I have called the "three-decker" kind, was perpetuated. Even thus, the *Hour* did not want encouragement or promise. No more genial manager than Mr. Evans ever handed contributor a cheque. But he was a man of over-sanguine temperament. The pecuniary basis on which the paper rested was from the first too narrow. Nor was it easy at a moment's notice to find the fresh supplies wanted to pay the daily printer's bill. Hamber possessed many of the qualities which mark a born leader of men, or half-a-dozen times his printers in the composing room at Clerkenwell where the paper was set up would have stopped short in their work, rent him in pieces, and abruptly discontinued the journal. The editor's personal friends, many of them far from being capitalists, rallied round him loyally. I remember to this day a gallant officer of Indian Horse, who had heard of our difficulties, after a good night at whist in the Junior, driving down in the small hours to the Clerkenwell office and producing a bag of notes and gold for Hamber to pay his men. Other subsidies more substantial were not wanting from time to time. John Bruce Norton, a retired Madras judge, living comfortably at Kilburn, placed his banker's balance at

his friend's disposal. General Cunningham, also an Anglo-Indian of great literary power, was equally open-handed with purse and pen at this hour of need. Subsequently, the efforts of J. Lowry Whittle commended the *Hour* to a Scotch capitalist and Protestant champion, Colonel Macdonald. His clerical henchman was a Scotch divine named Badenoch, a typical Presbyterian clergyman.

If only as a study of character, the meetings between the *Hour's* ultra-Evangelical proprietors and not in all cases equally Evangelical staff were highly entertaining. Captain Hamber inherited Wyndham's and other celebrities' tastes for cock-fighting. He sometimes, in his pocket, carried back to his house at Chiswick, game fowls which he had purchased in view of some coming match. The committee managing the paper's finances at this time met in the Council Room of the National Club, Whitehall. On such an occasion one of his belligerent birds escaped from Hamber's person, and strutting across the green-baize table, began to spur at the ruddy nose of the Scotch minister. The game-cock was instantly recaptured by its owner, but the incident, I fear, did not conduce to the newspaper's fortunes. Next to this, a Mr. McDougal, of Bath, financed the paper with a view to opposing and exposing Baron Albert Grant, of Erie and

Leicester Square fame. When, shortly afterwards, the *Hour* got into the hands of one of the press associations, its days were numbered. Much good work would be found in an excavated file of the defunct sheet. Mr. Spencer Walpole, whose *History* to-day ranks with Lord Stanhope's, the late Louis J. Jennings, the surviving E. D. J. Wilson, all occasionally contributed to the last rival in Conservative journalism by which the *Standard* will probably ever be confronted.

CHAPTER XVII.

LIONS AND LIONESSES IN THE SIXTIES AND SINCE.

A notable Royal Academy press day. First sight of George Eliot and G. H. Lewes. Adoration given to the novelist by the crowd and by celebrities present. George Eliot's weekly receptions in the N. W. district. Ceremonial homage of company. Mrs. Olliphant, the guest of Lawrence Lockhart at luncheon. Lady writers in New Burlington Street; Mrs. Riddell, Miss Florence Marryat, novelist, and "London Society's" editress. George Bentley's great tact shown in "Life of Lord Westbury," and dealings with Bethell family.

TOWARDS the sixties' close or the seventies' beginning, I can recall at the Royal Academy, not the so-called "private view" day, but that which has of late become much what the private view used to be—the first of the critics' or press inspections. In the portion of the room where I chanced to be, the objects of universal and reverent gaze were no *chef d'œuvre* by Millais or Leighton; only a gentleman and lady, neither of them longer young, both, I think, wearing glasses, each showing in their expression something of the facial similarity that years of mutual admiration are said to produce on human features. The lady's counte-

nance, like her companion's, was unusually elongated, with the same intellectual brow which he possessed. If, with all respect to an illustrious memory, it may be said, the lady, as she stalked to and fro where the crowd was thinnest, might have reminded one of the Cumæan Sibyl; while the visage's length almost suggested the head of an Arab steed advanced in years. Royal personages would not have been received with the respect that from the spectacléd spinsters, simpering curates, and double eye-glasséd savants, of which the company on these occasions is chiefly composed, followed or preceded this remarkable couple, wherever they went. The lady dropped a fragment of paper that may, I imagine, at one time have contained a sandwich. Quick as thought a Cambridge don, smooth shaven, ashen hued, darted forward, snatched up the precious relic, placed it in his pocket-book, pressed it adoringly to that part of his person where his heart may have been.

At a respectful distance there came behind, a short, sturdy, middle-aged beau, whom long after this I knew as Robert Browning. The poet stopped short, and in tones of confidential devotion said to a great painter by his side, "She" (meaning the lady) "has the nose of Dantè, the mouth of Savonarola, and the mind of Plato." Awe-stricken, the painter reprovingly rejoined, "Hush! She speaks!" Subse-

quently, through the introduction of the ever-kindly, and since his death universally abused, Edward Pigott, I was to enjoy the opportunity of presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Lewes, as George Eliot and her companion were called. They were living in a little house, not far from poor Pigott's bachelor tenement in the St. John's Wood district, which, at the time now spoken of, was for the most part perhaps more of a Cyprian, less of an artistic, region than it is to-day. The etiquette dominating the premises sacred to her who wrote *Adam Bede*, and to him who tried to popularise Comte, was overpoweringly severe. The Positivist himself, with an air of worshipping proprietorship, met his guests on the threshold, and with something between a nod and a sigh signified that here a hat might be left, there an umbrella deposited; or that yonder was a vase for receiving the votive flowers sacred to the goddess, which visitors often brought. Inside the chamber wherein SHE sat, a space was marked off, behind which the neophytes were not permitted to go. Initiated bystanders informed those resorting for the first time to the shrine, that only after probationary years could the rite of presentation, if ever, arrive. Pigott, the household's "tame cat," had of course long enjoyed this privilege. To a per centage of candidates it never came at all. Though they had

seen the Sibyl in her splendour, they were not permitted by her possessor to touch her garment's hem.

Business combined strangely with adoration in these high St. John's Wood functions. Competing publishers from Cornhill, Covent Garden, or the Modern Athens, bluntly, but successfully, insinuated themselves into the pious crowd. Philosophers, too, of the school whose High Priestess she was, there were. Mr. Beesly is likely to have been a not often absent votary. Darwin, before and after his apotheosis, worshipped in the same temple. Mr. Frederick Harrison, as well as the other distinguished remnants of the old *Westminster Review*, were not often to be missed; while a little later there might have been within the sacred enclosure, Mr. F. W. Myers, Mr. W. T. Stead, and other equally august pundits of psychical or Telepathic research. But as yet Mr. Myers was only known as a very distinguished Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, among his year's best classical scholars; writer of the most graceful essay on Virgil ever published in England. As for Mr. Oscar Browning, he was simply a very useful Eton master, if he had by this time taken his degree. Mr. John Morley had no doubt long since been admitted to the beatific vision in the St. John's Wood drawing-room; Mr. Tyndall may have weekly

worshipped before the same divinity. More than this, it may with some confidence be said that the last named gentleman did not do. It was not his philosophic conceptions which affected George Eliot's post-Bedian vocabulary, but her own sympathy with the physical research of her accomplished consort. Tyndall was a year or so younger than the authoress of *Romola*. Before his authority was established, Miss Evans's later style had been formed. As George Henry Lewes exchanged German mysticism for physical studies, so the lady's diction mingled the laboratory's *tropes* with its own picturesque and native imagery. By the time the authoress developed these later peculiarities, she was far beyond criticism's power to reclaim or correct.

Though Dickens was still alive, it would have been flat blasphemy to question her claim to be considered the first of English novelists. Even so sound and shrewd a literary judge as the late Mr. John Blackwood acquiesced in those verbal eccentricities of the novelist which in a less exalted writer he would have denounced as solecisms. Especially, I recollect on one occasion when *Daniel Deronda* appeared, did the great Scotch publisher maintain that the epithet "dynamic" as applied to a lady's expression of face was not only permissible but transcendentally appropriate. What, therefore,

may really surprise one is, less that George Eliot became confirmed in some verbal mannerisms, than that these were not many more than they actually were. Dickens, *à propos* of his name's recent mention, was, it should be said, not only George Eliot's literary admirer, but the first discoverer of her sex and actual identity. The former revealed itself to him in the description of "Hetty Sorrell" at her looking-glass. The latter was thus humorously intimated in a letter which I have seen from his daughter to Edmund Yates: "Papa declares *Adam Bede's* writer to be either Bradbury or Evans, and he doesn't think it's Bradbury."

Other mistresses with their pen in the domain of fiction had social vogue, or personal appreciation, before and since the St. John's Wood Eliot-Evans-Lewes *cultus*. The work done by the gifted lady who wrote *The Chronicles of Carlingford*, if it has not secured quite the same reverential reception, will probably be read, while George Eliot's works are studied. Mrs. Oliphant condescended to meet ordinary mortals as one of their own flesh and blood. When I knew him slightly, the clever writer of *Double and Quits*, *Mine and Thine*, etc., Lawrence Lockhart, had chambers in Arlington Street. Here Mrs. Oliphant would sometimes make one of a small luncheon party. It was a relief then to some to find

themselves, after prostration before the St. John's Wood Sibyl, in the company of one who wished to be no more than a bright, gracious, brave, and intelligent woman. Some years were to elapse before I was to make the acquaintance of a lady who, for the variety and finish of her achievements with her pen, had few rivals, and I think no superiors.

Mrs. Lynn Linton is the true precursor of the period's lady journalists. Under Douglas Cook, she wrote for the *Morning Chronicle* with the barbed delicacy of her own, with the punctuality and precision of the opposite, sex. No single article in my day ever produced the same effect as the *Girl of the Period* in the *Saturday Review*, of which a single publisher reprinted 40,000 copies, while the sixties were running their course. Within a few weeks of its appearance, bonnets, parasols, chignons, every variety of feminine bravery were called after this epoch-making essay. While I write, I hear that Mr. du Maurier's *Trilby* is proving, in latter-day parlance, a "boon" at that Hub of the universe, Boston. Such a sensation was not less anticipated by Mrs. Linton's paper, than was the "New Woman" herself. Henry Vizetelly, though well stricken in years, was then a dominating, very kindly and helpful figure in Strand or Fleet Street precincts. In less than three months he had started

a weekly print on much the same lines as the *Realm* of to-day, called the *Girl of the Period*. Additional piquancy was given to the journal's style by the fact that the publishing counter in the Catherine Street office was presided over by a prepossessing young woman, in whom the public was audaciously bidden to detect the fair original described by the *Saturday Reviewer*. Still Mrs. Linton did not seem to expect more homage than the amenities of polite wont prescribed for her sex. A little later, having acquired her local colour from visits to Cornwall, where Daniel Gomme's spirit still haunts the Bodmin moors, as well as from her Paris observations during the Commune, she electrified the town with *Joshua Davidson*. This work had deservedly no less sincere admirers than Miss Evans's Florentine masterpiece. Yet Mrs. Linton never, I think, posed as more than human ; was the frequent, as always the welcome, guest at Dr. and Mrs. Priestley's in Mayfair, or at Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lewis's in Portland Place. She even condescended to grace the hospitable board of Sir Bruce Seton in company with her exceedingly clever sister of the pen, Mrs. Hector.

Another lady novelist who figures during this epoch is Miss de la Ramée, better even yet known by her *nom de guerre* of "Ouida." This lady, with her excellent mother, had rooms in the Langham Hotel

when I was first honoured with an invitation to her Monday receptions. The card bore the inscription, "*Causeries intimes, cigarettes permises.*" Here, too, there was none of the quasi-religious ceremonial characterising the reunions of the *Middlemarch* divinity. Nor was the company exclusively literary in its *personnel*. Arthur à Beckett, then, as upon many other occasions and in many other places, my introducer, adequately represented working journalism. Sir Frederick Johnstone imparted to the company by his presence the same flavour of sport and society which animates the hostess's books. Mr. John Delacour supplied another needful element of fashion; Serjeant Ballantine, whom I have already at length described, who had not yet entered his decadence, passed the cigarettes untouched, but greatly enlivened us all with his *causeries* of bench and bar, judge and jury, circuit and court. A well-informed *litterateur*, Mr. Lionel Robinson, appeared to be in the secrets of all the publishers' parlours from Paternoster Row to Piccadilly. A very handsome elderly American, Frank Stone, connected, if I mistake not, with the well-known Paris bankers, Monro, had seen something of diplomacy, commerce, and society, in many latitudes, nor always confined himself within the limits of personal experience. Mr. James Molloy must have been another of the Langham

habitués. For when the novelist's "at home" was over, I was amiably hurried off to Spanish Place, where Archbishop Manning, not yet a Cardinal, received his faithful disciples long before his official residence at Westminster was built. I had never been in the presence before of a high Roman Catholic dignitary. Observing the mode was to touch with one's lips the Archiepiscopal digit, I made the lowest reverence as I paid my homage. Alas! nothing was sacred to my *cicerone*. As I bent myself double, Arthur à Beckett, in a whisper which the priest must have heard, most unsympathetically said, "Don't grovel any more!"

The premises of No. 8 New Burlington Street were not only of historic memory, but had in my days the social and literary interest of living actuality. Mr. Richard Bentley was, when I first knew it, still the head of the famous firm. His son, George Bentley, spoken of in those days as "young Mr. George," was that chief of his house who survived vigorously till well into the current nineties. This gentleman combined with his sound judgment, so far as concerns three-volume novels, a real interest in literature, a particular tact and skill in diagnosing or encouraging authoresses whose domain happened to be fiction. Mrs. Riddell, writer of *George Geith*, Miss Rhoda Broughton, were only

some among the clever women whom in his courtly, yet shrewd, way, George Bentley had discovered, even perhaps started on their career. A special instance may be given of this gentleman's combined adroitness and amiability. In 1885, I think, he was announced to publish a *Life of Lord Westbury* by a Mr. Nash. The great Chancellor's two surviving children, Mr. Slingsby Bethell and Mrs. Adamson Parker, came to me in some trepidation, imploring me to dissuade the New Burlington Street *Sosius* from fulfilling the project; hinting with some animation at legal injunctions to enforce their wish. Personal intercourse was at once easily established by me between the family and the publisher. In two interviews George Bentley disposed of all their objections, and when he found Mr. Nash to be insufficiently equipped for his task, secured, in addition to the consent, the co-operation of the Bethells. Thanks to Mrs. Adamson Parker's graphic contributions, the volume that was to have been vetoed proved a substantial success. These diplomatic qualities, perhaps, caused George Bentley to be so happy in his management of lady writers. The particular ornament of that class with whom I had to do on his premises was Miss Florence Marryat. This lady had been appointed, in succession to Henry Blackburn, *London Society's* editor.

Blackburn himself, during several years, was a most agreeable chief to work under. His fair successor perpetuated Mr. Blackburn's best traditions. Co-operating with Winchester Clowes, the printer, and the magazine's owner, this lady proved among the best literary women of business whose commands it has ever been my privilege to obey.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAGAZINE EDITORS AND WRITERS IN THE SEVENTIES.

John Maxwell as publisher, of an extinct class; appearance, character. Starts "Belgravia" under editorship of Mrs. Maxwell, née Braddon. The "Belgravia" banquet at the Langham Hotel; company sketched—especially the "Globe" representatives, R. H. Patterson, Mortimer Collins. F. C. Burnand, H. J. Bryon. Edward Spender, Francis Hitchman, of the "Western Morning News." The "London Magazine," edited by Samuel Lucas, of the "Times." Bonamy Price, George Dallas and other writers for it. Miss Glyn, the actress: on the stage and in society. "Fraser's Magazine"—published by Longmans, edited by J. A. Froude. William Longman in business and in society. J. A. Froude in and out of the editorial chair. Froude's friendship with Gladstone, with Disraeli, and Lord Carnarvon. Undertakes South African mission,—reasons for its not improbable success.

THIS seems a convenient place to mention certain results flowing from my connection with the deceased *Reader*. When, on the introduction of that periodical's publisher, James Bohn, I first knew the late John Maxwell, he was living in Mecklenburgh Square, in temporary retirement, while domestic affliction was still heavy upon him. One of the early pioneers of cheap publishing, he

had more in common with the Bungay, and Bacon of Pendennis than with the elegant Sosii of to-day. Hearty of manner, loud of voice, demonstratively Hibernian at times in his accentuation. He proved to me during many years one of the most satisfactory magazine proprietors with whom I have ever done business. I have heard some persons give a less favourable account of him. I do not believe they or anyone had just reason for complaint against John Maxwell. He was not, indeed, a person of superficial polish; nor did he pretend to take other than the commercial view of magazine "copy." But he knew what it would pay him to put before the public. Towards those who could supply this commodity he was fairly liberal and entirely loyal. G. A. Sala would, I think, support me in this view of our departed friend. I remember at least that one of Maxwell's commissions to me was to expose in his monthly, *Belgravia*, the attack made upon Mr. Sala by the late Hain Friswell. John Maxwell's latterday magazine just mentioned was started towards the sixties' close, under the titular editorship of Miss Braddon, whom he subsequently married. A "banquet" at the Langham Hotel, with the editress president, inaugurated the periodical. Never was a hospitable publisher in a more congenial element of honest delight. Ladies and

gentlemen who had long since made their names with their pens, or who awaited the opportunity of doing so; actors, minor poets of various degrees, artists, playwrights, amateur or professional, were in the miscellaneous crowd.

The two most entertaining contributors to the contemporary stage, Henry J. Byron and Frank C. Burnand, were both there. The former had something of the facial distinction belonging to the poet whose blood flowed in his latterday namesake's veins. Whether in social conversation at the dinner-table, or in speaking his own dramatic dialogue on the stage, he introduced the drollest sayings with the gravest air. While he was uttering them, not a smile's suspicion irradiated his dark eyes and clearly-chiselled features at the very moment he was about to convulse the company with some exceptionally paradoxical pleasantry, or intrepidly preposterous pun. He had not, perhaps, quite the polished man-of-the-world air which has come to Frank Cowley Burnand as the result of an Eton and Cambridge training in earlier days, even more, perhaps, than of his varied and sparkling life in later.

As might have been expected under John Maxwell's shrewd management, London, like provincial, journalism was represented adequately at the *Belgra-*

via banquet. G. A. Sala, to whom the host had ever proved a staunch friend, was unavoidably absent. But the *Globe* furnished two or three of the craft's characteristic representatives. That newspaper had not long since been acquired by a Devonshire man, Charles Wescomb. He was the successful architect of his own fortunes; an unpolished, honest citizen, favourably known to Sir Stafford Northcote and other Western squires. A little later he bought also the *Edinburgh Courant*, placing his son in the management, installing James Scot Henderson as successor to Francis Espinasse in the editorial chair. Wescomb himself then managed personally his London property. The *Globe's* editor was a recognised authority on political economy; a thoroughly capable publicist, R. H. Patterson. His chief brilliant writer was Mortimer Collins, the most picturesque figure who then trod the Strand, as well as a real singer. His bluff, boisterous manner suggested that of a big Newfoundland dog, while he seemed to give as little thought to the whereabouts of his night's lodging or the details of his morning's toilet as one of those shaggily engaging quadrupeds. When his week's work was done, he retired for the Sunday to a little cottage he possessed at Knowl Hill, near Wargrave. But wherever he went, slept, or dined, or wrote, there Bohemia was

sure to be with him. His social articles on current topics were dashed off usually in the smoking-room of the Strand hotel, taking its name from Exeter Hall. No subject came amiss to him; he could deal with it quite as easily in verse as in prose.

A Devonshire man, he had once taught in a school near Exeter; his pen was charged with local colour. Nor did he hymn the summer Thames, with its water-lilies and swans, less prettily than "white-throated maidens" carolling under the Dawlish cliffs, the mist-clad Tors of Dartmoor, or the shining levels of Windermere. He dressed the part of poet as well as he enacted it. No stove-pipe hat confined his black, curly locks. His manly girth was not imprisoned within the frock-coat of Bond Street. A child of nature, he had an infant's or a savage's taste for bright colours. A scarlet ribbon encircled a Byronic shirt-collar, a purple or puce coloured velvet jacket superseded "the customary suit of solemn black." *Sweet Anne Page*, and such other novels as he wrote, were a riot of sensuous exuberance and animal spirits tempered by melodious lyrics, into which the writer, upon any provocation, or on none, perpetually broke forth. His books deserve to be remembered, though they are, I fear, forgotten. *A Letter to Disraeli* in Popeian couplets

is a vigorous and diverting satire upon Household Suffrage's parliamentary results:—

“Brewers and bankers, men of hideous omen,
Enormous fellows with immense abdomen;
Flashy directors with their diamond rings,
Such are the sum of our six hundred kings.”

This strange West of England bard's best brochure was an extravaganza suggested by the Aristophanic play, under the title, *The British Birds*. The descriptions of Darwinism, Comtism, Positivism, and their leading apostles were equal to anything written by George Trevelyan during his humorous youth. Amongst men of a bygone generation interested in compositions like those wherein John Hookham Frere and Canning excelled, no better judge existed than Lord Lyons. Infinite was the amusement which this diplomatist took in some of Collins' verses ridiculing the latest neologies:—

“There was an ape in the days that were earlier:
Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,
Then he was Man and a Positivist.”

Mr. Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), an expert in this kind of writing, was not a too partial critic of any one. But even his hard set lips relaxed into a smile when our sometime French Ambassador read these and other lines like them from Mortimer Collins' witty squib.

The ablest writer or editor out of London connected with the press between Tone and Tamar, the late Edward Spender, partner of Mr. Saunders in the *Western Morning News*, was, with his sub-editor, among the *Belgravia* banquetters. Published at Plymouth, the *Western Morning News* "stereos" were sent down daily from the head offices in Hatton Garden. This involved for Spender and his adlatus, Francis Hitchman, attendance at their business premises soon after four o'clock every morning. The work was thus done not only at high pressure, but at the most trying period of the twenty-four hours. Never under such unfavourable circumstances has neater labour been turned out. Edward Spender, besides being an elegant and incisive writer, had a gift of sub-editorial collection, compression, and adaptation, amounting to genius. Largely due to his wide reading, sound taste and quick perception is it that the *Western Morning News* has presented, during successive decades, so clear and faithful a picture of literary London's daily work and doings. Mr. Saunders I did not know as well as I knew Spender, but Francis Hitchman, like his chief, was my intimate acquaintance, made first at Maxwell's table; nor were my opportunities of appraising his performances few. A respectable French and Spanish scholar, Hitchman showed his

general culture by an early article in *Belgravia* on the French caricaturist Gavarni. Later he was the *Manchester Courier's* chief writer under the brothers Sowler's proprietorship. Nor were his considerable services to the Conservative party with his pen in Lancashire, as well as London, confined to newspapers. He wrote a trustworthy, comprehensive biography of Disraeli which, published by Chapman and Hall, has perhaps supplied other authors with information on the subject in a degree far exceeding the amount of party recognition extended to the book.

As for *Belgravia* itself, C. S. Cheltnam, Leigh Hunt's son-in-law, an industrious playwright, and indefatigable adapter, was Miss Braddon's editorial deputy, with whom my dealings chiefly were; a tall, gaunt gentleman, not in the best of health, who had known no less than most people of literary life's ups and downs. Ashby Sterry, the graceful and industrious society versifier as well as pleasant essayist; Walter Thornbury, writer of several rattling Cavalier war ballads; Dutton Cook, whose pen achieved in *Hobson's Choice* the first, nearly the best, of those one volume novelettes, which have since become so popular, were only a few among other representative guests on a really memorable occasion.

At this time, however, periodical literature was only one, and not altogether the most severe, of my occupations. My private pupils, Oxford and other, occupied most of the daytime. I had the satisfaction of seeing one candidate for the Indian Civil Service, trained after his Winchester days exclusively by me, placed thirteenth in the successful list. This gentleman's name is Trevor Chichele Plowden, who has since filled the diplomatic office of British Resident at Bagdad. Others who, I think, did equally well were Walter B. Church and J. S. Laurie, the latter of whom, should he ever see this page, will perhaps accept my thanks for a published volume of his own verses which he was good enough to send me. In my educational work, I was occasionally thrown with Bonamy Price, formerly on Bishop Tait's staff at Rugby, afterwards Political Economy Professor at Oxford; a vivacious gentleman with a knack of highly pungent expression whether in conversation or in print. In a magazine called, I think, the *London*, long since defunct, Bonamy Price had written, not later than 1864, a surprisingly able and interesting defence of classical education upon entirely new and original lines. His editor on this occasion was Samuel Lucas, an old *Times* man. One of his chief contributors was George Dallas, also attached to Printing House Square, and author of a

book on criticism entitled *The Gay Science*. Dallas, a tall dark handsome person, with a fine forehead and a distinguished air, was said to recall to those who had known him, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, Lockhart. However this may be, at Price's house in Princes Gardens, where I sometimes met him, he was by turns proudly reserved, and vivaciously amusing. He had married the stately actress, Miss Glyn. Husband and wife were not often seen in society together, and on such occasions as I found myself in the lady's society I was always Dr. Westland Marston's guest in Regent's Park. She survived, I think, into almost the present decade. To picture her to the memory is to call up an ideal queen of tragedy. With no melting softness visible in her moods, not much of distinctively feminine grace in her manner, but with a majesty of mien, and impressive inflections of voice, which produced in drawing-rooms almost as great an effect as they can have done upon the stage.

Another renowned actress, Miss Helen Faucit, who also married an eminent man of letters, I have in friendly society seen only at the little bachelor abode of the late Dramatic Censor, Edward F. Smyth-Pigott. That genial son of Somerset owed his original appointment in the Lord Chamberlain's office to Sir Theodore Martin. Of all famous

writers whom I have encountered, none, I think, can ever have showed to greater advantage than this scholar and poet, whether on occasions of ceremony or in friendly coteries. Poor Pigott's house was a little cottage in South Bank. The inscription above its front door had been a favourite motto of Bolingbroke's—*Nec solitudo nec tumultus*.

It would have been easier to realise the applicability of the first substantive had it stood alone, than to perceive the necessity for its qualification by a denial of the second's attribute. Only twenty minutes distant from Regent's Circus, the silence of the spot was unbroken save by the sound of a passing cab. Pigott modestly and pleasantly entertained sometimes during the game season a few friends at dinner. The only occasion on which I was bidden to one of these little banquets the fare consisted of pheasants, shot in those Brockley coverts near Weston-super-Mare which had long been owned by the Smyth-Pigott family. The two chief guests were the great actress whom, as Helen Faucit, I had once seen in "Rosalind" at Drury Lane, and her distinguished husband. Lady Martin's conversation has been more than once recalled to me by echoes, as I have fancied, of it in her papers on Shakespeare's heroines, familiar to readers of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Our host's great knowledge

of French and other modern literatures, his gift of graceful and pointed expression, were pleasantly known to his friends while he lived, though they have been, like his other good qualities, ignored since he was dead. On the present occasion, addressing himself specially to Martin, Pigott cleverly explained the principles on which he administered his most invidious office, and especially set forth his views on the place occupied by divorce in Paris and London so far as this institution's different status on the two sides of the Channel affected, in his judgment, national conceptions about sins against the Seventh Commandment. "With respect to French plays, such as *Niniche* or *Frou Frou*, my idea," said Pigott, "is, so far as possible, to exterritorialise a London theatre when French plays are given; to regard the Princess' or the Haymarket as a portion of the Boulevards projected into London, and to adopt, so far as can be done without violently wounding English prejudices, a French standard. But," he explained, "in doing this, it is necessary to remember that the *roturiers* and *demireps* whom the tourist sees laughing at the risky sentiments and salacious double *entendres* of a smart Parisian playhouse do not fairly represent the genuine French public. As to my office's necessity, those only who have seen its archives can judge

whether the public as a whole is yet ripe for an absolutely free and unlicensed stage. Recollect, one has to deal, not with the tolerably cultivated pit or box occupiers at the West End, or with a gallery chastened by proximity to these polite people, but with cheap 'gaffs' and their peculiar patrons in Whitechapel, Shoreditch, or the industrial capitals of the provinces."

As he said these words, he produced two East End playbills, with one or two from the Darlington Theatre in Northumberland. Their contents were of the Blueskin, blood-curdling description that Board Schools were perhaps thought to have reformed out of existence. One of these programmes introduced into an act of a proposed drama the Wainwright murder. A prominent incident in another was the slaughter of Mr. Briggs in the Horley Tunnel by Lefroy. "Popular taste," continued our host, "does not forbid these representations of 'Medea slaying her children.' I have long since seen enough to be quite sure that if the State did not reserve to itself the right of prohibiting stage offences against decency, there is no wife mutilation or child strangling, or Divorce Court scandal, which would not be represented histrionically in some part of the Capital or the Kingdom."

Since Edward Pigott's death, little but rancorous abuse has been poured upon his memory by the very people who were ever ready to profit by his kindness with respect to theatre admissions during his life. The *Daily News*, on which Pigott once wrote, creditably distinguished itself by some not inappreciative remarks on his career. Two weekly journals, with both of which Pigott formerly had a friendly—with the proprietor of one, a socially intimate—relation, almost vied with each other, directly he was dead, in the bitterness of their attacks upon his prerogative's exercise, for no other reason, as one might suppose, than that Pigott's enemies were living and potentially useful, while poor Pigott himself was spent.

That Sir Theodore Martin could translate Goethe not less happily than Horace was no secret to me any more than to others before this meeting at Pigott's table. There was, however, something of novelty's charm in the subtle analysis by him of the exact nature of the influence exercised by Horace upon many later poets of different countries who would not at first seem to be especially amenable to his charm. If the word may be for a moment divested of the secondary meaning with which magazine editors have invested it, and restored to its original sense, the

little dinner whereat it was my privilege to assist beneath this Somerset worthy's roof might really be called a symposium.

Fraser's Magazine has long since been swallowed up by the smaller periodical bearing the family name issued from the great house of Longmans. Between the sixties and the date of its demise, I was frequently employed upon the more historic periodical during its editorship by J. A. Froude. To my old Bath friend, the Rev. James Pycroft, I was indebted for my introduction to the English historian who survived as late as 1894. William Longman was at once the most stately and the most charming of the old-world London publishers. Like his elder brother Thomas, of whom I knew less, he had a manner distinguished without being pompous; a courteous word for all he met; a hand, like a tongue, ever ready to guide or help the toilers of the pen. In his Hertfordshire house at Berkhamstead he was a country gentleman of the orthodox kind, entertaining profusely, though with discrimination. Round his dining-table in Hyde Park Square there sat a succession of guests whose names were household words throughout Europe. Nor, during the statesman's later life, had many people so intimate a knowledge of Benjamin Disraeli as the publishers who produced *Lothair* and all subsequent works by the same hand.

The first time I was presented to Froude was in his publisher's house. Never afterwards did I see that distinguished man to such advantage as then in general society. His manner was less constrained at Mr. Longman's than elsewhere; his wit more gracious, his irony less severe. Froude, I think, being favoured with a highly competent deputy in the late William Allingham, really enjoyed his editorial chair. His method was to discuss personally with his contributor any more important subject, to revise the proof sheets very closely, but to make no material alteration without consulting the writer. No one could have met the actual historian without recognising the abdicated priest. He seemed always to me the very flower and quintessence of Oxford culture and social refinement. He may in confidential talk have expressed himself with pathetic irony on the decay of religious faith. He avoided every word which could identify him with an aggressive heterodoxy, and would, I am sure, as soon have thought of disparaging the Anglican Church in a company whose national Creed that Church embodied as of attacking the institution of matrimony in a society of wedded couples.

No one who had not been imbued with the same intellectual influences which formed the mind of Newman, of Church, of Jowett, could have written

in the style of Froude. Less rattling than Macaulay, with diction not so highly coloured, much more difficult, therefore, to imitate, Froude owed to his earlier training on the Isis a delicate sensibility to subtly picturesque effects, and a skill in producing them at will, which made the English tongue, whether he spoke or wrote it, more like a thing of life than it was when used by his great rival. As Froude wrote, so he talked; extracting, as it seemed, from each syllable inscribed by his pen, or uttered by his lips, a fresh significance, and a novel music. A pleasing trait in his character and conversation was the admiration with which he would dwell upon the memory of his brother, Hurrell Froude. Long after he had dropped his "Orders," and indeed to the close of his life, he retained his intellectual sympathies with the Tractarian school's founders, and did not care to disguise his distrust of the practical consequences in which extreme Evangelicalism's indifference to good works might conceivably issue. Patriotism he declared to be the most essential mode of national righteousness. His Oxford experiences had communicated to him an abiding faith that the views of Andrews rather than Simeon were likely to prove the parent of good citizenship. This common legacy of their University training was really the link of amity between Glad-

stone and Froude. When the statesman whose sympathy with oppressed nationalities the historian admired spoke disparagingly of the Imperial idea, that central article of Froude's faith, in private as well as in public, Froude plainly told him that henceforth he himself would be found on Disraeli's side. The visits which were once paid to Hawarden were in future transferred to Hughenden. The editor of *Fraser's* satirical instinct often repelled at first those whom he met; but no man ever improved so much on acquaintance as this great artist of the prose pen.

The community of academic sentiment explains also the friendly intimacy between Froude and the late Lord Carnarvon. Nor could the then Colonial Secretary have chosen a better agent than Froude for promoting Imperial Confederation in our African colonies. The scheme failed, not because its English advocate lacked the sweet reasonableness or tact needful for its championship, or the personal prestige which could best have enforced its claims; but because local politicians at the Cape settlement, and near it, preferred the assurance of notoriety in a colonial vestry to the possibility of distinction in an Imperial Senate. When, therefore, the measure was introduced at Westminster, the public opinion necessary to propel the project

through the Legislature had not been generated. Thus, through no fault of any individual, least of all Carnarvon's or Froude's, an organic project of Imperial reform dwindled into a mere "enabling act."

CHAPTER XIX.

BEHIND THE SCENES—POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

(1868, &c.)

The Irish Church Bill crisis, 1868. Personal interview with Archbishop Tait at Lambeth, while he was engaged in its settlement. The "Times" at this crisis distances all other papers. J. T. Delane as an editor. Bishop Wilberforce, Monckton Milnes, in a country house. An Episcopal cross-country ride—visitation and sermon. Monckton Milnes and the Bishop. The question, the jampot, and admitted egotism. Bishop Wilberforce disappointed about Canterbury. Delane in Serjeant's Inn and in Fleet Street. The "Times" writers; amongst them Abraham Hayward. Hayward's characteristics, Wiltshire birth, family connections, and secret of extraordinary influence. The Broadlands visit. Lord Palmerston on the practice of the Churches. Delane on daily newspaper burdens.

DURING the summer of '68, the parliamentary crisis in the Irish Church Bill occurred. A fatal collision between the two Houses was imminent. Hamber, then the *Standard's* editor, living in an old house near Kew Gardens, had summoned one or two of his contributors to instruct them as to the line they should take up in their articles. The private friendship between the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, and my father secured me access to the Primate at the turning point in the

fortunes of the Gladstonian Measure. In Parliament and on platform, Tait's eloquence was not less commanding than his figure was impressive. At his own table, especially to those who, like my father, had known him almost from youth; to his former pupils or to his old Rugby colleagues, such as Bonamy Price, the Archbishop abounded in charm. To younger men, like myself, he seemed somewhat donnish and constrained, though generally courteous, and upon occasions condescending to humorous talk. But in a successor of Augustine, a very little of very mild fun goes a long way. Dr. Tait's drollery was not pitched often in a higher key than chaplains and the subordinate clergy could best appreciate. On the present occasion when I was admitted to his study at Lambeth, he seemed preternaturally grave, and, of course, diplomatically cautious. That he had seen the Sovereign at Windsor I did not know, but spoke to him as if I had been aware of it, trusting thereby to obtain from him further declarations. His Grace did not quite gratify my expectation, but at length volunteered a purely personal opinion that the difficulty between the two Houses might be adjusted satisfactorily. Quintilian, he reminded me, had defined gesture as the first, second, and third requisite in oratory. "There are," drily said the Primate,

“those who think compromise fills a like place in legislation.”

The details of this episode in the Irish Church Bill's history have been given for the first time fully in Dr. Tait's biography published a year or two ago, to which, containing, as this work does, all that, and more than, I contrived to elicit from His Grace of Canterbury, readers may be referred. Then, as now, the *Times*, with its accuracy of private information, contrived to distance every competitor in the press; and on the Monday following the Sabbath when the crisis was most severe, indicated in an inspired article the solution that was about to be effected at the Queen's wish through the Primate's mediation. With the exception of a marriage advertisement, I never penned a line in this great newspaper.

Staying, however, in a country house about that period within the Bishop of Oxford's diocese, I was, by Dr. Wilberforce, introduced to J. T. Delane, who happened to be of the company. The bishop was then, as always, fond of riding on horseback, though his seat was far from good, and his arms' action by no means graceful. After lunch we had to visit some neighbouring village, where episcopal business awaited him. Our host was the staunchest member of a most loyally ecclesiastical family. The

venerated Charles Barter, brother of the famous Winchester Warden, a keen lover and first-rate judge of steeds as well. It was on the occasion of this visit that Dr. Wilberforce parried with a skilful epithet a question which Mr. Monckton Milnes, the future Lord Houghton, ought not perhaps to have suggested to a Prelate. "There does not," roundly asserted Mr. Milnes, "live the man who, as a child, resisted the temptation to put his finger into a forbidden jampot. Can your spiritual lordship contradict me from your own experience?" "I believe," murmured Dr. Wilberforce, thus appealed to, "there was a time when the cook thought me something of an egotist." To-day, however, "S. Oxon." was to show himself as nimble a rider as my cousin, our host, Charles Barter himself. Finding himself rather late for his appointment, and satisfied that the canter was not likely to be a very public one, the genial wearer of the Oxford mitre followed our host as he put his horse at a fence for a short-cut across the country to our destination. Some half an hour later we had reached our goal. At the local vicar's desire, the Bishop made the rounds of the district's workhouse, and in one of the wards delivered a little address to the paupers of both sexes, full alike of felicity and feeling.

A witty writer for the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, who

happened to be with us, cleverly, and I am sure quite unmaliciously, caricatured the good bishop's idiosyncrasies of diction in the following droll terms. The committee of the Pastoral Aid Society was supposed to have written to his lordship, enquiring about the character of an applicant for its official management. This was the supposed reply :

"If the possession of red hair, some degree of pecuniary embarrassment, and a moral character not wholly devoid of reproach are the qualifications requisite for the post of Secretary to your admirable institution, the Rev. Barney O'Brien may be safely recommended as endowed with all those gifts and graces in an eminent degree.

"Your faithful brother in Christ,

S. OXON."

Dr. Wilberforce's see included also the neighbourhood of Sunningdale, where my connection by marriage, Charles Raffles Flint, nephew of Sir Stamford Raffles, the Eastern administrator and naturalist, had his Rectory house. Here, too, the popular bishop was a frequent and most appreciative guest, as also was the great editor himself. No one understood Wilberforce better than Delane. When on a private matter I called on the King of Printing House Square at his Serjeant's Inn dwelling while the southern Primacy was vacant, speaking of the

episcopal acquaintance we possessed in common, he said, with a curious twinkle in his eye, "I think our friend the Bishop has his gaze keenly fixed on Lambeth just now; but there are many slips betwixt cups and lips." During the years I wrote for Hamber in the *Hour*, my own editor's sanctum was next door to Delane's house in Serjeant's Inn. The Printing House Square magnate always rode in the morning, or more correctly, in the early afternoon. I, therefore, constantly met him returning from his Hyde Park equestrian constitutional. When, as usually happened, he was alone, he always stopped me to say a few kindly words. From these casual conversations I had good reason to carry away the impression that, in addition to being the prince of editors, he was an exceedingly good-natured, large-minded man; with no prejudices, personal or political, and with very little, if not nothing, of the *odium journalisticum*. His faculty of gauging and divining the ordinary middle class opinion, of which the *Times* made itself the organ, approached to genius; and as is well said of him by one of his oldest friends in a letter now before me, he held in abhorrence the "plunging" which is the mark of the new journalism. No newspaper man of my time went quite so much, or in exactly the same capacity, into the world,

gathering his honey from every flower, and making himself welcome wherever he went. The late Abraham Hayward, who knew not only Delane, but all Delane's great friends, as few men did, told me a story which will bear repeating, and which illustrates the mistakes that the least fallible of publicists may commit.

During Lord Palmerston's long period of rule, Hayward and Delane were both, upon one occasion, guests together at Broadlands. "Would you tell us, Lord Palmerston," asked Mr. Delane, "the circumstances of your resignation in 1853?"—this being the year in which Lord Palmerston had left the Cabinet, ostensibly because he disapproved of the Reform Bill, but in reality, as is no secret, because he had got into hot water at Court. "You need not trouble yourself about the circumstances, for," returned the Premier, with momentary oblivion, "I never resigned at all." The editor of the *Times*, primed with this intelligence, returned to his office, and incorporated it in a leading article which appeared next day. At the Athenæum Club in the afternoon, Hayward and Delane met. From the leading journal's file the former pointed out how persistently that print had asserted Palmerston's resignation in the year spoken of on the question of the Black Sea fleet. Delane, as Hayward often dramatically told me the story,

put his hands up to his head and exclaimed, "Great heavens! What it is to have to do with a daily newspaper!" The real truth is, of course, that Palmerston did resign, and was out of office for just ten days.

It must have been about the season of this Broadlands visit that Lord Palmerston was the object of a serious expostulation from a lady connected by marriage with his family, on those pleasant ways that, together with his good looks, had won for him the sobriquet of "Cupid." He met the rebuke with a characteristic reply which delighted Hayward and must amuse all who hear it now. "Such conduct," said the jaunty Premier's monitress, "is immoral, ungentlemanly, and besides can never succeed." To which the gay old lord thus retorted: "As regards its being ungentlemanly, that is a question of taste. As regards religion, the point is one on which the practice of the Churches differs. But as to its being unsuccessful, I assure your ladyship you are totally misinformed, for it never fails."

Abraham Hayward, to whose kindness I am indebted for much, to whose literary advice I owe still more, had scarcely even excepting Charles Greville, who was before my time, a knowledge of contemporary life behind the political scenes

unequalled during this century's latter half. He was a little keen-eyed gentleman, with sharp features, and a prominent nose. Hence, probably, the inaccurate statement of an Anglo-American chronicler that Hayward was, as his baptismal name might suggest, of Jewish origin. The fact is, he was of the purest Anglo-Saxon breed. His father, a native of Wiltshire, had married a Miss Abraham, belonging to no Mosaic house, but sprung from a renowned Devonshire stock with which the Palks, Fortescues, and other Western clans have before now nearly allied themselves. Abraham Hayward himself was indebted for much of his curious historic knowledge to the able and accomplished father, a highly cultivated Wessex lawyer who directed his early reading. His health prevented his going from Blundell's School, Tiverton, to Oxford. At the Bar he studied and practised not unsuccessfully. In general society he acquired a reputation and influence that were entirely unique. Something he owed to his West of England—especially his maternal—ancestry, as typified by his prænomen; but the real architects of his fortune were his rare natural aptitudes and his consummate social tact. He had acquired from his journalistic experiences on the *Morning Chronicle* first, and as an occasional contributor to the *Times* afterwards, the habit of responsibly identifying himself in imagination with

statesmanship's practical business. His comments on political situations were not a publicist's airy commonplaces, but the deliberate explanations of the course which, had he found himself in a like situation, he would personally have adopted. Hence it is that Lord Palmerston, during his whole time, consulted the little *Quarterly Reviewer* with not less diligent respect than he would have paid to an actual colleague in his own Cabinet.

Those who did not know much of Hayward himself or of the society he frequented, but who picked up second-hand gossip about both, have absurdly spoken of him as a confirmed diner-out. I can only say this. During several years I saw Hayward at least once a week. At dinner-tables I only met him twice. One of these dinner meetings occurred in a private room at the Garrick, when we were both Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's guests. The other occasion of the sort was at Lord Granville's in Carlton House Terrace, when the company consisted further of the famous surgeon Sir James Paget and the learned Lord Acton. I have, however, often dined at private houses and at clubs where I saw a vacant place which Hayward, it was hoped, would have filled. No greater *connoisseur*, as his own writings show, of French cookery existed; but he eschewed the baser imitations of it, which, during later years, vexed his cultivated palate.

"Cold beef and salad, if you like, and nothing more ; but sound claret and enough of it." These are the words wherein Hayward expressed his views on dining to the late Lady Strangford, who timidly invited him to meet Mr. Gladstone and Lord Camoys in the summer of 1878. Socially, Hayward had the same dislike of flippant banality that he had of Gallic dishes from the confectioner's round the corner. He never told a merely funny story, any more than he tried to raise a laugh by a pun. The anecdotically sparkling and elaborately comic conversation in which the late Edmund Yates, like the extant F. C. Burnand, excelled were not to Hayward's taste. When he found himself in such an environment, his tongue was tied. "There is no objection," he once said, "to a single story during dinner, provided it is kept very short ; but the funny story-tellers of to-day always remind me of *Sandford and Merton*."

I was not present at his deathbed, but from one who was, the late A. W. Kinglake, I have heard the circumstances of his end. In the little room above the chemist's shop, No. 9 St. James' Street, where Byron had lodged before, Abraham Hayward breathed his last. "I don't know," were his final words, "what comes after this, but I am sure it is something great !"

Delane was never seen by me after the seventies began. During the long illness which broke up his powers, the chief, if not the only, visitor upon him in his retirement was the late Lord Carnarvon, who entertained for him a perfectly unselfish regard. Some time before his end was visibly near, Delane had shown to Hayward the note indicating the close of his connection with the *Times*. The terse missive stated the day had come when it was to the advantage of the paper and of Delane himself for him no longer to conduct the great organ; that his pension would be so many thousands a-year; his successor, Mr. Chenery, "whose talents," wrote Mr. Walter, "we have all so long admired." Those of the *Times'* staff in Delane's days whom I have best known have been the present Warden of Merton, Mr. G. C. Brodrick, who did not always write regularly day by day, Mr. L. J. Jennings, Mr. Robert Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), who had ceased his connection with the paper before my better acquaintance with him, the extraordinarily able Leonard Courtney, of whom Delane declared that three hours writing, three hours walking, were required to tone down his exuberant vitality to an ordinary level.

Sir William Harcourt was never professionally connected with the *Times*, nor ever received "its shilling." Delane extended, indeed, the hospitality

of its columns to him without fee or reward. The letters of "Historicus" were written during the American Civil War, from 1860—65. The same writer afterwards, under the signature of "H.," contributed letters on political subjects, particularly in defence of the Russell and Gladstone Governments in 1866—67, during the Reform Bill and the Adullam Cave period. This journalistic connection was so entirely apart from the social acquaintance between Delane and Harcourt that no word passed between them to indicate a knowledge on the part of either that the future Chancellor of the Exchequer had ever sent a line to Printing House Square. One exception ought, perhaps, to be made to the general rule of Mr. Delane's benevolence. In the pre-Crimean epoch, the leading journal strongly espoused the cause of Lord Aberdeen, and was notoriously influenced by the distinguished Aberdonian champion, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Registrar of the Privy Council, Mr. Henry Reeve. Delane, then, having taken up the Aberdeen cause, vigorously adhered to it, criticising Lord Palmerston with a severity which might have satisfied Lord John Russell himself. Once, and once only, I was of the same private party at the same time as the great editor and the great proprietor of the newspaper. Mr. Walter seemed, even in his courteous silence,

to remind Mr. Delane of the work awaiting him. Nor did the latter look quite at his ease before Mr. Walter's carriage was announced and he rose to go. Perhaps the esteem in which the great editor was held by public men on both sides could not be better indicated than by an anecdote which, "if not true," is at least "well found." Conversing on London journalism, Lord Beaconsfield put to Lord Granville the question—"What do you really think of Delane?" Nothing could have been sager than the diplomatic reply: "I think," were Lord Granville's words, "I had better wait for Delane's apotheosis before I answer that question!"

CHAPTER XX.

FROM AND ABOUT THE "PRESS GALLERY."

The Press Gallery and its occupants in the House of Commons, 1874. James Macdonell, Justin McCarthy, P. W. Clayden, and others. The Public Worship Bill: its hitherto unwritten history. Episcopal and Archiepiscopal veto. Mr. Gladstone puts his foot down. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Disraeli. The Canonist of whom no one except Mr. Gladstone had ever heard. Secret History of the 1880 Cabinet's formation. The "Party of Two." Sir Charles Dilke's loyalty to Mr. Chamberlain. Behind the scenes during the 1884 Franchise Bill. Social agency employed to secure a settlement. The political party at a great noble's Western country house. Mr. Gladstone's anxiety to avoid collision between the two Houses: seen by the light of his final declaration later in the House of Commons.

MY regular attendance as a leader-writer on parliamentary debates began about the period of the Public Worship Regulation Bill in 1874. Introduced by Archbishop Tait in the Upper House during Mr. Disraeli's Premiership, the measure at first excited no great attention outside clerical circles. Directly it reached the House of Commons, the whole scene was changed; indifference made way for deep interest and fierce excitement. The seats in the Press Gallery allotted to the writers of leading articles were filled at this time by publicists of un-

usual ability. Chief among these was the late James Macdonell, then, as for many years previously, attached to the *Daily Telegraph*. I had already known him long and well, but had scarcely been prepared for the remarkable acumen and practical statesmanship which his casual conversation on subjects before the House disclosed. Subsequently, though not many years before his life's close, James Macdonell joined the *Times*' staff. When there, his is supposed to have been the mind which suggested, his the pen that wrote, a leader attracting European attention by its appeal to Prince Bismarck, at a critical moment in European politics, to interpose his authority for the preservation of peace. George Hooper, a remarkable adept in all that concerned military strategy, was the *Telegraph* associate of Macdonell whom I knew best. The *Daily News* editorial writers were P. W. Clayden, my old friend Justin McCarthy, who had then just made his mark as a novelist, and sometimes the then editor in Bouverie Street, Frank Hill, who also wrote leaders. During the decade and a half of my Gallery experiences, the authors of the *Times*' leading articles on debates avoided the Press section of the Chamber, and if present at all, watched the debates from the seats under the Gallery where are the private secretaries and other privileged persons.

The most dramatic incident in the Public Worship Bill discussions was the unexpected *rapprochement* between Mr. Disraeli and Sir William Harcourt established during it. "Historicus" had come into Parliament with the avowed mission of "smashing Dizzy." Directly, however, he perceived the tide of parliamentary feeling to be favourable to the project for "putting down Ritualism" as the Premier described it, and noticed a revival of the historic jealousy animating the Commons towards the Church, Harcourt changed his tack. Instead of supporting Mr. Gladstone's high Anglican views, he broke away from the statesman whose law officer he had already been, and identified himself with Mr. Disraeli's erastianism. The ex-Premier had perplexed the Chamber with a learned discourse, proving by detailed reference to Canonists of every epoch and of every country, Mr. Disraeli's Measure to be subversive of ecclesiastical polity's first principles.

The House of Commons dislikes nothing more than being taken out of its depth by a superior person. Sir William Harcourt saw his opportunity, came to its relief, though that involved a rhetorical war-dance over Mr. Gladstone himself. He was especially satirical on his old chief's clerical erudition. "It was," he declared, "so much Greek to the Assembly. As," he continued, "for this Van Espen, I never heard

of the man, and I don't believe anyone else has heard of him either." Reiterated volleys of amused applause followed this delicate compliment to the Philistinism which had been offended by Mr. Disraeli's opponent's didactic professorialism. In my previous remarks on the Tory leader's "Apes and Angels" address in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, the warning note of the legislation now forthcoming was shown to have been struck in the declaration that "the House of Commons would not destroy but tighten its hold over the Church." *

At this time the opportunities of going behind the political scenes which during many years I have enjoyed were just beginning. I became intimately acquainted, at each stage of their progress, with the party, or personal, negotiations that preceded the passing of the Public Worship Bill. They have never yet been recounted accurately. Their significance and interest are not exhausted by lapse of time; I will, therefore, give them here, with no more of preface or comment than is needed to make the transaction intelligible: When the Measure now spoken of came from the Lords to the Commons, every bishop had a veto on prosecutions under it. An amendment, supported by Disraeli and by the bulk of the Tory party, was introduced and carried, transferring this veto from the bishops to

* See page 172.

the two Archbishops. Mr. Gladstone opposed the change vehemently. His resistance proving vain, he intimated to the bishops that unless the arresting power were restored to each individual prelate, he would consider himself absolved from all his declarations against Disestablishment. The lawn sleeves were fluttered. They hurried back to town, managed to secure the expunging of the Commons' amendment, thereby restoring the episcopal veto. The two Primates separated themselves from their suffragans and voted for the Commons' resolution. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, supported Mr. Gladstone in a pungent speech. Disraeli, like their Graces of Canterbury and York, warmly resented the restoration of the episcopal veto. By-and-by, the Measure returned to the Commons with its original purpose, as to the individual authority of every prelate. Now there was enacted on St. Stephen's floor a scene recalling the meeting in the Roman Amphitheatre between the slave Androcles and the lion from whose foot he had taken the thorn in the African desert. Sir William Harcourt, who had arranged before to pulverise "him they called Dizzy," instead of denouncing or even criticising the Tory Premier, delivered a panegyric upon him at the expense of his own colleagues. But this old *Saturday Reviewer* reserved his strongest censure for

his erewhile *collaborateur* on the weekly newspaper, and advised the Prime Minister "to curb the rash and rancorous tongue of a noble colleague in another place." Mr. Disraeli rose to the fly thus astutely cast before him, made his famous attack on his future Foreign Minister, calling him a great master of gibes and flouts and jeers. Eventually more than one communication, through an academic friend they possessed in common, passed between the Government's head, the Opposition's leader, and chosen representatives of the episcopal bench. The terrors of the last were allayed; the Bill passed into law. As Mr. Gladstone predicted, it has since become scarcely less of a dead letter than the Ecclesiastical Titles Act itself. The Disraelian description of the Premier's partner in the coming "Peace with Honour" campaign created a sensation at the time, was probably felt by Mr. Disraeli himself to be a little strong; for the same evening he pleasantly told Lord Salisbury himself: "I have been attempting a kind of apology for you in the House of Commons, and am afraid it may read rather clumsily."

The same mediation which had been employed between the opposite leaders with regard to the Public Worship Bill was resorted to again in the case of the County Franchise Bill ten years later.

Before that, however, the Tory, but theologically Gladstonian, nobleman, to whom I have just alluded, had greatly conduced to an amicable settlement of the Irish Land Bill's difficulties between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury in 1881. At that time, fulfilling my functions as a *Standard* leader-writer, I saw daily, during the 1881 Irish Land Bill crisis, Mr. W. E. Forster, then Irish Secretary, or others among his more powerful colleagues. The strong Gladstonian Cabinet of that day had been cradled amid internal difficulties. Long before it was formed, Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain had constituted an independent "party of two," leaving the House together at night, sharing each other's confidences, even living at each other's houses. It was understood between them that neither would enter a Government wherein the other had not a place; wherein, also, one was not of Cabinet rank. Mr. Chamberlain was at this period Sir Charles Dilke's guest in Sloane Street. While in the month of April the new Administration was in process of manufacture, the Chelsea baronet received the offer of an Under-Secretaryship. His answer was in pursuance of the terms indicated by the Dilke-Chamberlain compact just mentioned. Mr. Gladstone, however, supported, though vainly, in this instance by Mr. Bright, objected to conferring

Cabinet promotion direct upon one or the other member of this "party of two." Eventually, after many delays and some hitches, the Prime Minister took Sir Charles Dilke's view of the case, acquiesced in Mr. Chamberlain's commandingly representative Radicalism by giving him the Board of Trade portfolio; while, as all the world knows, Mr. Chamberlain's friend was hereafter, as Local Government Board President, to enter the sacred circle of high officialism. An offer of the Irish Chief Secretaryship after Mr. Forster's resignation about the Kilmainham Treaty epoch was also made to Sir Charles Dilke in 1882, and declined.

This narrative was in effect given from a trusted pen by Mr. W. H. Mudford in the Shoe Lane newspaper at the time. All the original letters and documents confirming my statement's accuracy are before me now. They do, assuredly, dispose once for all of the statement that in 1880 the Birmingham member owed his earliest advancement to a signal act of Mr. Gladstone's personal favour. The truth is rather the reverse. Mr. Chamberlain became in the initial instance a Cabinet Minister because he had succeeded John Bright as Radical champion of the masses; because, too, the then member for Chelsea, at that time a powerful personage in political quarters, was

staunchly loyal to his friend. The interest attaching to the 1884 Franchise Bill arrangement is of the same kind as that inherent in the episodes just noticed, and worthy of mention because in this case, as in the other, extraneous agency was employed for the removal of internal difficulties. The real crux of the difference between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury in 1884 was this: Three years earlier, it should be said, on Lord Beaconsfield's death, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Salisbury's only serious rival, whose eligibility was advocated by Lord Bath, had withdrawn any pretensions to the Tory leadership in the Upper House, and had done all which an individual could to establish and prosper the supremacy over the scarlet benches of his school and college friend, Lord Salisbury. So successful were Lord Carnarvon's labours in this direction as to have helped Lord Salisbury towards an ascendancy over the elective legislators not unlike that which the fourteenth Earl of Derby exercised. The Hereditary Chamber's chief was at this date a prime popular, as well as a great parliamentary power. He had let it be known that he would assert this authority to prevent the Franchise Bill passing before he knew what the Redistribution Measure was likely to be. The Tory leader had, however, informed a non-parliamentary friend,

whom he and Mr. Gladstone possessed in common, that if he received any assurance, confidential or otherwise, as to the Redistribution scheme not being revolutionary, he would abstain from opposing the Franchise Measure.

When the younger Pitt took up Parliamentary Reform he selected a clergyman, the Rev. Marmaduke Wyvill, as the recipient of his confidences on the question. In the case of the '74 Franchise dispute, a well-known social figure engaged actively, if not prominently, in the settlement of a political difficulty. This gentleman, long and intimately known to the Liberal leader, nor unfavourably regarded by the Tory chief, selected a wise moment for volunteering his mediatorial services. After some delay, he obtained a very able letter from an influential peer, a strong Conservative, politically Lord Salisbury's supporter, spiritually Mr. Gladstone's admirer, to the effect that Mr. Gladstone would be perpetrating a false move in dealing with the Tory party's official leaders. "Rather let him," so runs this communication, "appeal to the Conservative rank and file over the heads of their leaders. Thus," it was stated, "the way would be paved for compromise; and even the Conservative chiefs themselves might not find it inconvenient for their hands to be forced or strengthened (whichever

word should be used) by recourse to their followers." This letter the party peace-maker was permitted to show privately to Mr. Gladstone. The Liberal leader acted on the advice, and that very evening declared in the House of Commons his willingness to take Lord Salisbury into his confidence. Within two hours the Tory chief sent Mr. Balfour with a communication to Mr. Gladstone. Then there was a conference, and the whole thing was settled. Lord Randolph Churchill was not, as I have seen asserted, at all concerned in these arrangements. Nor anyone else except the two chiefs, unless, perhaps, I should mention that the Conservative nobleman invoked by the academic peacemaker had a week earlier invited Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Cranbrook to stay with him at his historic house in a Western county for the purpose of talking the matter over. Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford accepted at once. The latter, however, finding Lord Salisbury and Lord Cranbrook had declined, drew back. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, arrived alone. His visit lasted some days. During its course, he assured his host of his anxiety, above all things, to avoid a dissolution on the County Franchise Bill. At the same time, he warned his host that to such a step he would be driven should the Lords reject the measure a second time. "In

that case," Mr. Gladstone added, "nothing can prevent the main attack being directed against the Hereditary House, much as I desire to avoid it." No one personally or socially acquainted with the strong Conservative vein traversing the ex-Premier can doubt this declaration to be genuine, notwithstanding his farewell utterances in the House of Commons before handing the Premiership over to Lord Rosebery.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME SOCIO-POLITICAL EXPERIENCES.

West of England hosts, in and out of London. Lord Carnarvon's parties at Highclere, and in Bruton Street. Social history of No. 16 Bruton Street. The Whig tradition of culture shown in Lord and Lady Cork's hospitalities. Lady Dorothy Nevill as guest at Highclere, and as luncheon hostess in her own house, Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The "Fourth Party" at Lady Dorothy's; the second Duke of Wellington, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and others. Mr. Chamberlain as host in Princes Gardens and at Highbury. His patriotism before politics; his tendency towards Conservatism predicted by Mr. Disraeli. His worst vices of a landed proprietor detected by Sir William Harcourt. Preparations for writing "England: its People, Polity, and Pursuits." The experiences acquired during it.

AS regards London society's hospitable functions, alike in capital and country house, the West of England during my time has always been represented favourably. Two prominent hosts on either side have been connected with my native county of Somerset. Its Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Cork, has perpetuated, with the assistance of his accomplished wife, the best traditions of Whig hospitality and of Whig culture. The fourth Lord Carnarvon, if not at Pixton, Somerset, yet at his Hampshire seat, Highclere; in his London establishment,

Bruton Street, did much for consolidating Conservatism by social cement, as well as refining it by cultivated company and intellectual conversation. In my time Lord Cork contrived his social entertainments with the same discrimination that he showed when Master of the Buckhounds in his admissions to the Lawn at Ascot. Among many candidates, there must be some malcontents; but the functionary of whom I am now speaking reduced just complaints to a minimum. His manner, blending as it does a country gentleman's geniality with a Whig noble's *hauteur*, can never have given offence, save where presumption had brought upon itself a snub. Mr. Bernal Osborne had no more enthusiastic friend than A. W. Kinglake. Yet that brilliant writer was constrained to admit Lord Cork in his conversational encounters with Osborne only to have spoken sharply when social comfort and decorum really demanded that the chartered libertine of dining-tables should restrain his humorous exuberances. Lord Cork is so far a gentleman of the old school as not to like his furniture and drapery to reek of stale tobacco. The young gentlemen whose extreme smartness constrains them to produce a cigarette before the claret has been removed may have felt imperfectly at ease beneath the roof of this host. But everything which Lord and Lady Cork may

have done, or abstained from doing, has had what their taste and judgment deemed sufficient reason of its own.

The fourth of the Carnarvon peers devoted all the resources of his station to his party's benefit while he was in office, nor withdrew that assistance when he had ceased to be a Conservative Minister. His house in Bruton Street seemed built for the entertainments that he liked to give. Formerly it had been occupied by Lord Granville. A great portion of one side consisted of a conservatory. It was on these premises that Mr. Greville, the Clerk of the Council, took up his quarters, and that Lady Granville, alluding to some of the Diarist's sporting visitors, spoke of "Mr. Greville's horrid friends" she always met on the stairs.

For a long time now No. 16 Bruton Street has ceased to be a political house. After Lord Carnarvon's departure it passed into the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oppenheim. These, however, perpetuated its hospitable traditions. At this dinner-table it was that the misunderstanding, which for some time had chilled the personal relations between Lord Hartington and Lord Randolph Churchill, was removed, and that on the part of these two Unionist parliamentarians there began an *entente cordiale* which ended only with one of the two's untimely death.

Beneath this roof, too, the veteran Free Trade champion, Henry Villiers, was, as recently as 1885, discussing with Frederick Greenwood, the changes in our public existence which, during his long pilgrimage, had impressed him most. More widely eclectic entertainments still have been given weekly during the past decade at another Mayfair abode in a neighbouring thoroughfare.

Throughout the period which, after the first Lady Carnarvon's death, Highclere was without a mistress, Lady Dorothy Nevill, an old friend of the family, the particular *confidante* of that veritable *grande dame*, the fourth Countess of Carnarvon, by her presence gave social assistance to the widower in his Hampshire entertainments. Now that the stately relic of a bygone generation, who till recently adorned drawing-rooms, is gone in Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, Lady Dorothy Nevill possesses an unrivalled experience of public life and public men in their social as well as political aspects. She was the friend and correspondent of Disraeli, as before him she had been the correspondent and the friend of Cobden. The same bright wisdom that amused or instructed Mr. Lowe has trained and captivated Mr. Chamberlain. Domesticated, whenever she could find time to visit there, at Blenheim, this lady, a relative of Sir Henry

Drummond Wolff's, regularly entertained at luncheon not only Sir Henry himself, but his colleague, Sir John, then Mr., Gorst, and their common chief, Lord Randolph Churchill. At the very time when the revolt below the Conservative gangway against Sir Stafford Northcote was most severe, the Devonshire baronet sometimes assisted at these Charles Street hospitalities. He had always recognised in his hostess the mistress of a *salon* who combined a lightness of touch and tact which were French, with an earnestness in party politics which was English. If human skill could have reduced the Churchillian *frondeurs* to their old allegiance, that end would have been accomplished beneath the roof now spoken of. When similar company was not occupying the Wimpole Street hostess, the Sir Francis Jeune of to-day, and Lady Jeune were likely to be found in Charles Street. Literature was represented here as well as politics.

Two writers during my time have not only by their rare gifts achieved an original kind of excellence in prose composition, but by the same qualities have influenced sensibly the current diction of their period. Laurence Oliphant in his *Piccadilly* set up quite a fresh standard of style, and let in a tide of new ideas. W. H. Mallock repeated that triumph in his *New Republic*, and like his pre-

decessor set a fresh fashion in prose diction. Of these writers, the younger was a frequent guest at Lady Dorothy's gatherings. Mr. Justin McCarthy, belonging to an older generation, but who in his *History of Our Own Times* seemed to take a new lease of fame, often found his place beside the chair of the second Duke of Wellington, and secured in the Waterloo hero's son, reproducing so surprisingly as he did the features, without their strength, of his father, a patient and pleased listener while the historian talked on every subject from English literature's beginning, down to the Union's end.

Mr. Chamberlain himself, who, at a national crisis, left one party and made another, has long since proved himself not less effective as a host than welcome as a guest. One of the very few occasions on which the late C. S. Parnell dined at an English table was during the expiring seventies in a private room at the "Star and Garter," Richmond, with the Birmingham statesman and his then chief extra-parliamentary ally, Mr. John Morley. Alike in his London house Princes Gardens, and his Birmingham home, Highbury, this magnate of the Midlands has deserved well of his party by his hospitalities. F. C. Burnand, G. E. Buckle, H. W. Lucy, among publicists; J. A. Froude and John Morley amongst men of letters,

were habitually present at these representative gatherings. So, too, in the period before the Irish split, were Mr. A. J. Mundella, Sir William Harcourt, and till the very eve of his death Mr. John Bright, who, though I have met him at many tables, never seemed so thoroughly at ease, and therefore so agreeable, as at the board of his Birmingham colleague. Probably to the accident of birth and family connections is it due that Mr. Chamberlain did not begin life with the political opinions at which he has now arrived. His militant citizenship in the hardware capital has always contained the germ of a patriotism totally opposed to the "peace at any price" school. Mr. Disraeli detected this when, on one of the few occasions the Conservative statesman socially met the Radical leader, there fell from the former's lips the oracular utterance: "By the time he is sixty, that man will be Secretary of State in a Conservative Cabinet." The same meaning may have lurked in a playful sally of Sir William Harcourt as a guest at Highbury, when the master of the place with something like pride pointed to the budding branches of some saplings recently planted in the grounds. "Our host must be careful," ran the warning of "Historicus," "for he is already developing some of a landed proprietor's worst vices."

During his earlier years in Parliament, Mr. Chamberlain had not fully realised the social charm of the metropolis. Nor, since he has done so, has his attachment to the associations of the citizens of the town, whose name will always be linked with his own, disappeared. When, some years after the point I have now reached, I was writing a book on our native country, Mr. Chamberlain's Midland home was my starting point. Here it was that I first perceived the metropolis on the "Black Country's" frontier to be characterised by its people's intense attachment to their local corporate life in a degree recalling the pride of citizenship evinced by the mediæval inhabitants of Italy's great commercial capitals, such as Genoa or Venice.

If the Birmingham M.P. typified politics, science had a no less worthy representative in Lawson Tait. The adequate exponent of liberal culture was King Edward VI.'s school headmaster, the Rev. A. R. Vardy. The religious principle of the community was faithfully shown, not by any minister of the Established Church, but by Nonconformity's most eminent pillar, the late Dr. R. W. Dale. The just pride of his own congregational co-religionists, this remarkable man was full of interest to the innumerable Anglicans whom he knew. Picturesque in presence, not less fresh in his table-talk than vigor-

ous in his pulpit, Dale suggested at one moment Arthur Stanley, of Westminster, at another "Parson Lot," in Kingsley's novel. No one among Dissenters reciprocated so cordially towards Churchmen the goodwill which among Churchmen Dean Stanley illustrated towards Dissenters. In his sermons, as in his social conversation, Dale was one of the few men whom I have seen to show themselves aware of the growing tendency among Evangelicals to divorce religion from conduct, and to reduce Pauline Christianity to something indistinguishable in practice from Antinomianism.

Dale, at least, did not fear to insist upon human duties as the essential correlatives and the indispensable complements of Divine obligations. He denounced, with a fervour too seldom heard among Evangelical teachers, the idea that a real Christian might be exemplary in the discharge of all heavenward duties, and yet take a low view of his earthly responsibilities, be at the same time a model in all devotional acts on Sunday, yet show himself on week-days a careless husband, an unsympathetic father, an indifferent neighbour, an undutiful son. If anyone thinks that these things are truisms, or doubts the danger of the same phenomenon long since witnessed in the Greek Church being reproduced in the Anglican Communion, and of morality

being divorced from faith, I would urge him to study professionally, as it was my duty to do for some years, the ideas of his humbler fellow-countrymen shown in their real attitude towards the Churches of our day. Dale did not suppose ministers of any Creed, or honest Christians of any vocation, to be bent upon dishonouring their Faith by flagrant sins against ethical law. But he discerned in many among his Evangelical brethren the union of the most amiable intentions with the most absolute indifference to the amenities or courtesies of life, and to the higher law of secular association. These failures appeared to him to furnish the sole explanation of the attractions which Positivism possesses for the higher-toned philanthropists of our time.

The preparation for this book on England occupied me, with travel and research in all parts of the country, some three years. I inspected personally the management of every great landed property, thanks to the courtesy of owners and agents. I lived among the colliers of Northumberland; I passed a month with the agricultural labourers in our southern and western counties. The epithets of God-fearing, law-abiding Conservative as applied to the English people have lost their point by frequent use, or have degenerated into mere commonplaces of phrase. Mr. Mundella was the first person to indi-

cate to me how, beginning from his own constituency of Sheffield, I might verify for myself the living significance of the words, and thus sketch, as I endeavoured to do, the most energising section of the Anglo-Saxon race in its actual existence within the four seas to-day.

CHAPTER XXII.

PARLIAMENT AND PLATFORM.

General aspect of House of Commons' personnel and oratory, 1874-80. Influence of Disraeli and Gladstone in raising the rhetorical standard shown by the excellence of private Members' speeches. Mr. Spencer Walpole, Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Whalley, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Roebuck. Speeches of the chiefs which impressed me most in and out of Parliament. Mr. Disraeli on the Claimant and Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. Mr. Gladstone on militarism and on Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Bright on being "buried like a dog." Mr. Disraeli's great speeches at Manchester and at Glasgow; his method of preparation. Excellence of the "Times'" reports. Surprising variety, polish, and effect of the Glasgow speeches. Louis Philippe and Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Disraeli's quotations.

THE actual writing of my book on England took me about the same time as the preparation for it had done, and was carried on in such hours as I could snatch from daily attendance on parliamentary debates and leader writing afterwards. Necessarily at this time I was brought into close and constant contact with party leaders and prominent debaters on both sides. In 1874, and probably throughout the half-dozen years following, the Popular Chamber was still pretty much as I suppose it had been in Sir Robert Peel's days, or of Canning before him.

Parliamentary speaking was still studied and practised as a fine art, not merely as a civic function. The performances of men like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli kept a high standard of excellence before the Assembly whether in Committee or in general debate. In the front rank there was more than one private Member approaching Cabinet calibre, whose full and ready knowledge in discussion or his actual eloquence was scarcely inferior to his chief's. Mr. Horsman, who for many years had represented Liskeard, may have been somewhat pompous in his manner. His rhetorical effects were genuine and artistic; when his health was good he never failed to meet hostile attack with stinging retort. He might be ridiculed as a superior person; but he perpetuated the Chamber's best traditions, was in style and breeding a thorough English gentleman. Near him there sat with the acid expression of countenance; with the petulant treble voice, but with the commanding intellectual brow suggestive of stored knowledge and deep thought, A. J. Roebuck, the historic "Tear 'em," of Sheffield. One utterance, and one only of his can I remember from beginning to end. It was a hot Wednesday afternoon; Members were gasping for fresh air. Addressing the Speaker, the representative of the cutlers' capital, instead of the rasping attack on Ministers which

was expected, said, in a meek, small voice: "I rise, Sir, to ask whether you will give orders that one of the windows shall be opened."

Mr. Newdegate may have appalled the House with his preternatural solemnity, when the Roman Church and any of its institutions, especially convents, were under discussion, but he impressed all who saw or listened to him as embodying not more the prejudices than the earnest good sense and patriotism of other than his own constituents. For in these days men continued to speak in the House as the representatives, not exclusively of those who sent them there, but of their fellow-countrymen at large. Mr. Newdegate it was who first suggested that Mr. Chamberlain's natural bent and primary ideas would ultimately dissociate him from Liberalism, and range him among Tories. The Warwickshire Member had been present at a function in the Birmingham Town Hall, when the Mayor conducted the Princess of Wales to her place. He had been so much impressed by the contrast between the magistrate's reputed Republicanism and actual courtiership as to see in him already a potential champion of Throne and Altar not less than of peers and privilege. Mr. Newdegate, too, it was who drew Mr. Disraeli's attention to the fact, eliciting from the Tory captain the prediction previously mentioned:

"Before he is sixty, that man will be Secretary of State in a Conservative Cabinet."* While stateliness was the note of Newdegate, a nervous timidity, reminding one of a hunted hare, appeared to pervade the other Protestant champion, poor Mr. Whalley, M.P. for Peterborough, so often tauntingly invited to "sing."

The stately and polished Mr. Walpole had ceased to be Home Secretary, but, together with Mr. Beresford Hope, still sat for Cambridge University. In mien and manner as well as in voice, an embodiment of what Horace has called "the mild wisdom of Lælius." At all points he contrasted with his colleague, the proprietor of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Beresford Hope's sentences, especially on the ecclesiastical matters which really interested him, were frequently stinging and not seldom capitally constructed. But they were delivered with physical as well as intellectual labour. The contortions of the orator recalled the writhings of the Cumæan sibyl. Nor did the benign and facile Walpole differ more from his Cambridge colleague than from another independent Tory Member, the late Mr. Henley, of Oxfordshire. The latter, if Newdegate typified the *mitis sapientia Lælii*, did assuredly reproduce the *virtus horrida* of Cato. Henley was unquestionably the most remarkable among private Members of my time. A face knotted and gnarled like an old oak;

* See page 319.

a massive ponderous brow, with convolutions such as those one beholds in granite, a deep yet rather humorous voice, a tendency to sententious wisdom relieved and lightened by a playful fancy. These are the characteristics of that Mr. Henley whom I knew; who probably had his predecessor in "Robin" Walpole's political enemy and personal friend, "Downright" Shippon, but who left behind him no successors. "Mr. Speaker," I can hear him say now, "sooner than give in to such cant as this, I would lie on my back in a field all day, and cry 'Fudge!'"

The Lord Elcho of that period, still extant as Lord Wemyss, was then a really independent Member, inclined to be malevolently neutral all round. The House possessed few more commanding figures. A singularly shrewd judge of character, he had a habit in the Chamber and out of it of interpolating caustic remarks *sotto voce* in general conversation. When he was assisting at a public dinner in his old College, Balliol, referring to a speech wherein Mr. Jowett had ignored the services to the College of his predecessor, Scott, Lord Elcho, in an aside audible several places off, shocked some, pleased others, by saying, with a quiet nod towards the speaker: "He was never famous for magnanimity." Of the same order as Mr. Henley

were the late Patrick Boyle Smollett, and the present Lord Alington, then Mr. ("Bunny") Sturt. Smollett inherited from his ancestor, the great "Tobias," the novelist, not a little of the homely mordant humour with which *Humphrey Clinker* and *Peregrine Pickle* are charged. He had especially a gift of terse and telling, though not often complimentary, characterisation. An Irish Member, named Maguire, one of a little group which made a point of being rude to Mr. Disraeli, had a rather expressionless countenance as well as a very voluble tongue. Smollett openly styled him "a talking potato." The *Saturday Review*, still under Cook, immortalised and expanded the phrase in an article headed with Smollett's description. The Dorsetshire squire was then, as now, a lover of horses, and especially interested in securing vigorous or at least effective sires for the propagation of stock. Once, moved to eloquence by the frauds which stallion owners perpetrated, stepping out on the middle of the floor, he took the House into his confidence as follows: "When I went, Mr. Speaker, to look at the mares in the paddock, they were no more in the family way than I am myself." As he said these words, he histrionically patted the lower part of his white waistcoat.

Of the giants in debate, it is difficult to say anything new. The speech of Mr. John Bright which

struck me as uniting in their greatest perfection his characteristic qualities of indignation, pathos, simplicity, fervour, expressed in the musical Anglo-Saxon of which he was a master, was that delivered on the Burials Bill in the 1880 Parliament. Mr. Talbot and other high Anglicans had taunted Dissenters with "interring their departed with no more ceremony than dumb beasts." Dwelling on Nonconformists' sepulchral rites generally, the orator anticipated the description of his own funeral, especially the silent mourners by the new-made grave. "Yes, Mr. Speaker," he observed in tones quivering with emotion, "as the honourable gentleman says, I, too, shall be buried like a dog." As he said these words, I happened to look down from the Gallery on the faces of two Opposition front benchmen, the then Mr. Gathorne Hardy and Sir Stafford Northcote. The orator's appeal had been irresistible. Tears filled the eyes of both. Mr. Hardy, while Member for Oxford University, was, if anyone could ever be so, the chivalrous ideal of the country party's leader. He was then an impressively handsome man, with eyes that flashed forth scorn upon all mean things or cowardly suggestions. He had, too, a memory quick to illustrate from his miscellaneous reading any incident which occurred during debate. During the Public

Worship Bill discussions of 1874, a mouse, startled from its hole, ran between the benches. Hardy at once recalled the correct precedent for the apparition. "So," he said, "did a truant cat disturb the proceedings at the Synod of Dort."

During the time now spoken of, Mr. Gladstone's universal reception in the House was of a curiously mixed character. What struck the spectator most was that while their partizanship withheld applausive demonstrations, their honesty as gentlemen and their English pride in a great member of their body caused old parliamentary hands of his own standing though on hostile benches with unconcealed admiration to listen to the Liberal leader whenever he rose, and in the lobby or elsewhere afterwards, to discuss with fond regret old times and the points of an oratory whose secret seemed already lost. In the course of the half-dozen years I listened to him at Westminster almost daily, the two master-pieces of Mr. Gladstone's oratory which I heard were his criticism on the employment of Indian troops in Europe, and his tribute to Mr. Disraeli after his death as Lord Beaconsfield. By an untoward accident, the Liberal leader was at Hawarden when he should have been in the House of Commons. By an error, perhaps of judgment, he absented himself from the funeral in Hughenden churchyard.

But the tribute to his rival in the House of Commons, if tardy, was a perfect specimen of good taste in that memorial rhetoric, wherein a past generation excelled. Not glossing over his own differences with the dead statesman, Mr. Gladstone acquitted him of all idea of personal malignity towards himself. He admitted his great qualities. "I can," he said, "well understand one of his own admirers applying to the noble lord, as he returned from Berlin, the stately words of Virgil—

*'Aspice ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis
Ingreditur victorque viros supereminet omnes.'* "

Not, of course, the greatest, but nearly perhaps the happiest, as well as characteristic, of Mr. Disraeli's speeches has ever seemed to me, and seemed also at the time to many good judges of parliamentary oratory. Mr. Disraeli's vindication of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, when Dr. Kenealy brought forward his long-threatened "Claimant" motion. This great leader of the House of Commons had a light comedy, as well as a high tragedy, manner. He was in the former's happiest vein when he rose to dismiss Arthur Orton's advocate with amused contempt. "We all know," said Disraeli, "the Lord Chief Justice in society, and that he does not enter a lady's drawing-

room with an air of adamantine gravity." The speaker then recalled an anecdote of Richard Lalor Sheil. "At one of his clubs, I think it was the Athenæum, solacing himself with a pint of claret and a cutlet after a night's debate, the eloquent Sheil dismissed an intruder on his table with some preposterous statement. The next day the most absurd rumour went round the town, all because Mr. Sheil had said something to extricate himself from the toils of a bore." This 1874 House of Commons may perhaps be regarded as the last of an older *régime*. Mr. Disraeli's greatest extra parliamentary efforts were made in anticipation of this Parliament, wherein, for the first time during his career, he secured a working majority. The entire series at different parts of the country was heard by me. First in order came the "exhausted volcano" speech in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, during the spring of 1872. The Conservative leader was at this time the guest of Mr. Romaine Callender. When he entered the building that night he walked feebly, as indeed he often seemed to do, and looked almost painfully exhausted. His indefatigable and indispensable private secretary, Mr. Montagu Corry, to-day Lord Rowton, looked nervous while he arranged his chief's papers, and filled a glass with the regulation toast and water. It was

not till he reached his description of Mr. Trevelyan as agricultural philanthropist, insisting on a share in Hodge's dinner, that Disraeli at all warmed to his theme. Then in rapid succession, startling as a *feu de joie* of musketry, came the *Sanitas Sanitatum Omnia Sanitas* declaration. Next followed the comparison of the Gladstonian front bench to those phenomena not unusual in South America, where, "though no flame flickers on a single pallid crest, but the situation is yet dangerous, and ever and anon you hear the rumbling of the sea."

The Glasgow group of addresses followed at not quite a year's interval. To hear all these was the greatest treat ever permitted to me during my professional career. First came the Rectorial prelection to the Glasgow students. Scarlet-gowned, the new Lord Rector addressed a rapt audience of lads, scarlet-gowned also, many of them fresh from the plough or the shop; all absorbed as they listened to the orator with an attention which, pathetic to witness, visibly impressed the speaker. The great man began with something amusingly like a false start. "It is," so ran his opening words, "an extraordinary thing——" Here he stopped short, for the rain began to trickle through the improvised wooden structure, and spotted his glove. Whether this or anything else was the remarkable circum-

stance, no one ever knew, for Mr. Disraeli at once set himself to recast his initial sentence. Speaking of preparatory studies, he compared the Scotch youths to the Ten Thousand Greeks. "Having traversed mountains, threaded defiles, like the soldiers of Xenophon, you behold the sea, the waters being of course the ocean of life." After having waited for subsidence of the applause which this noble *exordium* provoked, the Lord Rector talked about the spirit of the time and about those who had mastered it. Amongst the latter, he instanced John Knox, Martin Luther, and others. The list also included "the great princes of the House of Tudor," as the *Times* correctly reported the phrase. Other papers gave the remark as "the great princes of the House of Judah." The mistake was probably caused by the similarity of the sounds for hearers preoccupied with the speaker's nationality. The whole discourse, followed with reverent care, punctuated by passionate outbursts of cheering, drew to its close with two unfamiliar lines from "the most attic of Athenian poets," *i.e.* from the Ajax of Sophocles. In them the speaker had "found solace amid the trials of existence." Them did he deliver to his hearers to "guard their consciences and to keep their lives." The *Times* was the only journal which gave correctly the next morning the Greek

quotation. The lines might be roughly rendered in the following English :—

“ These things, and all things at all times I say :
My faith is come straight from the Gods to men.
Whoso holds other form of doctrine true ;
He has his faith, let me adhere to mine.”

This crude paraphrase, the product of the moment, actually appeared in one London print represented by my acquaintance, Charles Williams. The *Hour* printed the Greek words in English characters. Shirley Brooks, then editing *Punch*, was much amused by this compromise, and cleverly burlesqued the Disraelian citation in *Punch* shortly after to the following effect :—

“ This thought once again into language I shape,
Belief in myself is my faith and evangel :
If any one likes to go for the Ape,
He can ; I prefer taking sides with the Angel.”

At Manchester, before this, the *Times* also had given a more accurate report of the Free Trade Hall harangue than any of its contemporaries ; and one which differed in important respects from less authentic versions. It has been said, incorrectly, that, in virtue of an old arrangement, Mr. Disraeli furnished exclusive and early drafts of his greater utterances to the leading journal. The real ex-

planation is, that Mr. Neilson, one of the *Times'* chief reporters, had "taken" Mr. Disraeli from his Aylesbury addresses of a past generation, and did so almost to the close of his life. This accomplished stenographer rendered the great man useful assistance by conversations with him before and after his more special extra-parliamentary utterances. The Tory leader's method of preparing his speeches varied at different periods of his life. Most Etonians will recollect the name, if not the personality, of William Gifford Cookesley. At his house it was that Disraeli acquired the fresh knowledge of Eton life presented in *Coningsby*. Subsequently his patron gave the Eton master the living of Hammersmith, and got him into the Carlton Club. When in 1846 Disraeli was attacking Peel, he often walked with Cookesley across the Park to the House, rehearsing on the way the chief points of the invective he was about to launch at the Tory apostate. Six-and-twenty years later a more tranquil preparatory method was employed. At Manchester in 1872 he passed the day alone before the eventful hour arrived. On the occasion of the Rectorial visit to Glasgow of which I have been speaking, Mr. Disraeli was the guest of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell of Keir. The host, a short square-built gentleman of aristocratic presence, was the greatest

scholar and antiquarian of his day among the Scottish gentry. He may, perhaps, have assisted in refurbishing Mr. Disraeli's Greek for the Glasgow occasion. None who were then present are likely to forget the extraordinary polish and brilliancy of the widely opposite effects, each exactly suited for its different occasion, produced in quick succession by Disraeli at the city on the Clyde. In the afternoon following the morning of the academic discourse, the orator harangued the Scotch working men, and amid the plaudits of navvies, mechanics, and artisans, appealed to his hearers to "leave off munching the remainder biscuit of an effete Liberalism." The origin of the phrase excited at the time not less questioning than the source of the Greek quotation in the morning. Sir William Maxwell showed the then editor of the *Edinburgh Courier*, James Mure, that the expression first occurred in *Othello*. More personally interesting, perhaps, than any other utterance on this occasion was his autobiographical vindication of his own position at a Conservative club dinner. One of the society's officials, proposing the evening's toast, by way of complimenting the visitor, read aloud nearly half a chapter from the most inflated portion of *Alroy*. Disraeli received it with grim silence and apparently unconsciousness. A minute

or two afterwards, protesting against the revival of his youth's literary extravagances, he recalled in the happiest vein his boyish meeting with "the lord of Abbotsford." Again he passed on to Louis Philippe, sketching him in six sentences exactly as it might have been one of his own creations in the novel, *Endymion*, which he was then meditating. The sagacious but not successful monarch had ascribed the success of the English public system to the habit of talking politics at dinner. One of the company pricked up his ears at the word, expecting some new declaration of Conservative statesmanship. Mr. Disraeli noticed the anticipation he had excited ; paused for a moment : "Politics — not policy, I said," was his humorous aside, after which he resumed his argument.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE 1874 AND 1880 ADMINISTRATIONS.

The Dissolution and General Elections of 1874. Circumstances of Mr. Gladstone's decision to dissolve. The address written in bed approved by Lord Granville and others. Mr. Disraeli's counter tactics, consultation with Lord Cairns and Imperial appeal. His unannounced purpose of buying the Suez Canal shares. The "jingo" fever of 1878. The true genesis of jingo. Social and fashionable popularity of the Turk backed by the Jew. Extreme unpopularity of Lord Carnarvon and Lord Derby on their resignation. Street demonstrations. Lord Carnarvon's front door forced. State of society at this time. Peace with honour brought back from Berlin. Lord Salisbury and Lord Beaconsfield at the Guildhall. A discordant note roughly silenced. "He's no friends, and it's a safe kick." How the Imperial tide ebbed. Facts and fictions about Lord Beaconsfield. Impressive scene at his funeral at Hughenden. Mr. Coningsby Disraeli—Lord Beaconsfield's last words.

THE only occasion when I was by way of having any colloquy political or otherwise with Mr. Disraeli was in the January of 1874. His rival's intention to dissolve Parliament had only been known the previous Saturday, and had come as a surprise to many sharers of his confidences. The Conservative leader's speeches in the North, which I have already described, had produced an effect at once visible in the bye-elections throughout

the country, in the reduction of the Ministerial majority at Westminster, as well as in the consequent loss of popular prestige. But there is the best reason for believing that so recently as the December of '73, no idea of dissolution had shaped itself clearly in the Gladstonian mind. When, however, the Liberal Premier found that after paying the expenses of the Ashantee War there would be a surplus of over £5,000,000, he resolved to propose a grand scheme of local taxation coupled with the abolition of the Income Tax. Only a new Parliament, fresh from the constituencies could, he perceived, invest him with the authority required for this programme. Mr. Gladstone was, at the time, suffering from a severe cold, and wrote in bed his manifesto to his constituents. Having done this, he sent for Lord Granville and Mr. Glyn, then Whip. The document was read by its author to his two visitors, and received their warm approval. In this manner the dissolution took place.

Directly Mr. Gladstone's address had appeared, Mr. Disraeli telegraphically summoned Lord Cairns, after due consultation with whom the Tory rejoinder to the Liberal pronouncement was issued in the shape of an appeal to the Buckinghamshire electors. Mr. Disraeli had left his house at Grosvenor Gate, which came to him, as part

of his wife's jointure, on Lady Beaconsfield's death. Many absurd stories of this dwelling's interior have been circulated. I have seen it gravely stated in print that the Tory leader meditated his epigrams in an upper room "whose walls were covered with Russia leather and whose recesses were glorious with roses of Sharon." The truth is, the furniture was simple throughout, while as for the flowers, if a Sharon rose was ever possessed by the author of *Tancred*, it must have been one which the hero of that novel brought back to his creator from Palestine. Another Disraeli myth extensively propagated concerns the Prince of Wales' visit to Hughenden some years later. The Heir Apparent is represented after dinner as requesting that whist tables should be produced, that the game should be played at five-guinea points; while a gentleman of the statesman's household reduced the stakes to a fifth of that sum. His Royal Highness did, it is true, visit the Buckinghamshire Manor-house, but as no cards were produced nothing was said about points—guinea or otherwise. On the present occasion, the memorable Sunday, that is, in Mid-January, 1874, when from the instructions of my editor, Mr. Hamber of the *Hour*, I presented myself at Thomas' Hotel where Mr. Disraeli was then staying. The great man was too busy to receive me for a protracted interview.

Some sanguine Liberals may have anticipated a Gladstonian triumph, but the more hard headed on both sides never doubted that the personal appeal of the Liberal leader would be rejected. Especially Sir Charles Dilke, I remember, predicted approximately the Conservative majority's figures. Of one particular fact, by no means unimportant, I did at this time become possessed. Neither in general conversation nor in newspapers had a hint yet been dropped about the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. But before the elections were held Mr. Disraeli had resolved if their issue should place him in power to secure for England the predominant partnership in Ferdinand de Lesseps' mid-sea highway.

As I had witnessed in Lancashire and in Scotland Mr. Disraeli's preparations for his great victory of 1874; as I saw, and have already narrated, its House of Commons' sequels; so was I to behold those acts of the parliamentary and popular drama in which Lord Beaconsfield's fortunes reached the zenith of their splendour. Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon in 1878, when the jingo fever was at its height, left the Cabinet on the question of the English Fleet entering the Dardanelles. During several days yelling crowds hissed and hooted their disapproval outside the houses of the two resigned

Ministers in St. James' Square and Bruton Street respectively. Into the latter, some of the mob actually pushed their way past Lord Carnarvon's front door. The ringleader was making for the library where the master of the house happened to be. A particularly powerful footman intercepted his progress, and a few moments later bundled the intruder into the street amidst the cheers of the mob, now, after their fashion, turned against their foiled comrade. The jingo fever, as it well might be called, towards the close of the seventies, spread itself everywhere in London, high and low, with all the fury of an epidemic. Fashionable Society went mad with its enthusiasm for the gentlemanly Turk. Modish mothers taught their children to make a Moslem salaam to their guests; dressed up their little boys as Bashi Bazouks, and their little girls as Odalisques. All this is now forgotten. The very origin of the term has already become a philological speculation. It originated of course in the music-hall verse:—

“We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got
the money too”;

or, as one of the more rational patriots in the Army and Navy Club smoking room modified the final words:—

“We've got no men, we've got no ships, but we'll
be licked all through.”

Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon were both burned in effigy wherever bonfires could be lit. If the Tory leader had seized the Royal Sceptre, a plebiscite of the pavement would have voted to him the Throne. These extraordinary manifestations of popular enthusiasm would be explained insufficiently by Lord Beaconsfield's personal popularity or by any abstract admiration for the Turk and his ways. Many elements entered into the grotesque amalgam of the then dominating sentiment. No doubt there still lingered among us the old Palmerstonian prejudices in favour of the Ottoman Empire, together with the legacy of Russian distrust bequeathed by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and other eminent diplomatists. But the pro-Turkish agitation's real strength lay in the fact that it brought out with new intensity domestic differences and animosities at once ancient and inveterate among us. Mr. Gladstone had secured the moral and religious adhesion of many political opponents such even as Lord Salisbury and Lord Bath by appealing to their Greek Church sympathies as High Anglicans jealous of Rome. On the other hand, the Positivists under Mr. Frederick Harrison, like the Jews, largely sympathised with the Mahommedan, not from any love for Islamism; but because they saw in the

Turks a counterpoise to a too preponderating Christianity.

Another formidable factor in the movement was the Jewish influence throughout Europe. That of course was exercised for the benefit of the man who had reflected glory on the Jewish name; who was now treading in British policy's traditional steps—the great Benjamin Disraeli himself. Thus the whole “city,” every section of the organisation known as Society; all the West End clubs; every music hall throughout the kingdom; every skittle alley, every pot-house was on the side of the Mussulman. These varied ingredients in the emotional conglomerate united themselves with the forces and interests akin to militarism. The warriors of Pall Mall or Whitehall led the *habitués* of the Leicester Square and Oxford Street singing and dancing saloons in the demand to plant the Union Jack in regions envied by the Russian; or to do anything which would engage us once more in a deadly grapple with our old enemies of the Crimea.

At a different stage of this commotion the two resigned Ministers rose to make their explanation in the Upper House. That usually impassive assembly was then visibly vibrating to the tempest of angry feeling in Palace Yard outside. Lord Carnarvon was heard amid chilling silence. Lord

Derby was greeted with the nearest approach to a hiss which patrician breeding would allow. When Lord Salisbury in his bitterest vein poured contempt upon the two self-vindicating peers, his scornful references to the inconvenient revelations of the Cabinet's dark interior, and his comparison of Lord Derby to Titus Oates trying to see how much the public would stand, called forth cheers which struck the Gilded Chamber's roof. It had seemed at one time as if the social cleavage in the Tory ranks coinciding with these differences on foreign policy would have rent the party in twain. The hostess in a Southern country house, where I happened to be visiting at the time, herself the daughter of a Tory race, but an anti-jingo, made a little address in the drawing-room to her anti-Moslem friends, winding up with the words: "We are all Liberals now!" No signs, however, were visible of the boast's fulfilment a fortnight afterwards.

The crowning incident in this militant Conservatism's most triumphant episode, was to be witnessed two years later, when Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury "brought back peace with honour" from Berlin. I was present at their reception at the Guildhall upon the occasion, and can recall one little circumstance which I have never seen mentioned in any account of the proceedings. Amid an aisle of

human beings flushed with enthusiasm, hoarse with cheering, the two statesmen advanced and retired through the historic building. One misguided Briton struck a discordant note by ridiculously exclaiming as the two peers passed: "Traitors to the Constitution!" In another moment the rash citizen had been felled to the ground simultaneously by half-a-dozen patriotic fists. Blood was already streaming from his nostrils, eyes, and ears. As the poor creature was stretched his length upon the ground, a furred Alderman, nobly bent on vindicating the civic honour, murmuring the words, "He's no friends, it's a safe kick," drove his booted foot with all his force successively against the head and stomach of the prostrate anti-jingo. A few minutes later the luckless creature was carted off, maimed and impotent, from the building. A spectator of the little incident could from the passions he observed in play around him, have understood better perhaps than before the frenzied delight caused by the sight of blood to the onlookers in the Roman amphitheatre, or by the writhings of disembowelled horses to the chivalry of Castile in the Spanish bull-ring.

After this the tide began to ebb ; but during his life's short remainder, Lord Beaconsfield, the 1880 Election alone excepted, knew as little what national

unpopularity as what Court dis-favour was like. His death in the spring of next year was an apotheosis. His funeral in Hughenden churchyard was more memorable than most interments in Westminster Abbey. That ceremony took place on a chill, changeful April day. The peafowl on the Hughenden lawn had always been preferred by their master to the primroses. The birds now, with their shrill funereal cries and in their depressed stride over the turf, withheld no sign of grief at the death of their master. Lord Cairns, so long the dead statesman's chief adviser in the Peers, paced solitary up and down the gravel walk soliloquising sometimes audibly on the transitoriness of all earthly things; or joined in subdued talk with Lord Derby, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Lord Stanhope, and Mr. Cross. The little church, where Lord Beaconsfield was a regular Communicant, stands within the demesne. From the lawn before the house the organ notes, on the occasion now spoken of, could already be heard; the surpliced clergyman was seen advancing to the gate. The little brook traversing the estate was humorously spoken of by the Lord of the Manor as "that ancient river, the river Kishon." At this moment a gleam of sunshine pierced a dense bank of clouds, lighting up the whole streamlet's course, and finally resting upon the bier on which the

great man is borne by Hughenden tenants. I have seen interments at Westminster Abbey and in St. Paul's. None of these were so impressive as the obsequies in the Buckinghamshire churchyard.

Perhaps the most interesting figure among the living was a dark-complexioned youth of about seventeen. Not many years before this he had called at the Prime Minister's in Downing Street, would take no denial, and so secured his admission to Lord Beaconsfield's presence. The visitor was the Premier's nephew, Mr. Ralph Disraeli's son. Pleased by the lad's importunity the distinguished uncle made him his heir, personally superintending his education's completion. This lad was, at the funeral, chief mourner. His composure and dignified modesty attracted much admiration. When the noble and pathetic service had ended most of those present visited the vault where the mighty ashes reposed. The coffin was covered with primroses, the Queen's wreath of that flower being conspicuous among them. The dead leader's chief followers struggled vainly to repress their emotions. Physicians see too much of death-beds to be readily impressionable; but Dr., now Sir Richard, Quain who attended the patient in his illness, has Celtic blood in his veins, and as with others he stood in the vault, was dissolved in tears. This, then, was the first of those primrose anni-

versaries which are yet observed. Nor is there any other reason why that vernal blossom should be associated with Beaconsfield's memory save that it was the primrose season when he died.

Some time before, also, to a friend condoling with him on his defeat at the 1880 Elections, he remarked, that he deserved congratulation rather for that he would now be at leisure to note the spring growths unfolding their petals in his grounds. To much the same effect, before Disraeli, Adolphe Thiers met under similar circumstances his friends' sympathetic regrets. Curiously enough, Disraeli had always admired and studied, sometimes unconsciously imitated, the French statesman's rhetoric. Thus, many years earlier in his remarks on the Duke of Wellington's death, the Conservative leader had appropriated Thiers' fine image personifying his country ever visible before the warrior with a laurel wreath in one hand and a cypress crown in the other. The coincidence passed unnoticed for some time in the English press till it was pointed out by Mr. O'Byrne in the columns of the *Globe*. Disraeli was so far thoroughly English as to possess in perfection the habit of never worrying over trifles and of meeting reverses with the good temper which English statesmen from North to Melbourne and Palmerston have ever displayed. When in 1880 the

“light and leading” letter to the Duke of Marlborough had manifestly failed of its effect, and day after day the constituencies were declaring against him, personal enquiries were of course made concerning his health. Laughingly he deprecated this solicitude with the words: “People need not ask after me as if I were a lady who had just had a baby.” Most men who, starting from such beginnings, have encountered opposition, at times so personally malignant, would have showed some bitterness, if only in conversation about others. Disraeli never betrayed such a sentiment. He had too much genius, and too much good sense for it. Not devoid of self-love on his literary side, he did indeed abidingly resent the caricature of his style presented to the public many years earlier by Thackeray in *Codlingsby*; and in *Endymion* could not resist the temptation of travesty by the style of “St. Barbe, as author of *Topsy Turvy*,” the great humourist who wrote *Vantiy Fair*. But with this exception Disraeli had no literary enmities. At his own request it was that Charles Dickens had been asked to meet him at Lord Stanhope’s dinner-table; while he subsequently described *David Copperfield*’s author as one of the most perfectly charming men he had ever seen.

The last words of this great man on his death-

bed have been given not less variously than is the lot of most such utterances. I have it, however, from one who personally witnessed the drama's final act in Curzon Street that the authentic utterance which preceded Disraeli's dissolution was—"I am oppressed!"

Since relating in an earlier chapter Mr. Cookesley's experiences of Disraeli's speech preparation in earlier days, I have heard from the statesman's former private secretary, and most intimate friend, that such rehearsals as the Eton master listened to in St. James' Park were not continued in later life by the orator. "Lord Beaconsfield," writes to me Lord Rowton, "to the best of my knowledge, deeply reflected on his forthcoming speeches long beforehand, and only put them mentally into verbal shape during a seclusion of two or three hours which he obtained before delivering an address of much importance. I am sure he never used to write so as to rehearse what he meant to say, in the case of his parliamentary speeches."

CHAPTER XXIV.

KING'S COLLEGE, STRAND, AND TEACHING ELSEWHERE, IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES.

The new order of Oxford undergraduates in the seventies. King's College, London. Teaching experiences there in Classics and Logic. Principal Jelf; his gracious manners and great popularity. Succeeded by Dr. Barry of Cheltenham. The two Principals compared. General experiences of teaching for the Indian Civil Service examinations, and of those called "crammers." T. J. Baty, A. D. Sprange, W. Baptiste Scoones. Injustice of the cry against "crammers."

A GENERATION at Oxford endures little more than three years. Two or three such periods, then, as they are reckoned on the Isis, had passed before, my B.A. as well as my M.A. degree being now taken, my almost weekly visits to the place were discontinued. During these years, I had not only made acquaintance with the youthful married dons who had replaced the sometimes* less youthful bachelors of my own undergraduate days, but had witnessed the rise of an entirely new order of undergraduates also. At Balliol and Trinity, of which,

* The years of Fellows and tutors, even before the latest reforms, have been conventionally much exaggerated.

from family accidents, I knew most, all traces of the epoch depicted in *Verdant Green* had disappeared since my day. The æsthetic era had set in with its modern severity. College rooms were furnished in a style that was a cross between a Pimlico parlour and a Wardour Street repository. The cult of the sunflower and the lotus had replaced the latest neologies as they had also superseded the older text books. The owners of these chambers, before they had passed Moderations, talked, and no doubt wrote, like *Saturday Reviewers* of established position. Many of them seemed to have an "apartment" in Paris, as well of course as a club in Pall Mall. The unsophisticated types of "Charles Larkyns," or "Mr. Bouncer," had disappeared. In their place were little London clubmen, who condescended to wear a student's gown.

At this time, I was lecturing weekly on Logic at King's College. I was also, in the same institution, vicariously discharging for my old friend, my father's Eton and Oxford contemporary, Professor J. G. Lonsdale, the entire duties of the Classical Chair. Many of my pupils were entering at Oxford every term. It was, therefore, part of my duty to maintain an acquaintance with the latest methods of Oxford teaching, changing as those methods do almost with the seasons. In the

Final Schools of History and Philosophy I had myself in 1865 been placed in the Second Class. One of my examiners was then Mr. T. Fowler—to-day President of Corpus. Just thirty years after the examination, in June, 1895, I had occasion to write to this gentleman on a private matter. In his courteous reply he mentions his “pleasant recollections of the examination.” in 1865, adding, “I well remember my regret that your work, though excellent in many respects, did not quite justify us in placing you in the First Class.” I shall, I hope, be pardoned the egotism that, blending with affection for all Oxford things, moves me to give this little extract, as unexpected as it was gratifying, since it came when I should have supposed my small performances in the Schools had passed from all memories save my own.

The period during which, in the heart of the roaring Strand, I combined teaching with journalism at King’s College, was among the pleasantest I have ever passed. On the Isis, I had been examined for Moderations by Dr. Jelf, of Greek grammar fame. In the Strand, the first Principal under whom I served was his venerable father. Principal Jelf had been at Christ Church in the days of Pusey as well as of my uncle, Bickham Escott. He was intimately acquainted with certain branches of my

own numerous and dominantly ecclesiastical family stock. Dr. Jelf was the last specimen of the Oxford academic of the grand manner and of the old school whom, since taking my degree, I had seen. He was regarded by the whole teaching staff, not less than by all the students, with real veneration and living affection.

He had his successor in Dr. Alfred Barry, subsequently Bishop of Sydney, and now Rector of St. James', Piccadilly. At Cheltenham Dr. Barry's experience with mixed orders of parents and pupils had been a better preparation for his London work than would have been the headship of an older public school. His tact in dealing with young people was great. With a strong sense of justice, and extraordinary insight into character, he could defy all forms of youthful or parental imposture. It had become a sort of proverb at Cheltenham: "You cannot tell a lie to Barry." An exceedingly successful man, who at Cambridge had taken one of the best degrees in his year, Dr. Barry, like all schoolmasters, had made enemies, especially among those tutorial assistants whom he may have dismissed. These talked against him perhaps, but no one else who knew him did so. An usher with a grievance can be particularly spiteful. The present Archbishop of Canterbury, a Primate assuredly of an ideal aspect

and dignity, has suffered from an identical cause ever since his Wellington College days. Dr. Barry did not bring to his office the same perfection of manner which had graced his predecessor ; but consciously he wounded no prejudices, and took immense pains to make his staff feel they might always count on his friendship and advice.

Curiously complex and varied the *personnel* of this body was. The little figure of E. H. Plumptre, scholar, theologian, subsequently Dean of Wells, seemed overflowing with vigour and sensibility. Leone Levi, Professor of Commercial Law, was the embodiment of wiry activity as of enthusiasm in his teaching labours. Gustave Masson, a typical Frenchman from the Boulevards, full of vivacity and vigour, was a contrast to the dark-haired Teutonic scholar, Dr. Bucheim, who still teaches German in the same establishment. No change could be greater than that from an Oxford tutor's lecture room, with its inmates ready to resent any excess of zeal on their teacher's part, to the King's College classes, composed of lads fresh from the shop, or the lower middle-class home, demonstratively intent on extracting the full measure of information contained in every word. One did not, therefore, lack inducements to fulfil one's duty. Nor have I many pleasanter memories than those of my pupils during

the seventies in the Strand, from some of whom I still hear occasionally.

The examinations for the Indian Civil Service, for which at this time I prepared innumerable candidates, have been modified since in certain essential respects. In the days I am now speaking of the average of successful candidates was a trifle below the mark for an ordinary entrance scholarship at Oxford. Subjects, but not particular periods or special authors, were then prescribed for competitors. The studies that paid best in marks were precisely those for which "cramming" was least possible—*e.g.*, classics, mathematics, mental and moral science. The outcry against crammers and cramming is, I am sure, almost entirely unjust. Speaking from a practical knowledge, gathered in my capacity of teacher at these seats of learning, I can testify that the so-called crammer is simply a gentleman who has a knack of fixing his pupils' attention, stamping knowledge on their memory, or of giving his staff valuable hints how to do so. The Rev. T. J. Baty, at the epoch now spoken of, and his colleague, Sir Philip Perring, were very successful in preparing young men for Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line. A. D. Sprange and my now old and highly-valued friend W. Baptiste Scoones, had, like Mr. W. Wren, at a much later period, made the

Indian competition their special business. At Baty's I succeeded Perring. At all the others, Mr. Wren's excepted, I have worked on the teaching staff. I can, therefore, say from experience that there is nothing contraband or unhealthy in the processes here performed, and that the so-called crammer is as legitimate and healthy a product as the University coach.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NEW JOURNALISM.

A St. James' Street "fracas" between Lord Carrington and Grenville Murray. The beginning of the New Journalism. Grenville Murray, the "Queen's Messenger"; the "World." Edmund Yates: his special qualifications for the editorship of such a paper. His friends and advisers. Posthumous vitality of his paper. Edmund Yates and James Knowles as editors of their epoch.

WALKING up St. James' Street shortly before dinner-time one evening during the summer of an early seventy, I noticed two gentlemen, as I had first thought, button-holing each other in friendly converse not far from the Conservative Club. Presently the interview developed into what might have been a scuffle or an embrace. I dimly descried a brandishing of a walking-cane by the younger above the elder's head. But because, perhaps, I was too distant I did not observe any actual violence. Nor did I think more about the affair till I heard the following day that Lord Carrington had chastised Mr. Grenville Murray for lampooning him in the *Queen's Messenger*. This was a very small sheet, with probably no larger a circulation. I only saw one copy of it. The print

nevertheless was the earliest real precursor of the new journalism.

Mr. Grenville Murray was connected by birth with the ducal house of Buckingham. He had, like many others, served under Charles Dickens on *Household Words*; had written there *The Roving Englishman*, and more recently had made his mark anew by some astonishingly clever sketches of French life and character in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Shortly after the West End encounter just mentioned, Murray fixed himself permanently in Paris. About the same time Edmund Yates returned from his lecturing tour in the United States, not only with the proceeds of his American visit in his pocket, but with the European correspondentship of the *New York Herald*. The *Queen's Messenger's* short and startling career, and the experiences of the trans-Atlantic press had given him the idea of a sheet which, reproducing the characteristics of both, should revive also the social essays of Dickens' miscellany.

Tom Hood's introduction, nearly a decade earlier, had first made me known to Yates. In the autumn of 1874 he briefly explained to me the idea of his journal one week; bade me set to work immediately. The next time I saw him, a few days later, the first number of the *World* was

in the hands of the public. Grenville Murray continued for a time Yates' partner in this enterprise, saw the proofs in Paris, but left the actual editing to the man whose name will always be identified with the paper. Justice has already been done by me to the *Owl*. But that sheet never had any general circulation, and long before 1874, had become ancient history. The *World*, therefore, which, after the *Queen's Messenger*, has proved the parent of so prolific an offspring, practically had its origin in the inventive audacity of Grenville Murray; in the native acuteness, and in the social and journalistic experience of Edmund Yates. This latter *litterateur* had many qualifications apart from his own native aptitudes, and his newspaper training for the editorship of a journal like the *World*. The histrionic genius and popularity of his two parents had secured him many useful friends in London life as well as a clerkship in the General Post Office. Here he had been trained into official competence and methodical habits by a whole dynasty of departmental chiefs. His knowledge of several levels of Metropolitan life was not less thorough than that of George Sala himself. He grafted upon this familiarity a considerable acquaintance with various aspects of English life, acquired generally at country houses, such as

Lord Fife's, where he often visited ; but especially in his tours through the United Kingdom when he was superintending the transfer of the telegraph wires to the State.

In addition to his publicistic facilities and discipline, Edmund Yates possessed a better education than most of his newspaper contemporaries, and far more real culture than many of those who were alternately his parasites and detractors. Educated at the same school as so many of the Wadham Positivists, Highgate, under Dr. Dyne, he had picked up enough Latin and Greek to have taken an Oxford degree without difficulty. At a German University he had gained a thorough knowledge, conversational and literary, of French as well as German. He was always an omnivorous and retentive reader. His acquaintance with Tennyson in particular approached to scholarship. His full intellectual development came late in life, and continued, I think, up to his death. His extreme sensibility to new impressions helped him to reflect in his paper even those aspects of existence wherein personally he may not have felt much interest. Above all, he was the keenest man of business with whom in letters I have ever been brought into contact. He was not ungenerous, but like a true native of Edinburgh, where he chanced to have been born, he

insisted on having full commercial value for every shilling expended. His social and domestic environment was also useful to him. He had married a lady of great personal endowments and of admirably sound womanly sense. His own lifelong friends were attached to him with a warmth which attested his personal merits, and always, especially his most intimate comrade, Joseph Charles Parkinson, gave him useful advice. In conversation beneath the editor's hospitable roof, new features for the *World* successively suggested themselves. The sound and more instructive articles inspired by workmanlike respect for Dickens' example were combined with papers and paragraphs distinctively characteristic of a later *régime*. Since then, whatever attracted notice in the *World* has been copied widely elsewhere. Here, however, it was for the first time that H. W. Lucy, "From under the Clock," drew the pictures of Parliament men, profiles, white waist-coats and all as in their daily habit they were.

Here, too, before any others, B. H. Becker, or H. Pearce, sketched the domestic life of celebrities and made the late John Bright and many others practically acquainted with the trans-Atlantic habit of being found "at home." Since then, Mr. H. Labouchere has elaborated in *Truth* the treatment which in the earliest instance he applied to shams;

social or financial, in the *World*. H. W. Lucy's parliamentary sketches have by this time long laid the foundations of a recognised school of parliamentary reporting. The "interview," originated by Yates, is, in one shape or another, as indispensable a portion of every weekly journal as the leading article itself is of a daily organ. The *World's* first editor himself took little interest in politics. Dickens and others under whom he had learnt his business had a general sympathy with Liberalism. At first this sympathy was independently reflected in the *World's* columns, but the party never gave its editor the slightest recognition or encouragement. He therefore transferred his attentions to the Conservatives, who received him with open arms. Before he died, he saw nearly all the novelties he had promulgated in his own paper copied upon every side. Since he has been dead, his example's memory has received the flattery of continued and increased imitation. The shrewd and ingenious gentleman who, having by his terse pungent English achieved distinction as a contributor, is now a proprietor of substance, and an editor of enterprise, has revolutionised completely the journal which Douglas Cook started by embellishing it with the short paragraphs which, from the United States, Yates first domesticated. Other weekly and even daily sheets cannot withstand the

attraction of his precedent, and prosper in proportion as his footsteps are followed.

The memory of Edmund Yates may still have detractors, but the man will continue to be a living power while journalism endures. Since the Crimean War, the newspaper had shown a tendency to invade the historic territory of the magazine. Edmund Yates in the weekly, Mr. James Knowles in the monthly, press, carried these reciprocal annexations further than had yet been done. To-day all periodical literature, weekly or monthly, is penetrated by the dominating influence of these two who, though proposing to themselves different exemplars and animated by opposite ideas, are equally entitled to the description of epoch-makers in their profession.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEW MEN.

The new style in the House of Commons as represented specially by Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain. Personal comparison of the two. Both types of the newest Metropolitan civilisation. The degree in which both reflected the characteristics of their time.

FROM 1874 to 1880, the House of Commons still preserved many specimens of the older and statelier parliamentary manner and oratory. The latter date opened a new era on both political sides. Mr. Chamberlain had indeed long before this achieved local, and to some extent national, distinction. He had not become a first-rate power at St. Stephen's until the debate which raised a question of military discipline, in the course of which he denounced Lord Hartington as "the late Liberal leader," and secured acceptance for himself as the new Radical chief. Alike in general discussion and in Committee of the whole House, Mr. Chamberlain displayed from the first, in their very highest perfection, all the gifts of the first-rate parliamentary man of business. To him and to his school, speaking was less a fine art than a function of citizenship to be discharged with

energy and precision ; so as to reflect the thoughts of an inarticulate multitude organised to efficiency by his vigilant energy outside St. Stephen's walls. On these points Lord Randolph Churchill soon adopted Mr. Chamberlain's views. Nor in our time have two men ever displayed reciprocally a more powerful influence or exercised so much of a mutual fascination. It was from the first not less inevitable that the one would soon be identified with Democratic Conservatism than it was certain that the other would end as a Tory. Randolph Churchill admired Joseph Chamberlain's autocratic rule alike of the Midland masses and of his own personal *entourage*. Chamberlain viewed with approval Churchill's permeation of the Conservative organisation with his own bold idiosyncrasies. The two men were necessarily rivals. Socially they were close acquaintances and even friends.

Than Randolph Churchill, society and politics have witnessed recently no more complex or profoundly pathetic figure. He has been compared to Disraeli, to Canning, to Pitt, and to many others. His true prototype was not political at all, but theatrical. The floor of the House of Commons was to him a melodramatic stage. The public personage to whom he possessed most points of likeness was none other than the great French

actress, Sarah Bernhardt. The same straining after effect; the same essential isolation of spirit, were common to each. Both had genius. Neither knew anything of repose. Eliminate the accident of sex and vocation from the Parisian artiste, so that there is left only the natural temperament. From the elements thus remaining the English Conservative Democrat might almost have been formed.

If his private papers, above all his innumerable letters to friends, recording impressions of events and individuals, are ever published, their interest will be found of a thoroughly tragic and heart-moving kind. No one ever learnt from bitterer experience the truth of the wise man's maxim: *Vanitas vanitatum omnia vanitas*. No one having mastered that adage could have so little indemnified himself for the mournful discovery by ignoring as completely as Churchill did the compensation which deeper interests and higher studies, spiritual or intellectual, might have yielded to him as they have done to many others. A true product of his age, Randolph Churchill knew few consolations of philosophy save those supplied by the philosophy of materialism. His brother, the eighth Duke of Marlborough was a man of acute and powerful intellect, educated by considerable mathematical study, and informed by desultory physical research. Such intellectual interests and

occupations as Randolph Churchill pursued became scientific also; for though the brothers sometimes had their small family differences, the younger could not help being impressed by the remarkable endowments and acquirements of the elder.

A generation or so earlier Randolph Churchill would have found more of real satisfaction and true solace in the literature which had been the amusement of Canning, the delight of Pitt, and the comforter of Charles Fox. But after Disraeli's death, the pastimes in vogue with politicians were those of the physicist. C. S. Parnell, Churchill's acquaintance during late years, excelled in experimental chemistry, as he had once been pre-eminent in horsemanship. Lord Salisbury, Churchill's leader, had secured distinction in investigating those adaptations of electricity which fascinated his titular follower. Mr. Chamberlain was the creator of municipal Birmingham; but was too much absorbed in problems of contemporary statesmanship, local or Imperial, to perpetuate the traditions of that higher and immaterial culture, the illustration of which might have brought a blessing to his friend and rival. Churchill therefore looked to excitement for the satisfaction of his restless impulses. In his vain attempt to find it, the sword, in two score years, out-wore its scabbard. A character which

might have been a very fine one, never arrived at maturity because it had not rightly interpreted its own feverish aspirations. A brilliant career was maimed because the conditions of success had not been understood properly or recognised practically. One commendable feature Churchill and Chamberlain possessed in common. Nothing is more honourable to the latter than his fidelity to his plain friends of earlier days, especially to the Devonian, Mr. Jesse Collings, a native of Littleham, Exmouth. Churchill's early followers, Sir John Gorst, Sir H. Wolff, and others, were essential to him during his earlier career. But they in turn owed their subsequent advancement to his then powerful word. The scion of the ducal house did not throw himself with more zest into the new social order, with its amusements, largely copied from French or American habits, than did the Midland parliamentarian; for the only civilisation for which either cared was that of the London which in the last ten years has superseded the old capital.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FAMOUS FACES OUTSIDE LONDON.

Holiday trips to Isles within the four seas. Augustus Smith, King of Scilly. R. S. Hawker, H. S. Stokes; the Laureate in Cornwall. Orkney and Shetland. "Electioneering extraordinary" in ultima Thule. Continental visits. Impressions of Gambetta, of Depretis, Emillo Castelar, and Ismail Pasha. The kingdom of Offenbach on the Nile. Nubar Pasha. Valentine Baker on Egyptian habits, especially going up and down stairs. An intelligent native on the march of civilisation.

UNTIL the later seventies, I scarcely knew what a holiday, in London or out of it, was like. The one or two exceptions were trips to the islands off the English, or the Scotch, coast, when I visited old friends, or made new acquaintances. Mr. Augustus Smith, Mr. Dorrien-Smith's predecessor and relative, was then the king of the Scilly Islands—an absolute monarch within his realm, but a discriminatingly hospitable one. Reports reached him of every stranger landing on any one of the Scilly group. Invitations to stay with the lord paramount at Tresco Abbey, St. Mary's, were conveyed to most of those whose names happened to be known to Mr. Smith. Many absurd and baseless stories are told of this gentleman's insular despot-

ism. He was not a man of very delicate sensibilities or widely varied intellectual interests. But he thought no trouble too great to fill his house with interesting guests when he had a chance of doing so. His tenants, provided that they conformed unquestioningly to his rules, never knew what destitution meant. In the early sixties, when I knew him first, his claims to absolutism were pushed rather far; but he became more liberal and mellow as years rolled on. In the latter seventies, when I saw him last, his feudal pretensions had been renounced, and he asserted no more authority than any other Western squire of good estate.

Cornwall itself has always within my experience possessed sons or inhabitants of marked originality. Douglas Cook's friend, Mr. Kinsman, was in my time still Rector of Tintagel. In his churchyard rests the great *Saturday Review* editor, buried in a spot which the sun's rays, however they fall, can ever reach. A little, elaborately refined, fastidiously neat, urbanely spoken gentleman was Douglas Cook's clerical intimate. The force of contrast, rather than similarity, had made the two so mutually intimate. When this accomplished divine, who was also a considerable landowner in the county, was not discussing Cornish antiquities with his guests, his favourite theme was the incessant pains taken by

Cook during his holidays to secure the best bill of fare possible for the next number of the "*Saturday*."

In these days the Rev. R. S. Hawker was Rector at Morwenstow, an ideal place for a divine uniting antiquarian interests and High Anglican ideas as its accomplished incumbent did. The man was a poet first, a divine afterwards. His Cornish song, "And shall Trelawny die?" with its stirring refrain, was suggested to him by a fragment of parchment writing which he chanced upon in an old muniment room. Every inch of his Rectory grounds; even the rocky niches on the seashore were haunted by associations, sometimes by the visible remains, of the old pre-Reformation worship. I have seen it said that Hawker was received into the Roman Communion during his last short illness. So shrewd a judge and so loyal a friend of the Cornish clergyman as Archdeacon Denison considered there existed good reason for doubting this. Dogmatic divinity of any kind seemed repugnant to this highly poetic Churchman. He had an amusing way of fencing with inconvenient querists on the subject. Someone had asked him "what his 'views' were." Walking up to his window, looking upon the Atlantic: "If," he replied, "my eyes were strong enough, I should have a perfect view of Labrador!"

Hawker was not the only poet possessed by Cornwall in these days. The father of my old undergraduate friend, W. E. Stokes, of Queen's, was the late Henry Sewell Stokes. Cornish by residence and by interests, he had been at a Portsmouth school with Charles Dickens. Later in life, he had gained the intimacy of Alfred Tennyson. The only time I ever beheld in the flesh the great Laureate must have been when he was visiting Mr. Stokes, then a resident at Truro. Perranporth, something like ten miles distant, was then the Laureate's favourite haunt. The Stokes family often had a lodging here. On one occasion, Tennyson, being of the party, requested to be left a day behind in poetic solitude. When he re-joined his hosts at Truro, he brought with him and read to them the lines called *The Deserted House*, and beginning:—

“Life and thought have gone away.”

At this time the author of *The Idylls of the King*, while sojourning in King Arthur's land, seemed never to be without an *Odyssey* in his waistcoat pocket. The lovely reach of the Fal between Truro and Tregothnan chiefly delighted him. Here with his *cicerone* he was inspecting one day the river boats in process of building or repair. The Laureate

improved the occasion by producing his pocket *Homer*, finding the place where the building of Ulysses' craft is described, and paraphrasing the whole passage in musical English prose for our benefit and delight. Henry Sewell Stokes himself wrote verses, especially his *Vale of Lanherne*, which have won something more than local popularity, and which, if unknown to the new criticism, were good enough to win the praise of judges so averse from gushing as Carlyle, Froude, not less than Tennyson himself. Mr. Stokes lived to be universally hailed, and not unworthily, as Cornwall's "Grand Old Man." He knew every inch of soil between the Tamar and Michael's Mount; he had managed the most considerable estates in the county. When he died quite the other day, the whole country-side mourned not only a pleasant citizen, but a local worthy of whom all could recall good, and whose memory no malice assailed.

I have the best reason myself, purely personal, pleasantly to remember Truro. Among Mr. Stokes' neighbours was a retired Indian officer, a surprisingly handsome specimen of elderly manhood when I first knew him, Colonel Charles Liardet. His ancient family was of Austrian origin. In the last century the head of the race had been made a Count of the Empire by Maria Theresa. It was a direct descendant

of that personage who, being the second daughter of Colonel Liardet, subsequently did me honour, and gave me happiness, by becoming my wife.

My expeditions to the northern groups of islands within the four seas were more eventful than my journeys due south or west. Long before I had the privilege of Mr. W. Black's acquaintance, or before that novelist had celebrated with his charming pen the *Princess of Thule*, I traversed the whole Orkney and Shetland archipelago, and so much commended myself to its hospitable natives that in 1867 they invited me to contest the constituency against the sitting Member, Mr. Dundas, the present Lord Zetland's uncle. I did actually make a canvassing tour through the insular electorate,* assisted at some races between Shetland ponies, dined, supped, and breakfasted with the descendants of Magnus Troil and Triptolemus Yellowley; but after consultation with the local Tory chief, Mr. Balfour, of Shapinsay, Orkney, I did not press my pretensions to the poll.

When in the early eighties I was first presented to Gambetta, he was then occupied chiefly with Parisian journalism, and living very simply in a little apartment in the Rue Chaussee D'antin. He

* The then editor of *The Scotsman*, the late A. Russel, was pleased to rally me in print on this adventure, which he termed "Electioneering Extraordinary in Shetland."

received me in his study costume—a ragged old dressing suit, and was never without a good cigar in his mouth. He showed me, I recollect, the proof of an article which had just come in written on his inspiration in, I suppose, the *Republique Francaise*. The composition appeared to be a French study of Lord Beaconsfield. Orally commenting on it, my host predicted that the next development of the Conservative chief's Eastern policy would be to acquire a preponderance for England on the banks of the Nile. Afterwards I saw the French Dictator yet twice more. Once when he was in office at the Palais Bourbon. Unchanged in appearance and dress since our first meeting, and contrasting in his unconventional attire with the remains of Imperial splendour still visible in the furniture and fittings of his official residence. The last occasion I visited him he was again a private citizen living in a little house after the English pattern in the Rue St. Didier Passy, near the Rue de Pompe. This was at least a year or two before Arabi Pasha's rising. But in casual conversation, Gambetta, with the prophetic instinct often accompanying genius, plainly, though with due diplomatic reserve, forecast the series of events which came to an end at Tel-el-Kebir in 1882.

About this time, travelling in Spain, I met the great peninsular orator, Emilio Castelar, in the

midst of a scene which might have been borrowed for the occasion from the theatre. He was standing by a ruined fountain in the centre of the picturesque highway running through the little town of Fontarabie, delivering himself in polished periods and with eloquent gestures of his sentiments on passing events to a small knot of tourists whom he knew. One fresh auditor succeeded another, and within ten minutes the casual group had swelled to a formal audience. Such publicity seemed more than the speaker had counted upon. He walked hurriedly towards the neighbouring church door ; stopping short, dismissed the little crowd with something like a blessing, and when I last saw him, was standing, reverently, if somewhat histrionically, beside the high altar.

Memoirs of the Salisbury-Beaconsfield campaign at Berlin were still fresh when, shortly after this, I paid a holiday visit to the Prussian capital. On the premises of the Prussian House of Lords was, and doubtless is, the white chair wherein the English Premier sat at the Convention summoned for revising the San-Stefano treaty. On all sides one heard anecdotes testifying the degree to which the English statesman had impressed Berlin society and the Berlin crowd. The great financier, the Rothschild of the capital on the Spree, Herr Bleichröder, was then in his prime, hospitably entertaining at his

dinner-table and in his Opera box all those who brought, as my New Court friends had enabled me to do, introductions to him. He was a short, square man of pre-eminently Teuton type, with the most determined mouth and the strongest jaw I ever beheld on a human being. I had wished to penetrate to the great Chancellor at Friedrichsruhe. Bleichröder effectively dissuaded me from the journey. Prince Bismarck, I was told, liked English journalists generally, and of course the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, which I then happened to be, in particular. But the great man had a nervous fear of being misunderstood, and therefore declined to admit professional penmen within earshot.

In Italy, during my only visit to Rome, my adventures as an amateur interviewer were a little less unsuccessful. Signor Depretis was then Prime Minister; living on the same scale as years previously I had seen Gambetta living, before he had arrived at power. The Italian Premier's apartment was a tiny flat on the third floor. His only attendant was an old woman who in the Middle Ages might have been burnt for a witch. He had not, he told me, changed his domicile since, fresh from Lombardy, he had first settled as an advocate in the Eternal City. Like all Italian politicians, he admired Mr. Gladstone. But the two public men

about whom he seemed most anxious to hear were Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke. In what degree, I know not ; but at some time Jewish blood must have flowed in the veins of Depretis' as of Gambetta's ancestors. Yet he did not enjoy Disraeli's good fortune of winning the confidence of his Semitic brethren, who at this time denounced bitterly him and his party, to Depretis' unconcealed chagrin.

While staying at Rome, Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive, called at my hotel, and insisted on my returning to England *viâ* Egypt. If Ismail had spoiled the Egyptians, he in his turn was forced by his retainers to submit to the same process. Of all the "Kings in exile" who ever put up at Claridge's, in London, or at the Grand Hotel, in Paris, none was ever so systematically victimised by his *entourage* as this ex-potentate from the Nile. Politically corrupt he may have been. His private kindness atoned for many public faults. He really seemed to take a pleasure in rendering small services to those who, like myself, could not in any way have been useful to him. I had an amusing instance of the jealousy with which his attendant gentlemen watched the former Khedive's movements and acquaintances. Twice, I think, was he polite enough to look in on me at my hotel. A

day or two later I received an electric message from London entreating me to return at once on private business. Something, I forget what, excited my suspicions. In the course of a post or two I ascertained that the telegram, actually dispatched from England, had been inspired by one of Ismail's suite in Rome. This attendant had conceived the idea that I cherished designs on his employer's pocket, and had, therefore, resolved to get me out of the way. In another epoch and climate I suppose this gentleman might have resorted to the Italian stiletto, or to the Turkish cup of coffee.

My Egyptian trip was not, however, abandoned, and gave me the chance of seeing Sir Evelyn Baring and Nubar Pasha at work under the Tewfik *régime*. Cairo may be only a third-rate French town on the Nile, and, as such, different from anything seen by the "father of history." But some characteristics of the people as well as of the land recalled the humorously perplexed description given by Herodotus. Equally under dual control, or exclusive British ascendancy, Cairo and the Cairenes suggested one of Offenbach's burlesques. The gossiping old Greek would still notice, as he observed two thousand years ago, that perversity of practice which moved him to say: "The Egyptians do in all things the contrary of what is done by other

people." On entering my hotel, I saw a wounded figure being carried off on a litter. It belonged to an Egyptian gentleman who, anxious to catch a train, refused the slower staircase descent, and jumped out of the window into the courtyard. "C'est mon habitude!" the Gallicised son of Nile had gaily exclaimed a minute before, as he rushed past a waiter, and leapt through mid-air from a first-floor window. Poor Valentine Baker at this moment relieved my bewilderment by calling on me, and explaining that in this kingdom of topsy-turvy such abnormal exits by gentlemen in a hurry excited no more surprise than the phantasmagoria of Excellencies and Grand Transparencies, with whose titles, obsequiously mouthed, streets and porticos resounded continuously. Among the other abominations with which Cairo was honeycombed were copper and silver gaming hells. During the fortnight or so I was there, two murders and one suicide arose out of these dens of iniquity. Nubar Pasha, a swarthy, middle-aged Armenian, showed me every courtesy in his English-built house, and hinted that the country would be ripe for English evacuation by the Greek Kalends; but obliging as he was, he preferred to listen to such news as I could give him about his old friends, Mr. Edward Dicey and Sir Rivers Wilson, rather than deliver his views on the

future of the country of the Pharaohs. A little trip on the Nile in a dahabeah made me acquainted with a gentleman of uncertain race, but boasting himself a "pure Egyptian," cultivating a small farm and speaking both English and French indifferently ill. Intelligently anxious to acquire news on English matters, he put to me questions which involved in reply the use of the words "civilisation," "progress, and "reform." For a moment he seemed to be perplexed, but after a meditative pause brightly added: "Yes! I know what you mean. The rich against the poor; the prosperous against the wretched; the strong against the weak, and no pity for anyone."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PEN AND PLAY.

A. W. Kinglake, of "*Eothen*" and Crimean fame. His visit to Paris and Versailles as Thiers' guest, 1871. "*Il doit etre Sir Dilke!*" Charm of Kinglake's society and conversation; his friendships; his Etonian and other recollections. W. G. Cookesley, of Eton fame, as a visitor at the Garrick Club. The last dish of buttered crab. Henry Irving, Froude and Kinglake, as West Country worthies. Irving's early appearance in "*Hunted Down*" at the St. James' Theatre. Predictions by George Eliot and G. H. Lewes of his future greatness. Lewis Wingfield as a type of his day. First meeting with Lord Lytton in the Taunton ballroom. His presence of mind. His chairmanship of the Dickens' dinner. His house and hospitality at Knebworth. West Somerset revisited. Archdeacon Denison. Prebendary Stephenson. Henry Irving at his birthplace near Glastonbury. Social and spiritual progress in West Somerset and elsewhere. The author's experiences and hopes.

WHAT ought to have been an earlier Continental visit than any of those recounted in the previous chapter, was never paid by me at all. A. W. Kinglake, the Crimean War's historian, the creator, in *Eothen*, of a new literary school, would have had me accompany him to Paris shortly after the Franco-Prussian settlement in 1871. That proved impracticable. I am not, therefore, one of the countless claimants to the honour of having

been the first Englishman to enter Paris after the siege,—a distinction historically, I believe, belonging to Alfred Austin and the travelled grey which still carries him through the Kentish pastures. Kinglake had long been the most intimate of Thiers' English friends. When visiting Paris, as I have said, after the war, the English writer called upon the French statesman at Versailles. He was at once greeted as an illustrious Englishman in the little town; but a mistake was made about his identity. The name of the Chelsea M.P. was then familiar to the French public. The street loungers of Versailles would have it that the present visitor was none other than he. *Il doit être Sir Dilke!* Such was the murmur which, to his great amusement, met Kinglake while he paced the streets on his way to Thiers' dwelling.

During his later life, Kinglake divided with Froude in literary, and with Henry Irving in more popular, esteem a foremost reputation as a West Country celebrity. To all who knew him at all intimately, this eminent Tauntonian was the most delightful and instructive of companions. By universal acquaintanceship, by active associations, by retentive memory, Kinglake was really a link with the past. One famous secret probably perished with him. He had heard from the great Sir Robert

Peel the true explanation of Lady Byron's refusal to live with her husband. He was habitually importuned to impart this knowledge to others. But his fastidious sense of honour made him always refuse to do so on the ground that the information was given to him in confidence, and must therefore be regarded as a secret. Without exception, in appearance, manner, in ideas and general breeding, A. W. Kinglake was the most highly finished and chivalrous citizen whom in my days the republic of letters has possessed. In his last years he became somewhat deaf, but his interest, at once kindly and intellectual, in all about him ceased only with his life. His anecdotes were not often forthcoming, but when given, they were always first-rate. His affection for Eton, where he had been in Mr. Gladstone's generation, was ever unabated. As a boy he had been concerned personally in a famous episode in which Dr. Keate had sat up all night flogging an entire "division" because its members refused to disclose the name of some offender. With real histrionic humour Kinglake would mimic the rueful look of successive batches of boys replacing their predecessors at the place of execution. "It was," he said, "at least a week before Keate could raise his hand with its wonted vigour after this heroic feat of flagellation."

Kinglake's intimacy with Hayward, already mentioned, suggested another of *Eothen's* best reminiscences. The *Quarterly Reviewer* had become embroiled with the late Lord Ranelagh, who then bore a somewhat equivocal reputation. The *litterateur* placed himself in Kinglake's hands as his "friend." Ranelagh, on his part, mentioned the name of a Norfolk sportsman named Pack. In fulfilment of his amicable duty, Kinglake called on the East Anglian squire at the Carlton Club. Directly Mr. Pack entered the room, Kinglake saw from his effusive manner and flushed face that his host had drunk too many bottles of the famous Carlton Sillery. In vinously incoherent tones, Mr. Pack began: "Whatever you may say, I always maintain Ranelagh is a gentleman." Kinglake met this irrelevant remark with, as he used to call it, "a little bit of acting." After Mr. Pack's enunciation of the word "gentleman," he simply said in his iciest tones: "That I am willing to assume!" The effect of these words and their tone was perfectly magical. Mr. Pack lost his exuberance in a moment—became articulate and calm. "My remark had frozen him sober," were Kinglake's concluding words, as he finished the story.

At Cambridge, as at Eton, Kinglake had been contemporary with Cookesley, whose name in con-

nection with Disraeli I have already mentioned. There were times at which the two old gentlemen seemed to reproduce each other's conversational manner. When visiting London, Cookesley's great delight was to inspect the pictures at the Garrick Club. The bent little figure with the hooked nose and a certain air of foxiness strongly recalling his friend Chief Justice Cockburn, might often be seen walking up and down Garrick Street till a chance for admission within the coveted portals occurred. One day it was Montagu Williams who brought in his old Eton master to gaze upon the features of Kitty Clive, with whose canvas Cookesley was in love. On another occasion F. C. Burnand, who had been Cookesley's private pupil, and who was always saluted by him as "your Majesty," in allusion to some part once taken by Burnand in Eton theatricals, played the host to the old gentleman. This remarkable Etonian retained to his death's day the English hatred of the great Napoleon, which had been common during his youth. After meals he often dozed off in his chair. But his slumbers were punctuated with minute-gun exclamations between waking and sleeping of: "Atrocious scoundrel, Napoleon Bonaparte!" Cookesley's digestion had always been amazingly strong. On his death-bed he had a fancy for buttered crab. With half a

pint of stout this dainty was brought him by his brother; and then the shrewd, hard-headed, kind-hearted old Etonian sank to rest.

As I had known Kinglake from my earliest childhood, so I was still a boy when I was first noticed by Lord Lytton, then Sir Edward Bulwer, in the county ballroom, Taunton. He was connected by marriage with the neighbourhood, and gave upon this occasion proof of the presence of mind which he had always possessed. The lady with whom he was dancing happened to be a cousin of mine, to-day Mrs. Vincent Stuckey, then Mary Lethbridge.

• • Accidentally a fleecy wrapper which she was wearing caught fire. In a moment, without losing his nerve, Bulwer had taken it off the lady, extinguished the flame, and given the charred remnants to a servant. Not till '67 did I again see the accomplished novelist. He then acted as chairman at a dinner given to Charles Dickens, just starting for the United States. The president, in proposing the guest of the evening's health, made some reference to the sketches of "Lord Frederick Verisopht" and "Sir Mulberry Hawke" in *Nicholas Nickleby*. With the dramatically indignant energy he loved sometimes to assume, Dickens humorously rallied his brother author on the "amazing devil" which had prompted him to revive these attacks on a bygone

order of aristocrat. That Dickens' life was not prolonged to see the star of Henry Irving rise is the regret of all who properly appreciate the idiosyncratic genius whether of the author or of the actor. If not the first, still a very early appearance in London of Henry Irving is recalled by me. At the St. James' Theatre, during the later sixties, this son of Somerset enacted a "character part" which suited him admirably, the villain of the piece in a little play called *Hunted Down*. The heroine was played by Miss Herbert. Irving's delineation may, in the light of after events, be regarded as a kind of rehearsal of his "Jingle" and other similar rôles. This was probably the only time when George Henry Lewes, the best dramatic critic of his day, and George Eliot, saw Irving on the stage. They were seated in the next box to me. "He will go far," said the gentleman. "He has already gone very far," quietly rejoined the lady, "and in ten or twenty years will be at the head of the English stage." The same occasion, 1868, witnessed as an afterpiece Mr. W. S. Gilbert's first burlesque, *Dr. Dulcamara*, containing as it did the germ of those compositions in the same line by which he has long since become famous.

Once, and once only, did I visit the author of *The Caxtons* at his Hertfordshire seat. Fresh improvements had been made recently in the Kneb-

worth grounds, whose artificial perfections seemed a material reflection of their owner's genius. During the week I was a guest here, no one ever saw Lord Lytton till the after-part of the day. Then he seemed to have done entirely with work. Seated on a low chair or divan in his drawing-room, he puffed elegantly a long Turkish pipe filled with the lightest tobacco, and talked to each of us by turns, the only other guests being the late John Forster and the surviving J. R. Macquoid, the artist.

Among the many who have passed away since my own convalescence from illness began, not the least noticeable as well as the most conspicuous and characteristic type of his age is, I think, the late Lewis Wingfield. Actor, artist, author, sculptor, he was by no means a smatterer. His knowledge of historic costume was valued by the highest scenic authorities on the stage. The *mise-en-scène* of his novels representing the social life of two centuries since is correct as well as picturesque. At his house in Kilburn or Bloomsbury he gathered the most representative guests from library, studio, or greenroom. No man of his time reflected more faithfully the intelligent and sympathetic interest which, within the past two decades, general society has taken in literary or intellectual workers of every kind, as well as in the finished products of their

labours. No one was ever more manysided in his affinities; no one was more loyal to his comrades. Any survey of the last two or three decades of social London would be incomplete unless so strongly defined and amiable type of his time as the accomplished and kindly Lewis Wingfield, the friend of everyone who trod the stage, who entered a studio, or penned a paragraph, had a place in it.

On nearly the latest occasion that I visited Somerset, it was pleasant to find that in the Mendip district, less familiar to me than the Quantock region, where the genial and pious presence of the accomplished Prebendary Stephenson, poet, not less than divine, harmonises pleasantly with the redoubtable George Anthony Denison—once called by his brother “St. George without the drag on,” and still preserving the energy implied in the name—the achievements of Henry Irving are cherished in his natal place, Keinton, near Glastonbury. The actual dwelling where he first saw the light is now shown with pride. The East, Disraeli has written, never changes. West Somerset has learned some of the secret of a like immutability. But though the region is still as uncompromisingly Tory as when it rejected my uncle, Bickham Escott, because of his Peelite sympathies, there has been witnessed even here an increase of sympathy on the part of local

teachers and guides, clerical or secular, with all which tends to promote the spiritual or material welfare of the inhabitants. Those who fostered my own childhood are mercifully still spared to show to others the same untiring kindness which an older generation obtained from their hands. In other families the views of parental and filial obligations have become not less gentle than they always were with those who nurtured my childhood or trained my boyish mind. To my father am I indebted for those aptitudes which have enabled me to perform my daily work; for those tastes and the knowledge to gratify them which providentially have served to solace a weary period of physical disability. He, at least, has never failed by his daily practice to recommend to others the religion which is so large a part of his own existence. Others within the sphere of his influence have profited by his example. To the honour and well-being of Christianity, the severer views that in my younger days sometimes obtained outside my own family have become obsolete. With improved theory there has come happier practice. Thus, on the Tone as well as on the Avon, the Isis, the Thames, and elsewhere, our national religion, as a guarantee of the national happiness, fills to-day a more august and powerful place than would have been predicted for it in the epoch I can first recall.

Ill-health makes a man take more serious views of life than he may have done before. I have, I hope, profited, as it was doubtless intended I should, by the prolonged discipline of bodily weakness only now gradually passing off. Perhaps, therefore, I may humbly trust that by more than human teaching I am being rendered fitter to assist the movements which I have noticed, and it may be yet to take a part, however small, in contributing instrumentally to that progress both in my native county, as well as among that public from which, during my whole career, I have received treatment so uniformly encouraging and kind.

THE END.

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